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Country Produce of every description on hand when in season.  
Country Orders receive our Personal attention.  
Goods delivered to all parts of the city free of charge.  
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**WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?**

These (the wicked) shall go away into  
**EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT,**  
But the Righteous into  
**LIFE ETERNAL.**

—Matthew xxv. 46.

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 "What must I do to be Saved?"

PAUL'S ANSWER :   
 "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

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ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
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**THE GREAT QUESTION:**

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Mark viii. 36.

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Manufacturers of every description of Rubber Stamps, Daters, and Self-Inking Presses, for Banks, Railroads and Offices; Monograms, Linen Makers,

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**WILL IT PAY?**

Weigh well the practice of sin and ponder this question,—remembering that

“The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is Eternal Life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.”—Rom vi: 23.

**DARE YOU RISK YOUR SOUL?**

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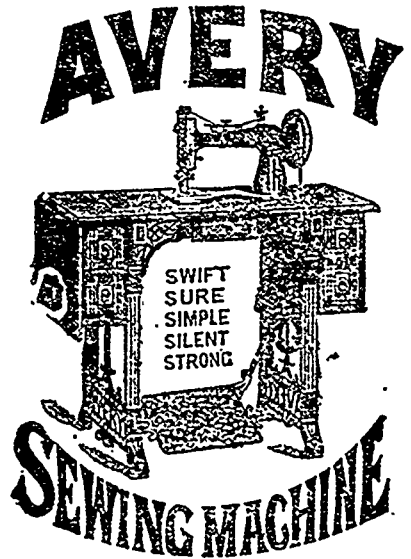
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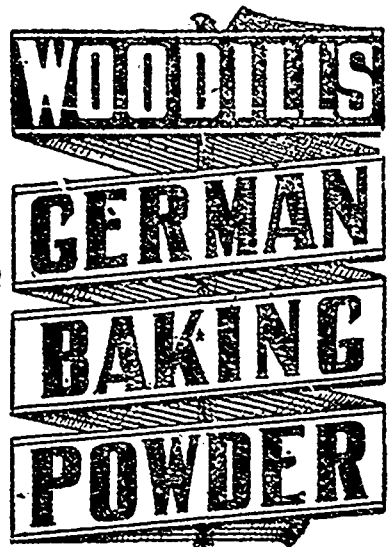


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**AVERY MACHINE CO.**  
 812 Broadway, New York.

**KING OF ALL**

—IS—



I. C. R. DINING HALL,

Amherst, December 31, 1885.

It is KING OF ALL Baking Powder I have ever used.  
 MRS. W. J. HAMILTON.

# Buds and Blossoms

AND

## Friendly Greetings.

"Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the world with fruit."

Vol. X.—No. 1.

JANUARY, 1886.

{ WHOLE No. 109.



Yours truly,

J. F. AVERY.

Through the kindness of a friend in New York we give the above cut.

It may be interesting to our readers to know that the Editor was born near Norwich, Norfolk, England, Jan. 18, 1816, and at an early age was led to confess Christ. When about 18 years old in a very providential manner God called him to preach the Gospel, and about three years after opened the way for entrance into the Pastor's (Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's) College. After leaving college, eighteen months was spent in Evangelistic drill and co-pastoral work in Eythorne, Kent. From thence by gracious leading work opened in Devonshire, and in a spot lovely for situation the first home nest was built and all went well, when after two years and a half a strange impression took possession of the writer,—"You are wanted and must go to Nova Scotia." Against the advice of friends, including Rev. C. H. Spurgeon the desire and impulse grew; till in faith and not by sight, in May, 1873, it was determined to break up the home and if needs be, risk and sacrifice everything and go not knowing whither, trusting in God's leading. Confident a church and work awaited on the other side.

We did not land from the steamer before asked to preach. The result is known to many of our readers. After a very successful year and a half in the North Church, when and where many were added to the

Lord, providentially the way opened to organize a new cause and church, and in 1875 the present Tabernacle work was commenced. For all and any success attained the Lord's name be praised.

### By Way of Preface.

Kind reader, having through the goodness of God, been permitted to issue this Magazine for nine years now past, with many tokens of blessing, we desire to express our gratitude to Him by whose grace we have been enabled, amidst many other labors, to undertake and to accomplish this work with such a measure of success.

Blessed be the Lord, for what is past,  
And that which is;  
For all are His, from first to last.

We aim to go forward, and to enter many more homes with the *Buds and Blossoms* of Gospel truth. We feel bold to ask your assistance, because so far it has been a service of love on our part, and all the subscription and advertisements, yea more has been expended on the magazine and the free copies issued. Last year over ELEVEN THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED COPIES, or leaving out the advertising pages and covers, which we try to make serve the King, THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THOUSAND solid pages of reading matter full of the gospel spirit were scattered free, looking to God to bless the seed and reward of the sowing. This was in addition to subscribers copies, and the thousands of leaflets printed and circulated. Remembrance of the humble beginning of *Buds and Blossoms*, often cheer us on when we contrast the present, then it was a sixteen page monthly, we issued all told less copies in a year than will be printed for this month's issue. Now and then we meet with a mean person on our regular mailing list who, after a year or two try and defraud us of subscriptions due. Thank God they are the exceptions. Often we are cheered by the widows and poor man's mite, and thus aided to meet our heavy expenses.

Sometimes when the brain and pen have grown weary, we have sighed for a larger financial return, so as to be able to employ more assistance in our various endeavors. We hope the Master will open up the way, so that strength can be utilized for this service and our growing demands in the service of the Tabernacle Church, work which we love so well.

Every new subscriber gained is some help in this direction. Send your copy and interview your friends to this end.

Yours,

TO SERVE FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

A Motto for the New Year Jesus Only.



IN our closing number we said, "Good by old year, good by," because we realized that the throbbing, beating pulse of time was surely bringing the old year 1885 to the place and point, where 1885 must cease to be and 1886 would erase from memory and pen the oft repeated 1885. Strange how soon the New year claims, yea, demands the world's attention. In cot and palace, the place of business and pleasure, the rich and poor alike must own the change. The flight of time is one of the certainties. Solomon saith, there is a time for every purpose under the heaven, Ecc. III. I. Notice in the next verse he puts two things of all importance close together. A time to be born, and a time to die. Why so close? Why not interpose a *time to live*? Is man's span so short in the eternal reckoning as to be scarce called a time? How *shippantly* we speak of a lifetime, truly brief is the longest space, but how momentous the results. From the first breath drawn, to the last pulse beat, the present now, is of vital and eternal importance. Hence the motto chosen for 1886, "JESUS ONLY." "Then if for me to live is Christ, to die is gain. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul." Therefore whatever we plan and undertake, let us see to it that we can consistently and do habitually ask the divine blessing upon it.

Delays are always dangerous. Some neglect salvation until *too late to be saved*. Alas they thought to be saved in a rush at the last, they planned to rob and cheat God first and the devil after. Others are saved *too late*; they've lost their lives, their opportunities, their crown of reward for faithful work done; and they are too late to undo the mischief of their ungodly days. It's a mercy they're saved, but a sad pity they weren't saved years sooner. They'll not get over it to all eternity.

What greater crime, than loss of time? To-day, Jesus said, I must work. To us he saith, go work to-day. Full many a day forever is lost, by delaying it; work for to-morrow. To-day sounds short, but who ever found time on the morrow to accomplish what might be done now. It is gone, and being gone, no man can post up the closed books of time. Enter while you may. Raleigh wrote, "None can enter among the immortals until Christ shall turn the key of death. None can stay among mortals after this key for him has been turned. How important that Jesus only should be the key note for our existence, it is the best watchword for success in active Christian life. None need fear the final outcome of all honest effort. Was 1885 a failure? Do you stand on the threshold of 1886 and ask, "What am I good for?" Remember God has made no mistakes in the plan of life. There is a place for every man, his own proper place, when he ought to be. God has designed him for it, and it belongs to him, and to no one else, and every man may know and find his place if he will. It must be his sincere desire to be in his place, and he must go to God heartily praying, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? What wilt Thou have me to be? Let him surrender his own will to God's will, and God will guide him, and he shall make no mistake.

Consider the parable of the talents. If we use our one, two or five talents to the best of our ability, remember, it is accepted according to what a man hath, and we shall hear Jesus say, well done. What is your plan for this New Year? Can you harmonise it with the motto, None but Jesus, All for Jesus. Remember passing moments are often more eventful than they seem, and can never be unimportant. Time flies, and we need move quickly and wisely if we would redeem the time. Who does not feel in 1886

"We all can do more than we have done,  
And not be a whit the worse;  
It never was loving that emptied the heart,  
Or giving that emptied the purse."

For God is the giver of every good and perfect gift and WHATSOEVER a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Read Gal. 6. 7. God is not mocked. If we sow *wild oats*, and repent not, the time will soon come when there will be no new years of hope or opportunity. Time fretted away, shall be no more we shall reap a harvest of regrets in the place and company of the tormented, weeping over what might have been, and opportunities lost forever. Let the motto be All for Jesus, None but Jesus. Say not, *to-morrow* I will be sure to do it, no, do it now.

MOTTO FOR 1886, JESUS ONLY.      Soon the death-dew on the brow,  
Soon comes the dread for ever.      DO GOOD NOW.  
What is evil do never,  
What is good do now.

The Regions Beyond Ponderous?

Christmas and New Year's blessings should especially when we think stir our hearts to the overflow. He came bringing peace and good will to men, at great cost and price. He is coming again without sin, the victorious King to judge his enemies and reward his servants.

Now is the accepted time of salvation, the day of grace wherein we can work and fulfill his will, which is the great purpose of sparing mercy.

Do I love the gospel? Am I a living epistle known and read of all men? Do I so love and live that men take knowledge of me? What have I done in years past for Jesus? What am I planning to do for 1886? How much do I deny self to spread the saving knowledge of peace on earth, good will to men, among the nations afar off?

Take a pen, sit down, calculate and write quickly how much thou owest, then what thou has paid my Lord, subtract and then ponder the question, will a man rob God? Have we brought in all the tithes, and honored God with our substance? Do we believe that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and that the liberal soul shall be made fat, whilst the sparing hand shall find and reap a scant harvest in the end of the world?

The disciples had to begin at Jerusalem, there Jesus died, making it the centre of gospel geography. To day we rejoice in the success of missions. Who can question the secret power by which such wondrous results were accomplished—namely, "The presence of a living sympathetic Christ." Contrasting the past with the present condition of the world with respect to missions, it proves that practically all the world is now open to the missionary, this plenteous harvest means increased responsibility to the laborers, and Christians everywhere. Past success should fill



our souls with holy enthusiasm, and lead to faithful continuance in well doing.

INDIA.—It is a pleasure to be informed of Lady Dufferin's noble scheme to train female doctors for the women of India. The movement has proved most popular with the rich rajahs and other wealthy natives of India, who contribute liberally towards the noble and most interesting project, which, no doubt, will prove a great success both financially and socially. Lady Dufferin will by this movement do more for the real progress of India than has been done by half a dozen Governor-Generals, and we cannot but say, "God speed her!"

The war is over in Burmah, may gospel light and peace spread.

CHINA.—China, with its population of 250 millions, scattered over about one and a half millions of square miles has but five hundred missionaries, all told. God has opened the land. Who will go? A nation is waiting. A nation may be born in a day. Who will go?

In spite of all difficulties there are about 25,000 converts in China. The Chinese Christian is a thorough one. Some become evangelists, and support themselves. One man established eight churches. One woman established six churches. Talk about church extension? The Chinese do it.

P. S.—Will every reader ask "Our Father" if it is consistent with his will to grant strength and health to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon now laid aside from his loved employ. Remember the orphans.

### Ribbon of Blue, Temperance Hints.

The foolish habit of standing treat is responsible for much of the evil wrought by intemperance. And we hope every reader will take this hint as a word in season. It is an evidenced fact, that drinking intoxicants produce a species of degeneration of all the organs, a deceptive fleshiness, which with a diminished circulation and irregularity of both liver and kidneys, renders the drinker liable at any time, by a slight irritating cause, to become a victim and prey for acute disease and death. Don't ruin your own health by drinking at the whim and wish of another. Drink when thirsty, and then what is safe and wholesome. If already a victim and slave to the habitual use of intoxicants, strike for liberty, remember the recovering draught which tones and gives nerve after yesterday's excess is a delusion and snare, a fibre of the invisible cord of sin which is binding thee for the place of eternal thirst. Watch and pray, ask God, for He can and will give thee deliverance from the accursed influence and bewitchery of strong drink. Now is the time to escape for thy life. Now by the grace of God say, I sign the pledge to abstain from all evil habits and the use of intoxicants. Witness my signature

.....  
Then the buds and blossoms of hope will bloom into the full and blessed future of a peaceful happy life. Let us wear our bit of blue ribbon, a token of our own pledge, and as a help to others.

Why are the times so hard? "Only think, the people of America spend \$900,000,000 every year for strong drink. The annual bill for bread, meat, cotton and woollen goods of this great American people, foots up to a total of about \$1,250,000,000. But its

annual bill for whisky, beer, and taxes thereon, is \$1,400,000,000. In other words, it unnecessarily drinks \$140,000,000 worth more than it necessarily eats and wears, and the result, our factories cannot run full time, people are naked and hungry. U. S. statistics show that during the last twenty years distilled liquors have increased three times as fast as our population, and beer twenty-three times. For a hundred years we have tried to regulate it, and now we pay seventeen times more for saloons than for common schools, and have twelve times as many saloons as churches. We pay three times more for poison-drink than for bread, and \$270 for this broth of hell," to every dollar for home and foreign missions for the salvation of immortal souls.

Diabolic Acid.—A coroner's jury, referring to a man who had swallowed a quantity of carbolic acid, warned the public against it, only they made a slight mistake in the name. But there are quite a number of diabolic acids sold, generally at the publican's, of which all should beware.

### A Deformed Christ.

BY W. J. SWAFFIELD.

For Buds and Blossoms.



HAT! can this be spoken of Him who is essentially holy and lovely, who is fairer than all the children of men, "The chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely one?" Of Him who is the brightest of His Father's glory and the express image of his person—yea the very image of the invisible God. A lamb without blemish and without spot, standing in the midst of the throne before God. The one in whom God's soul delighteth. The most blessed for evermore. "Who sitteth as a king forever." "Crowned with glory and honor." "Whose countenance is as the sun." "Who is the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." Who is as ointment poured forth, for sweetness and for beauty, is as the Rose of Sharon and for fragrance, as the Lily of the Valley. In a word, is "God over all blessed for evermore." Most surely, such a one can never be spoken of as "a deformed Christ."

In heart and life He was holy, harmless, and separate from sinners. Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth. Who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to "Him that judgeth righteously." He could with boldness challenge the Jewish nation, saying, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" His judges themselves giving answer, "We find no fault in him."

He came forth from the Father, but

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed  
With a revenging rod;  
No hadst commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on mercy's errand came,  
And brought salvation down.

His short ministry was a grand march of mercy among the sons and daughters of suffering. His every act and word declaring his "goodwill to men." His life is epitomized in the short but expressive statements, "He went about doing good."

Not to the Christ of the evangelic record do we refer therefore when speaking of "a deformed Christ." For "He is not here, he is risen as he said," and hath gone up on high to the right hand of the Father Almighty.

But to that caricature of Christ which is presented in the lives of many who call themselves Christians, or Christ's men, Should not the Christian life be as near as possible a copy of the life of Jesus? Do we not profess to be imitators and followers of Him, and that Christ is formed in us the hope of glory—the inspiration of a new and higher life, and that "the mind which was in Christ Jesus is also in us?"

In a word, are we not professing to re-live the life to represent the holy character of Christ in the midst of a wicked and sinful world. To be guided by the same spirit, and to be actuated by the same motives that he was. If so, then what sort of a Christ are we presenting to the world? Is it anything like a copy of the original, or is it "a deformed Christ?" A Christ that is easily provoked—that gives railing for railing—that is jealous and envious that which can love friends and has not but hatred for enemies—that does nothing for the well-being of others, or the upbuilding of the church of the living God. If this be the Christ that the professing Christians is presenting to the world, it is a caricature and not a likeness—a deformed Christ and not the Christ of the New Testament.

There are many around us who (rightly or wrongly) will study the life of Christ as presented in the life of the Christian; who will not study that life as it is written in the Gospels by the Evangelists. And their estimate of Christianity is formed by what they see and hear.

Knowing this therefore, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all conversation and godliness?"

"As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former hints in your ignorance, but as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all conversation. Because it is written—Be ye holy, for I am holy."

We are left as Christ's representatives upon earth, and in order that we may fulfill our mission aright, we must need be found "looking unto Jesus" as learning of him, so shall we by life and word recommend Christ as the lover and Saviour of men's souls.

FAIRVILLE, St. John, N. B., Dec. 5th, 1885.

OUR STUDY TABLE.—Book and exchange review we have to hold over for next issue, when we hope to do fuller justice. Work has been heavier than usual with this New Years issue, getting alterations in our ads, etc. Carefully read over the list and oblige us.

## Home Circle.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS FOR BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

The Editor "Missionary Review" writes, "It is beautifully illustrated, wholesome, chaste and pure."

A gentleman sends P. C. from Bristol, of Enland. Have just seen an old copy of your valuable paper, *Buds and Blossoms*.

Can it be obtained anywhere in England. If not please state price, post paid. "Praise the Lord." Yours in Him,  
E. HAWKINS.  
We greatly enjoyed the following:—  
At Home, No. 61 Spencer St., Rochester, N. Y.,  
Sixth day 12th month 11, 1885.

My Dear Christian Brother, J. E. Avery:—I saw *Buds and Blossoms* mentioned in the "Christian Cynosure." I sent for a copy and so much pleased with it that I have tried to increase its circulation. I had it entirely free from objectionable matter, and good for young and old. I am a member of the Society of Friends, among whom I hold the station of Minister. Am 71 years of age. I have made considerable effort in thy behalf and have the pleasure of sending thee the cash and four names.

JACOB D. BELL.

We hope all who appreciate our effort, will aid us in obtaining a wider circulation, and introducing *B. and B.* to friends who will pay for the same. To any who can say a kind word and lend the magazine we will gladly now and then send an extra, or a few extra copies for this purpose. This month we circulate at least one thousand five hundred more copies than are paid for. The Master knoweth the motive.

The Courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid, and their papers are paid, and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

During the last.—Mrs. B. Byers' Sabbath Class paid in \$5 for another lot. Miss Agnes Collishaw's class have also paid into the funds \$5.00 for another lot. It is a noble example. It should have been Elias Covey not Silas, as acknowledged last month. Paid per Bella Spry's lot \$1. and Mrs. Spry, sent, for five lots, \$25.00; Mr. and Mrs. Gaston, two lots, \$10.00; Mr. and Mrs. William Davis for five lots, \$25. Per Miss Collishaw, Phillip Myers, one lot, \$5.00. Per J. E. Avery, John Mason, 3 lots \$15.

The Tabernacle Fruit and Flower Mission.—We have to thank our little friends Jessie Isnor, Lovenia Dickie and Minnie Davidson for saving their own and collecting other papers for our poor household distribution. Rev. Pryor sends number of Watchman.

Our Lapsers.—The Wolfville "Floral Band" have surpassed themselves. By their patient industry they have collected Christmas and New Year's cards of past years and brought them out into the light and usefulness, and by their pens and scissors have made them messengers of mercy, and as we scatter them among the sick and poor they will pleasantly tell of Jesus, and add sweetness to the apples sent. Mrs. D. F. Higgins sent, carriage paid, two barrels of apples to be distributed at our discretion. May the giver have a tithe of the pleasure produced.

We hope Miss Bars and the young ladies will continue their card parties. How would it be to plan a card for the prisoners? There are about 300 men, women and children in our poor house.

Our Sabbath School.—On Wednesday the 30th, the teachers formed a Christmas tree surprise for the children, and it was successful in giving no small amount of pleasure. The pastor also found that there was something for the Superintendent, Mr. Covey, whose patient continuance in well doing has won the fullest confidence and love of the school. For Miss E. Covey, the organist of the congregation and Sunday School, there was a surprise and puzzle money box, into which friends had put some thirty notes, which if not musical, were intended at least to show that her constancy and efficiency in presiding at the organ is appreciated, and she was asked to receive the same as a token of love and esteem and an earnest of what we would do if we could.

On New Year's morning at the close of a very interesting and solemn watch night service, Mr. T. Covey, on behalf of the pastor's Bible class presented him with a first class top coat. In fact judging by the little love tokens passing between the teachers and scholars it is evident that there is no lack of heartiness and good feeling in the Tabernacle Sunday School. And we might add between it and the Church for as will be seen by our acknowledgements for lots, the teachers and scholars are our most efficient friends in raising funds towards finishing the Tabernacle. Mr. W. Davis' class of young men raised over \$70, half of which they donated to the purchase of lots. Totals next month.

P.S.—Want of space crowds out vote of thanks to all our friends who specially remembered us at Christmas-tide.

## Olive Branches.

Born, Dec. 17th, the wife of the Editor, J. F. Avery, a son.  
June 16th, the wife of Silas Hubble, a daughter.  
The wife of Silas Covey, Dec. 8th, a son.

## Orange Blossoms.

Married, Dec. 11th, at Mizpah Cottage, Halifax, N. S. Gilbert W. Walker to Minerva Miller.  
Dec. 31st, Joseph Perryman, at Mizpah Cottage, by Pastor J. E. Avery.  
Dec. 31st, Joseph Mee's, to Emily Whidden, at the house of the bride, by their Pastor, J. E. Avery.

## FADED LEAVES.

Died, Dec. 21, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Nailor.

# MATHURINE'S TREASURE,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



**N**or very far from the small Normandy town of Avranches is a cottage where, some years ago, an old woman lived, whose name was Mathurine. The cottage was very tiny, paved with stone, and with very little furniture in it. Everything bore the aspect of extreme poverty, though all was kept in perfect neatness and order.

One day Mathurine was going for water, for the well was some distance off. She had to cross the

road and a large field, now golden with buttercups and whose trees were in all the glory of spring; and she herself, though she did not know it, made rather a picturesque study of an old Normandy peasant set in the fair frame of her beautiful country.

She had on dark blue worsted stockings, heavy wooden shoes, and a dark jacket over her short woollen skirt; and under her white cap was a cheerful old face, with the smile upon it that it usually bore.

"Ah, is that you, Mathurine?"

"Yes, Mère Rose," answered Mathurine, setting down her buckets, and stopping to speak to an old woman who was standing near her cottage door.

"Is not this dreadful weather?" said Mère Rose; "I feel it in all my bones."

"Yes, the wind is sharp," admitted Mathurine; "but see how blue the sky is, and the country looks so beautiful it always reminds me at springtime of the resurrection of the dear Lord, and that one day we too shall rise from——"

"Ah, well, it does not remind me of anything but my rheumatism, which these spring winds always make worse than usual," said the old woman, crossly. "And have you heard that bread has risen a sou a pound? Is not that bad news for us poor folk?"

"Yes, it is; but, dear me, there are other folks who will feel it more than you and me, Mère Rose."

"I dare say; but that will not make it better for us, and I am sure with my three grandchildren at home now, all with good appetites, I hardly know how to manage sometimes."

"I do feel for you," said Mathurine; "but let us trust God, and ask Him to bless what He does give us, and then we can't be really very badly off."

"You are a queer body, Mathurine," said Mère Rose; "there is something about you different from other folks. You look always so cheerful, one would think you had a secret treasure."

"And so I have," said Mathurine, a light coming into her eyes. "I have indeed."

Mère Rose was going to ask what it was, when she was suddenly called into her cottage by the cry of her youngest grandchild, who had fallen down and cut himself; and she went in, while Mathurine wended her way to the well.

Several days passed uneventfully, but one night Mathurine was awakened by the sound of someone forcing the latch of her door. The latch was very slender, for Mathurine had no fear of robbers, and therefore her surprise and astonishment were great when a man, after bursting open the door, suddenly appeared at her bedside. He had heard her speak of her "treasure" a few days before to Mère Rose, and being an unprincipled tramp, he had made up his mind to rob her, thinking an old defenceless woman would be easy to rob.

He demanded Mathurine's treasure, and she assured him she had none in silver or gold, and gave him leave to search. After holting the door, the robber searched, and found nothing beyond four francs at the bottom of an old coffee-pot.

"Now you have searched, I shall tell you what my treasure is," said Mathurine, whose cheek was very white, but whose courage had never failed all through. "My treasure is that I love and trust the Lord Jesus, who loved me and died for me; and He gives me such happiness in His love, that all earthly trials are easy to bear."

There was so much reality in the old woman's words, that the robber was dumbfounded, and went away after doing her no harm. Seven years after, a letter came to Mathurine, written from a prison where the writer was. It said:—

"I am dying in —— prison. I have had a long

life of wickedness, but since that night I came to rob you, and you spoke of Jesus and the treasure you possessed in His love, I have had no peace. I have worked out my punishment here, and God, in His mercy, haled me to Himself in the time spent here. I know now what your treasure is; it is mine too, and is able to shed a beam of light on a dying bed in prison."

Friends, do *you* know that treasure that Mathurine possessed? or when you read and hear of it, does it sound as if it were something of which you knew nothing? You believe others can have it, but you do not think it is for *you*. You know that you have many troubles in your life, and that the way seems often very dark, and you know that there is *something* that can lighten the dreariest path, something that can help you to bear the sharpest trouble.

Well, it *is* for you to have it; there is but one *condition*, that is, you must wish to have it. "Whosoever *will*, let him come unto Me and drink." Yes, dear reader, rich or poor, young or old, all are bidden to come and drink of that life-giving stream that flows from the throne of God. There you will, if you come by faith to Jesus, find pardon for all your sins if you repent of them, satisfaction such as the world cannot give, and the consciousness of being at peace in Him—that is a priceless treasure. For the love of Jesus, beyond all description, sweet to those who know and love Him. It is a treasure that time cannot touch, or earth spoil. It is a treasure that can cheer you when all seems dark and dreary; it can add to your joys, and be to you something unlike any earthly joy you ever felt.

"The love of Jesus, what it is,  
Only His loved ones know."

And so to know that treasure you must love Jesus with all your hearts, and seek to please Him above all others. And amid the changes and chances of this mortal life, you will have a peace beneath the surface, however ruffled that may be, that nothing can touch.

A treasure in His sweet love now, and then beyond the golden gates—the eternal inheritance in the land where the King in His beauty reigneth evermore.

### AUTUMN GIFTS.



ONCE more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;  
Once more with harvest song and shout  
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with Autumn leaves.

Oh, favours every year made new!  
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill,  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

THE MISSIONARY'S SIXPENCE.



SOME time in the latter part of the last century, says the Rev. Mr. Grinnell, a missionary from one of the New England societies, was labouring in the interior of the State of New York, where the settlements were very few and far between. This missionary was much devoted to his work, meek and affable, and possessed of a remarkable faculty for introduc-

ing the subject of religion to every individual with whom he came in contact. On a hot summer day, while his horse was drinking from a small brook through which he rode, there came along a poorly dressed, bare-headed, bare-footed boy, about seven years old, and stood looking at the missionary from the bridge just above him.

"My son," said the missionary, "have you any parents?"

"Yes, sir; they live in that house," pointing to a cabin near by.

"Do your parents pray?"

"No, sir."

"Why do they not pray?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Do you pray for yourself?" asked the missionary.

"No, sir."

"Why do you not pray?"

"I do not know how to pray."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir; my mother has taught me to read the New Testament."

"If I give you this sixpence, will you go home and read the third chapter of John, and read the third verse over three times?" The little boy said he would; and the missionary gave him the sixpence, and rode on.

Some twenty years had elapsed, and the same missionary, advanced in years, was labouring in a sparsely peopled region in another part of the same State. While on his way to a little village one day, late in the afternoon, he called at a small house and inquired the distance. "Six miles," was the reply. He then stated that himself and horse were very weary, and inquired if he could not stay all night. The woman of the house objected on account of their poverty; but the husband said, "Sir, you shall be welcome to such as we have."

The missionary dismounted, and went in. The wife began to prepare his supper, while her husband proceeded to take care of the horse. As he came in, the missionary addressed him:

"Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"That," said the man, "is a great question."

"True," said the missionary, "but I cannot eat till you tell me."

"Sir," said the man, "about twenty years ago I

lived in the interior of this State, and was then about seven years old. While playing on the road one day, a gentleman in black rode into the brook near by me, to water his horse. As I stood on the bridge above, looking at him, he began to converse with me about praying, and reading the Bible; and he told me he would give me a sixpence if I would read the third chapter of John, and the third verse three times: 'Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' I gave him my promise, took the money, and felt wealthy indeed. I went home, and read as I had promised. That verse produced an uneasiness in my mind, which followed me for days and years; and, finally, I was led by its influence, as I trust, to love Jesus as my Saviour."

"Glory to God!" said the missionary, rising from his seat, "here is one of my spiritual children. The bread cast on the waters is found after many days!"

They took their supper, and talked and sang and prayed and rejoiced together all night long, neither of them having any disposition to sleep. The missionary found the man to be poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and an heir of the Kingdom.

Early in the morning they parted, and the missionary went his way, inspired with fresh zeal for the prosecution of his pious labours.

A WORD IN SEASON.



WHEN in India, an officer dining at the mess where Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, presided, was uttering his infidel sentiments. Wishing to change the conversation, Sir Arthur said, "S——, did you ever read Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity'?" The reply was in the negative. "Well, then," said Sir

Arthur, "you had better read that book before you talk in the way you are doing."

The occurrence passed away, and the conversation was soon forgotten; but the reference to Paley's work led Colonel S—— to inquire after it, and, having obtained a copy, he read it with the most serious attention. He rose from its perusal with the fullest conviction of the falsehood of the system which he had formerly adopted, and of the Divine origin of Christianity.

But he did not stop here. He was determined to examine the Book itself which claims to be the Word of God, and he soon saw and felt it to be a revelation from Him. The result was, that he cordially received the Redeemer, having seen and felt his need of Him; believing in Jesus, he became a Christian, not in name only, but in deed and in truth.

## THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

"It is true," said a merchant to a clergyman, "I am not satisfied with my present condition. I am not of a settled mind in religion, as you express it. Still I am not utterly hopeless. I may yet enter the vineyard, even at the eleventh hour."

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the labourers who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you have overlooked the fact that those men accepted the first offer."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. They said to the lord of the vineyard, 'No man hath hired us.' They welcomed his first offer immediately."

"True; I had not thought of that before. But the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved."

"Yes; but is it likely that he even had ever rejected an offer of salvation as preached by Christ and His apostles? He had been a robber by profession. In the resorts and haunts to which he had been accustomed the Gospel may never have been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?"

"Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope."

"Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion. You have really no promise of acceptance at some future. Now is the accepted time! Begin now."

"How shall I begin?"

"Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way, and committed his body to the

Great Physician in order to be healed. So commit your soul to Him as a present Saviour. Then serve Him from love; the next, even the most common, duty of life that you have to perform, do it as service unto Him. Will you accept the first offer? Your eyes are open to see your peril. Beware of delay—beware!"

"You are right. May God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of delusion on this subject."

## MARGARET AND HER BIBLE.

MARGARET PIERROSE, a martyr of the sixteenth century, resided in Valenciennes. She was accused to the Jesuits by a wicked female servant, because she had not been for many years at the mass, and had kept in her house a Bible, in reading which was her whole delight. The magistrates being informed of it, caused her to be apprehended.

Being in prison, the judges called her before them,

and said, "Margaret, are you not willing to return home to your house, and there live with your husband and children?"

"Yes," said she, "if it may stand with the good will of God."

They added further, that they had so wrought with the Jesuits, that by doing a small matter she might be set at liberty. "A scaffold shall be erected in the chief place of the city, upon which you are to present yourself, and there to crave pardon for offending the law. Then, a fire being kindled, you must cast your Bible therein to be consumed, without speaking any word at all."

"I pray you, my masters, tell me," said Margaret, "is my Bible a good book, or not?"

"Yes, we confess it is good," said they.

"If you allow it to be good," replied the woman, "why would you have me cast it into the fire?"

"Only," said they, "to give the Jesuits content.

Imagine it to be but paper that you burn, and then all is well enough. Do so much for saving your life, and we will meddle no more with you. You may obtain another whenever you will." They spent about two hours in endeavouring to persuade her.

"By the help of God," answered Margaret, "I will never consent to do it. I will burn my body before I will burn my Bible!"

Unable to weaken her resolution, her enemies committed her a close prisoner, to be fed only

with bread and water, and no one to be permitted so much as to speak to her—thinking by this hard usage to overcome her; but all was to no purpose. A doctor of divinity was frequently sent to her to turn her from her resolution; but he found it too hard a task for him to effect, and he often confessed to those who sent him that he found in her no cause why they should put her to death.

On January 22, 1593, however, she was condemned to be brought upon a stage erected in the market-place before the town-house, first to see her books burned, then herself to be strangled at a post, and her body dragged to the dunghill without the city. Coming to the place, she ascended the scaffold, and distinctly pronounced the Lord's Prayer. Then, seeing her books burned in her presence, she uttered these words with an audible voice: "You burn there the Word of God, which yourselves have acknowledged to be good and holy." Having again repeated the Lord's Prayer, she was immediately strangled.



THE SOLDIER FORGIVEN.

"**A** H! here he is again!" said the colonel, concerning a disorderly, drunken private. "What can we do to mend him? His pay has been stopped, he knows every inch of the black hole, and the poor fellow's shoulders will never forget their close acquaintance with the tails of the cat. What can we do to make him turn over a new leaf?"

The question met with a speedy reply. A sergeant stepped forward and said, "Sir, there is one thing which has not been done to him."

"What is that?" said the officer.

"Sir, he has never been forgiven."

The colonel was taken by surprise. After remaining silent for a moment, he addressed the culprit:

"What have you to say about this sad affair?"

"I am very sorry I have been so foolish."

"I forgive you," said the officer.

The private burst into tears; a soft place in his hard heart had been touched, and from that day he became an altered man.

Similar is God's method of dealing with guilty men.

"Forgiveness" is the motto inscribed on the Divine plan for the restoration of our fallen world. The apostle John tells us of a rainbow which spans the heavenly throne—the symbol which teaches that it is a throne of grace, and not of judgment; and that rainbow is not more clearly seen by the inhabitants of the celestial world than we can see "Forgiveness" written in letters of light upon every page of the Gospel. The word of promise fell as

sweetest music upon the ear of our sinful, sorrowing first parents. Throughout the history of our world we may trace it. But the most wondrous of its doings are to be seen at Bethlehem, Gethsemane, and Calvary.

God infinitely hates sin, and at the same time infinitely pities the sinner. How King David hated the ingratitude, disloyalty, and treason of his son Absalom; and yet he so loved his child as to be constrained to say, "Spare the young man Absalom." And when the sins of the misguided youth had laid him in a premature and dishonoured grave, the poor king burst forth with the bitter cry, "Would God I had died for thee, my son! my son!"

The father of the "prodigal" mourned over the bad-heartedness and profligacy of his reckless child; yet he went forth "a long way to meet him, and fell upon his neck and kissed him." Those acts of human forgiveness remind us of the Divine forgiveness; but only as the stars remind us of the sun, or as the dew-drops remind us of the rivers of the earth and the boundless depths of the sea.

Dr. Doddridge paid many kind visits to a murderer in Northampton gaol. "Is there a twig of mercy for such a wretch?" said the condemned criminal. "Yes," said good Dr. Doddridge; "not only a twig, but a tree."

Do not despair, conscience-stricken, guilty sinner! Look to Him to whom David looked as he said, "There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."

Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound

To rebel sinners doomed to die;

Publish the bliss the world around;

Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky.

For this stupendous love of Heaven,

What grateful honour shall we show?

Where much transgression is forgiven,

Let love with equal ardour glow.

SOUL-GARDENS.

**W**E all love a garden. Even if our home is amid bricks and mortar, without a corner to spare before or behind, we try to have pots

of sweet flowers on the window-sill, or about the room.

Eden must have been a happy spot when Adam and Eve were sent to take care of it. And the tomb of our Lord was in a garden—no doubt a quiet resting-place.

Now, I like to fancy human hearts are all gardens. Some are neat and tidy and cared for, full of flowers and sunshine. Others are like a wilderness, having only dry leaves tossed hither and thither, and ugly stones and weeds.

Each person keeps the key of his own garden, and

no one else can get in. But when he takes a little walk there, he is not alone. God sends good thoughts to keep him company, if he will have them. But if he will not, then Satan is watching, and quickly sends him bad thoughts.

Let us think about our soul-gardens, and turn into them often every day. Let us ask God to make them bright and happy. He will help us to plant in them the rose of cheerfulness, the lily of modesty, the heartsease of truth. And when weeds of ill-humour and pride spring up, in spite of all our care, let us try to root them out quickly, and to put in their place love, joy, and peace.

In plain words, let us watch over our inmost thoughts, which no one about us can see. Our dear Father above can make them glad with His smile, and fresh with the pearly dew of His Holy Spirit. Before we begin the work of the day, let us open the gate of our soul-garden, and stay there a few minutes alone with God. This will comfort and help us.

A. M. V.



*JESUS THE HEALER.*

READ MARK iii. 6-12.

**T**HE Herodians were not so much a religious sect as a political party. Generally they and the Pharisees were opposed. For the Pharisees were against submitting to the Roman government, whereas the Herodians were the party of Herod, who was kept in power only by the Romans. But Pharisees and Herodians joined to destroy Jesus. We often find it so. Ungodly men, who are not friends in general, will join hands to oppose the cause of God.

Our Saviour was grieved at the hardness of heart of the Pharisees. Now it showed itself yet more. Though they had seen the man healed by His word, yet their only thought was how to destroy Jesus. They were neither melted by His mercy nor awed by His power.

This happened at Capernaum, in the neighbourhood of the Sea of Galilee. But now, knowing the design of these men, He left that place, and went with His disciples to the sea itself. The time had not come for Him to be delivered into the hand of His enemies. When that time came, He did not withdraw Himself.

The places and countries mentioned here were, most of them, far away. Galilee means other parts of the country in which Jesus then was; Judæa was in the south, with Samaria between; Jerusalem was in Judæa; Idumæa was yet farther south, towards Egypt; "beyond Jordan" means on the east side of the river Jordan, where was the Decapolis, mentioned elsewhere; Tyre and Sidon were right across the country, to the west, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. From all these distant places and countries a great multitude had come together; and now they followed Jesus.

Observe what is said about the people of Tyre and Sidon. They came to Him, because "they had heard what great things He did." This refers to His miracles in healing the sick and casting out devils. How happy would it be if the words should come true about His spiritual mighty works! How happy if, when people heart of sinners being converted and finding salvation and life in Christ, they themselves came to Him! Is it not for this that we are made to hear of such things? Is it not for this that we are told in the Gospel of our Saviour's works of grace? These are not mere tales or histories to amuse and interest. Our Saviour seems to say in them, and to say to all, "What I did then I can do still; the same grace I have shown to others I am able and willing to show towards you."

These great numbers, from so many places, did not come in vain. We read of many healed; we do not read of one sent away as he came. They had but to touch Him that was enough, when it was the touch of faith. Even the evil spirits were forced to own Him.

The touch of faith has not lost its power; and He lets us come to Him thus for our souls. He is never offended by our earnestness. We may be very urgent in prayer. We may press upon Him to touch Him by

faith—as many of us as have plagues, spiritual plagues—and who has not? He will not be displeased. He will not send us empty away.

This "small ship," or boat (one of the common boats of the lake), was to "wait upon Him," to be always near the shore, so that He might get into it occasionally, and so avoid the crowd. But not as long as any still wanted healing. He needed rest and quiet, as we do; but He always put His Father's work before His own comfort. Have not His servants much to learn from Him in this?

Another thing we may learn from Him is to be calm and quiet even in the most active work in His service. "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street." His conduct here agreed with this prophecy. He would not that the multitude should throng Him. He would have no noisy crowding. His words were always gentle; His works, though works of almighty power, were quiet works. Let us learn of Him. The deepest work is that which is still and quiet. Outward excitement, loudness, disturbance, and tumult are unlike the example of Christ our Lord. The devils cried, but He was quiet. The voice of the Spirit is "a still, small voice."  
F.B.

—♦♦—  
*HE LEADETH ME.*

**I**N pastures green? Not always; sometimes He,  
Who knoweth best, in kindness lea<sup>th</sup> me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine warm, and soft, and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;  
I oft would faint with sorrow and afflict.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,  
So, whether in green or desert land,  
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? No, not always so;  
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,  
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;  
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys, where  
The shadows be—what matter? He is there.

And more than this: where'er the pathway lead  
He gives to me no helpless broken reed,  
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.



## SWEAR NOT AT ALL.



WHO says this to me? you ask. Jesus Christ says it. You know His name. You call Him, it may be, your Lord. Now, Lord means Master. He therefore, your Lord and Master, just now heard you swear; for He is God as well as man, and therefore knows and hears all things. He will also be your Judge. He, then, it is who speaks, and says, "I say unto you, Swear not at all." Will you despise His voice?

And why did you swear that oath? Did it give you any pleasure? The writer once met with a young man who had been addicted to profane swearing as much as you have been, or even more. But through God's grace he had repented of this sin, and forsaken it. The writer asked him what was the pleasure he used to find in swearing.

"Pleasure, sir? none at all!" was his answer. And the only motive he could distinctly remember was an idea of its being manly to swear.

But it is very unmanly. It is beneath a man to receive God's bounties, and then abuse the Giver; to draw in breath only through God's goodness, and then to breathe it out in profaning His holy name. Is there, then, any true pleasure in swearing? Have you found any? What is it?

But next, is there any profit in swearing? Is there anything gained by it in worldly matters? Do men respect you more or trust you better for being a swearer? Far from it. If I were bargaining with you about a horse, and you swore with an oath that the horse was sound, I should not believe you so readily as if you simply affirmed it without an oath. Because I should think thus with myself: I see this man does not mind breaking one of God's commandments—the third, which forbids taking His name in vain; how, then, can I tell but, if it suits him, he will break the eighth or the ninth, and lie, and cheat, and defraud me? Let me ask, then, is there any profit in swearing? What have you gained by all your oaths? Not one farthing. How many good friends have you made by swearing? Not one. What good has your swearing done to your family? None at all.

On the other hand, have you not lost much in character, credit, peace of mind, by this foolish practice? Would you for money swear over again all the oaths you have ever sworn?

A minister was walking in the streets of London, and heard a working man swear. He went up to him, and holding out half-a-crown, offered it him if he would repeat that oath.

The man stopped, considered, looked at the minister and his half-crown, and said, "No, sir, do you think I will send my soul to hell for half-a-crown?"

A man was swearing angrily in the street, when a little girl came along. She stopped, looked up to him, and said, "Please sir, don't call God names; He

is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you." It was now the man's turn to stop and look, and he said, "Thank you, miss. My mother taught me that. He is my Father too. I will never swear again—never!" and he walked silently away.

But while there is no pleasure and no profit, there is great sin in profane swearing. Jesus Christ says, "Swear not at all;" God, His heavenly Father, says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." You cannot explain away those passages of the Word of God. They plainly forbid all common, profane, and rash swearing. Every time you swear you sin. And scarcely any sin can be committed so often as this. The drunkard, bad as he is, cannot commit his sin one hundredth times so often as you commit yours.

Try and reckon up your sins of swearing. How many times did you swear yesterday? Ten times? "Ah, more than that." Twenty? Fifty? "I cannot exactly tell," you say. "But suppose it were fifty times that I swore yesterday. What of it?" What of it! why, then at that rate you swear in a year eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty times! And in ten years one hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred times have you idly, wantonly, profanely taken God's name in vain!

Hear again what Jesus Christ says: "I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."

By this time you surely see that while there is no pleasure and no profit, there is great sin in profane swearing. You feel, it may be, "This is a bad habit; but I know not how to break it-off." Is that your feeling?

Then I will tell you a secret. Swearing shows contempt of God, and hatred to Him. Begin truly to love God, and you will love everything that belongs to God—His Word, His day, His people, and, not least, His name. And then, if you love His name you never will use it lightly and profanely any more.

I will tell you another secret: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He sent His Son to die for sinners like you. Christ never broke the third or any of the commandments. He fulfilled all the law for us, and then He died as a sacrifice for the sins of all who in any age come unto God by Him. "Good news, this," you say; "then what must I do?" Believe in Jesus Christ. "But to believe, how am I to begin?" Instead of swearing, as you used to do, begin to pray. Ask God to give you faith. Beg for His Holy Spirit to take away your evil heart of unbelief, and to give you a new heart, full of penitence, faith, love, and holiness. From this moment, whenever inclined to swear, immediately begin to pray. You may do it with the heart as you walk along, without stopping to kneel down. And now grant me one favour. Whenever you hear others swear, say with Jesus Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. If they knew Thee, as I now do, they would love and praise Thy blessed name, which makes angels in heaven rejoice, and devils in hell tremble."



THE OTHER DEBT.

ERNEST GROVE worked hard and well ; his salary was very small at first, and it was difficult to pay his lodg.ing and buy wholesome food enough ; but he earned a little more after a time by keeping a set of books for a small tradesman during his evening leisure. He denied himself every indulgence ; he took no holiday, being resolved that his first recreation should be a journey home with the amount of the loan his vicar had lent him to start in life.

Time flies, whether in work or pleasure, and at last the first object of his toil was accomplished, and Ernest rejoicingly took his way homeward, assured by his kind employer that he would be much missed, and that all would be glad to see him back again. Of a good son's welcome home after long absence who can tell pleasantly enough ? So Ernest's shall not be told, except that it was downright genuine happiness on all sides. The vicar was glad that he had trusted him, and that Ernest had so well deserved the trust.

"But now, my dear boy," said he, as they sat together, as in former times when Ernest used to come with some knotty points in his studies, "now, what about the other debt ?"

"The other debt, sir ?"

"Yes, you remember, I hope. 'How much owest thou unto my Lord ?'"

"Nothing, sir," replied Ernest, with a flush rising over his honest face. "It is written, 'Owe no man anything,'—I could not get beyond that."

"Then what have you done about it, Ernest ?"

"I confessed, sir, that I had nothing to pay Him with, and He 'frankly forgave' me all."

"This is good news to me, my boy—it was all I wanted to know, for it assures me that all will go well with you in the right and best sense ; and perhaps, too, it lies at the root of the self-denial and persever-

ance with which you have laboured to repay your debt to me."

"It lies at the root of the motive, sir. My pride began it ; but I scarcely think pride would have held on through temptations and difficulties for so long as several years. Your parting prayer that God would give me health and power to do my duty often came back with the reminder of my dependence upon Him for everything. On Sundays especially I thought about it, and each shilling I put away for you seemed to speak of my debt to Him. From this I looked to find what sort of a return I was making for all that God was doing for me, until I got sick at heart of myself and my doings, and was obliged to feel worthless and ashamed. It was not a loan could serve me then, but the free gift of a forgiving Father in His Son Jesus Christ. Safe in Him by faith, under the operation of His Holy Spirit, I have been guarded by much evil, and saved through many a temptation. God kept and helped me, sir, and changed the pride that had mingled with my gratitude to you into a loving desire to do right for His sake."

"That's the trustworthy thing," said the good man, with delight ; "and the great debt that was paid for you and me, rightly believed and appreciated, is the true starting-point for all that is noble in manhood and righteous in life, as well as all that is glorious and blessed in a better world."

SUNLESS DAYS.

YOU know what sort of days these are. Days when we rise in the morning with a want of sun in the heart. We seem to have nothing nice to think about. We hope for nothing, care for nothing. I think these sad days do not trouble us so often when we have grown older and wiser.

We learn then that, even if we are dull, hundreds of people are happy. This is pleasant to remember. And there is always the dear love of God to rest upon, and the sure hope of heaven.

But just now I am writing to my young friends, for they are the most apt to feel sad and hopeless.

You say life is dull—always the same round of duties, and nothing new to expect. Now just sit here by me, and let us think a little. Let us count how many things we have to be thankful for. Can we ever get to the end of the list ? Does not each hour give us new mercies ? And who can tell what is waiting for you, a little way on ? This is a good prayer—let us often use it : "O Lord, prepare me for all Thou art preparing for me."

You will be quite surprised by-and-by at the new life that opens as you journey on. A single day, even an hour, may change your thoughts entirely. Can you not trust your Guide ? Beware of grumbling. Do the thing that is nearest your hand all day long. Do it as well as you can. Look cheerful, because you look forward. You can't think what good a bright face can do. And I quite expect your sunless days will soon vanish. Perhaps you never thought dulness a sin, but it is one.

A. M. V.

# ONE OF ENGLAND'S BENEFACTORS, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



ENGLAND has had many benefactors, but not one to whom she owes more gratitude than to that William Tyndale whose statue, standing on the Thames Embankment, has been lately unveiled to the eyes of his countrymen.

Sir Fowell Buxton once said that the secret of his success in life was "that he had been a whole man to one thing at a time." What shall we say, then, about those who have taken up one, and but one, high and noble work, and who, turning their eyes from all besides, have said continually for the rest of their lives, "this one thing I do?" If ever there was a man since the days of St. Paul who did

that as well as said it, that man was William Tyndale.

Born in 1484, educated at Oxford, and, as we find, studying also afterwards at Cambridge, his mind was cultivated ready for the work God was preparing him to do. An "unknown God" He was as yet to the young scholar. But at Oxford he "happened," as we say, to meet with the Greek Testament, which a learned man named Erasmus had just introduced into the University. He began to read it with the same interest which he would have felt towards any other ancient writer. But the young man soon found that the "words were spirit and they were life." They

took hold of him as nothing had ever done before. The whole tenor of them was new and startling to one accustomed to the perverted doctrines of the Church of Rome. They told of salvation by faith, instead of by the Church; of the one Mediator between God and man; of present peace through Christ alone; and when death should come, of no purgatory between the soul and heaven. He took it into his heart, but did not shut it up there. Oh no! he must go and tell others what a treasure he had found; and more than that, he must put that treasure into their hands too. It was like "the treasure hid in the field, the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

You must bear in mind that the Bible was at this time utterly unknown to the English people. Wycliffe had, it is true, translated it about a hundred years before; but there had been no printing to multiply and spread the precious words, and the few copies that existed were shut up in monasteries. The invention of printing had put the Greek version within reach of the learned, but there was no translation for the unlearned, and to supply this became now the life-work of William Tyndale.

About this time (1420) he engaged himself as tutor in the family of Sir William Walsh, in Gloucestershire, and was constantly occupied in telling forth to those around him the things he had himself found so precious, keeping his Greek Testament always near him, that he might prove what he said from the Word of God. Of course he had plenty of opposition, and the priests soon learned to avoid what they called the "sour sauce" of Master Tyndale's company. We may be sure he did not spare them, and bitter enemies began to rise against him on every side. On one occasion when a priest was angrily upholding the authority of the Pope, Tyndale said, "I defy the Pope, and all his laws; and if God gives me life, ere many years the ploughboys shall know more of the Scriptures than you do."

The work of translation, begun before, was now carried on with greater vigour than ever. But he was obliged to leave Gloucestershire, and take refuge in London. After a while he was persecuted there also; and finding a vessel in the Thames about to sail for Hamburg, he left his native land, carrying with him only his New Testament. England, whose glory is now an open Bible, thus in her blindness cast out the man who was preparing for her that inestimable blessing.

For the next two years Tyndale lived at Cologne; then again, snatching up the ten sheets of the New Testament which were already printed, he fled for his life to Worms. From thence, in the year 1526, the whole New Testament, printed in the tongue of the people, was sent across the sea to England. God had given William Tyndale the desire of his heart. Well might the angels in heaven rejoice though wicked men on earth rose in anger! There was a hubbub among priests, bishops, and statesmen, and the ports were ordered to be closed against the admittance of the obnoxious books. Tunstall, bishop of London,

entered into agreement with a certain merchant to help him in this matter, and wrote to him thus: "Gentle Master Packington, do your diligence and get them, and I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you, for the books are naughty, and I intend to destroy them all and to burn them at St. Paul's Cross."

Master Packington fulfilled his commission, and the books were to a large extent bought and burnt. But they were fighting against God, and God is stronger than man. Tyndale was not discouraged. With the money he received from Packington for the books, he printed a still better edition, and a fresh batch of New Testaments came pouring into England! It had been on Sunday, February 11, 1526, that the books were burnt. Wolsey came in all his magnificence, and bishops and great men in abundance; and at St. Paul's Cross, in the presence of a multitude, Testament after Testament was cast into the flames. How foolish of men to think they could destroy the indestructible seed of the Word of God! Would you like to know the end of St. Paul's Cross, where this terrible Bible-burning took place? You will look for it now in vain; it was demolished after the Reformation; but I can tell you what stands on the very same spot—the houses of the Religious Tract Society, where these lines which now meet your eye were printed, and whence thousands of books and tracts holding forth God's truth are now scattered, not only over England, but over the whole world! Truly we may say, "What hath God wrought!"

But the good and holy man who had first given the New Testament to the English people was now near to the martyr's crown. After many unsuccessful plots against his life, he was seized at Vilvoord, near Brussels, and burnt alive as a heretic in the year 1536. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" and within a year after his death the prayer was so far answered that Henry the Eighth did order that a Bible should be placed in every church for the free use of the people.

This, it is true, was Coverdale's Bible—Miles Coverdale having been the first who printed the whole Bible in English the year before the death of Tyndale. The two had worked much together, and one only completed that which the other began. We still look to Tyndale as the father of our English Bible; his translation it is which has been the foundation of all that followed. He had been occupied many years rendering the Old Testament from the Hebrew, as well as the New Testament from the Greek, and it was finally revised, corrected, and published by Coverdale.

Both these men were thus our benefactors, but especially Tyndale, who began the work. Do we not owe him a debt of lasting gratitude? and is it not well that there should be something always before the eyes of our country, to keep in memory that which he has done for us? So as we stand before his newly-reared statue, and note what manner of man he was, the sound of the great city surging in our ears, the river gliding by with its freighted tokens of commerce and of wealth, let us remember that England owes all her prosperity to the Bible, and that she owes her first Bible to William Tyndale.

## KILLED ON THE BENCH.

**A** CLERGYMAN, while travelling over California, received many letters from anxious friends, begging him to hunt up a brother or a son, and endeavour to bring them to Christ. Many an earnest letter of this kind he received. Among the rest was one from a mother, so urgent, so full of entreaty, that it took a deep hold upon his heart. The letter told him how she had prayed for a son in California until she had lost all traces of him, and begged of him that, on her behalf, he would endeavour to look up the lost boy, who she feared was in the broad road to ruin, and, as he loved souls, do all he could to save him.

The minister thus describes what happened:—

I hunted for that son a whole year. I made inquiries for him everywhere. I determined to find him, if possible. At last I found him in a gambling saloon, at the card table, deeply engaged in play. In the midst of his game I told him I wished to speak with him. We went into the street together. I told him how long I had been on the hunt for him, and it was all about the salvation of his soul. He laughed me to scorn. He assured me he would take good care of himself. He said much that indicated that he looked upon my efforts with contempt.

But I had a commission to fulfil. So I requested him to go with me to the temperance rooms and there sign the temperance pledge; and then I wished him to go to the prayer-meeting with me. He flatly refused to do either.

Stepping up close beside him, I placed my hand upon his shoulder and said, "Charlie, I believe you have a pious praying mother. I am here at the request of that mother. All this long year have I sought you, from place to place, in obedience to a request of that mother. I have the letter in my pocket asking this of me; would you not like to see it?"

The young man was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment. I put my hand into my pocket for the purpose of showing him the letter.

"Oh," said he, "don't show it to me; don't produce the letter. I cannot bear to see it. If any young man owes a debt of gratitude to a mother, none more than I."

I asked him again to go with me.

He answered, "Let me go back and finish my game, and then I will come with you."

He went back and played out his game, and, good as his word, he came out and went with me. We first went to the temperance rooms, and he signed the pledge. Then we went to the prayer-meeting.

To make a long story short, that young man became hopefully converted, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. He was liberally educated. He was in process of time chosen to be a judge of the court of the county in which he resided. He was a conscientious judge. One day he was trying a man who was indicted for gambling and similar offences—just such as he had before been guilty of.

The man at the bar was a desperado, and shot the judge upon the bench. He was mortally wounded, and life was fast ebbing away.

He sent immediately for me. I had just time to reach him and receive his last words. Oh, what precious words they were! "Tell my dear mother," said the dying man, "that I am dying in the assured hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Send to her a thousand thanks that she sent you that letter; and oh, a thousand thanks to you that you so faithfully followed me up, and hunted that whole year for me! Tell my darling mother I thank her for that love which never tired, and for the prayers which never omitted for her far-off son. I am going—going to heaven. I shall meet her there. Oh, who can value a mother's prayers! And who would complain of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, if they would give Him no rest, as did this mother,—my dear, dear mother! Farewell."

## OLD LINWOOD'S STORY.

**I** WAS born and bred in Lindridge, and at a very early age my mother died, and we were left to shift for ourselves in a great measure. My father was a thatcher, and I used to go out with him, and carry the straw up to him, and water it ready for use. I think I was about eighteen when he died, and having learnt how to thatch well under him, I made up my mind to carry on the business; and as I was a good workman and pretty steady, I got most of the old custom, and my time was well filled.

Two years after this, Betsy and I were married. A good and faithful woman she's been to me these four-and-forty years come Michaelmas. We had two girls, and got on happy and comfortable, except that I think my poor woman was often made unhappy because I cared so little about religion. 'Tis true I never made game of it as some do; but my wife and children went to the house of God regularly, and read their good books at home, yet I never offered to go with them, and, I am sorry to say, always found some excuse if pressed by her to go too. Our two girls grew up as pretty, modest, good girls as one need wish to have; they have both been gone to service these many years past, but they are still good children to us; they pay our rent between them, and do not forget to come and see the mother and me when they can.

I lived on for many years thinking I was as good as my neighbours, yet I never thought about my godless life, or that if it pleased God to call me away suddenly how fearful a thing it would be to lose my own soul. So the years of my life went on, and I was nigh on fifty-six, a strong, steady, sober, hard-working man, though I say it; but alas! with no love or fear of God in my heart. All was cold and



dark and cheerless there, though folks little guessed at that when they saw me so well-to-do. My woman, I know, prayed for God to give me a new heart, and she and I are now both content that God should have worked that change in the way He saw best.

I was very busy finishing a job for farmer Hobbs one cold windy March day. The wind was most too high to venture up, but he was pressing, and I anxious to do the job, as it only wanted a bit doing. I foolishly went up. Somehow—I can never well remember how it happened the wind must have blown the ladder down just as I got to the top of it, and down it came on the hard court-yard below, and I fell with it, or rather it fell on me. I can remember no more till I was aroused by the pain of having my thigh set, - and my shoulder was sadly put out; but it was a great wonder and a great mercy too I was not killed on the spot.

Bless the Lord for sparing my life and giving me time for repentance! Weeks and months I lay bruised, and lame, and helpless; but I did not know at first, or the doctor either, the full truth. It turned out my spine was injured, and from that day to this, now past nine years, I have never left my bed or been able so much as to lift my hand to my mouth. At first, I complained bitterly of my hard lot, and was 'most ready to curse God and wish I might die; but when the whole truth came out, and I knew and felt I should never more rise from my bed, I was terrified, and almost in despair.

Now was the blessing of my good wife proved. She bore with me, strengthened, comforted, and prayed with me. But I cannot tell you the misery of that first year's suffering. I pray God you may never know the like. Then by degrees God sent His comfort into my heart. I was like a child—a young child sucking in the blessed hopes and truths and promises out of His holy Word; and so in time I knew and believed that Jesus died for me—yes, for such a sinner as me. I saw the truth, and I saw too the meaning of all that God wanted to teach me when He laid me here a helpless cripple for life. He paid the debt for my sins upon the cross, He delivered me from my sins; and now I can say with all my heart, 'It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.'

I can now die happy, thanks be to God. I have waited for Him these many years; I do not think it will be very long before He takes me—yet happy, oh, so happy, so thankful! Yet the devil will not leave me even yet; whilst there is breath in this poor body he scourges me, and puts sometimes evil discontented thoughts in my heart; but 'When the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will raise a standard against him.'

A kind friend put in that little window there, so I can lie and see all that goes on. I shall never forget what I felt when I first looked through it; I saw old faces and things I had not seen for years. It was 'most too much for me; it seemed as if I had been dead and brought to life again."

I thought he had talked enough, so I told him he must rest awhile, and I would read to him, he thanked me, and asked me to read out of his own Bible which I should find under his pillow. "I cannot read it myself," he said, "but I like to know that it is near me." I read to him, and eagerly and devoutly did he listen to every word. When I rose to go, the tears stood in his eyes, and he begged me often to come and read for him. I promised to do so, and often found my way to his bedside. I was called away from Lindridge very unexpectedly soon after this, still I managed to slip in and wish Linwood good-bye.

I did not return to Lindridge for at least another year, and when I did, one of my first inquiries was after old Linwood.

"The grass is scarcely green on his grave," said my brother; "we buried him this spring in hope of a joyful resurrection through the merits of Christ his Saviour. He gradually declined all the winter, but did not seem to suffer so much pain at last. But one day when I saw him, he seemed to feel his end to be near at hand, but he was so happy, so cheerful, I scarcely thought he was so soon to be taken, yet that very night he was released from all his pains. He found what he desired, 'a better country, that is an heavenly.'"

His wife, who, faithful to the last, sat by his bedside all night, told me he went off so quietly she scarcely knew when the change took place, but that a little before he died she asked him if he could not sleep, and he replied with a sweet smile, "I am not tired now; God has taken all my weariness away; I shall soon be at rest. You must not grieve for me, my woman; rather be glad when a wanderer reaches his home. Kiss me, Betsy—God has pardoned my sins." He never spoke again.

This is no fiction, it is a true story. The grave has not long since closed over the real Linwood. Let us ask ourselves, Do we receive and own Christ as our Saviour, as he did? Do we feel that Christ died for our sins, and do we honour and love Him as our deliverer? If so, we may rest assured "that which we have committed unto Him He will keep against that day."

## THE THUNDERSTORM.

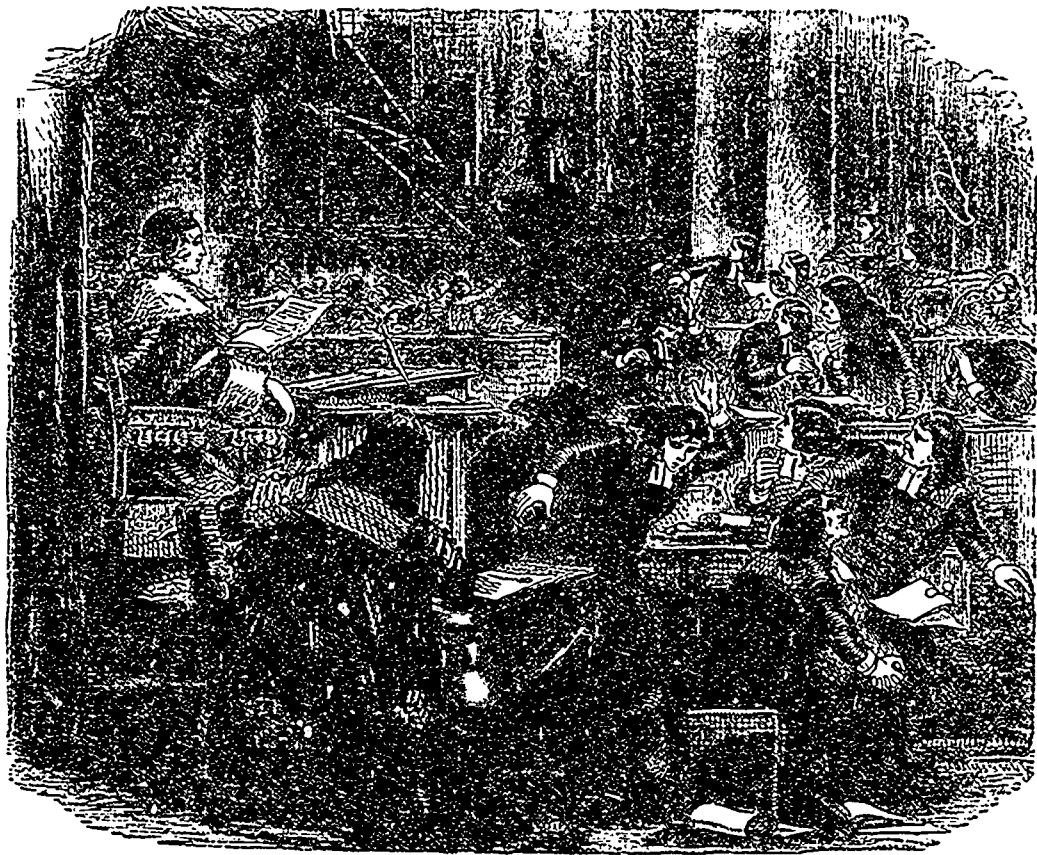
**I**n the year 1666 an opinion was very prevalent, and indeed spread through the length and breadth of England, that the end of the world would come within that twelvemonth. Where or how the idea originated is not known, but the notion spread to a surprising extent among all classes.

During that summer, while the assizes were being held in one of the towns in the Western Circuit, a most terrible storm very suddenly arose. The court was then sitting, and the bench was occupied by Sir M. Hale, at that time Lord Chief Baron.

An eminent barrister who was present has described

“the great and terrible day of the Lord” was at hand.

What a scene must this have been! The narrator, a man of no ordinary firmness of mind, confessed that he was completely unnerved by it; but, chancing to look towards the bench, he perceived the judge perfectly unmoved, calm, and self-possessed amidst the general confusion. He continued to make his notes, as though all were proceeding in the usual routine, and by his deportment it was evident that his thoughts were perfectly composed. From this the barrister drew the conclusion that the great man whom he was observing had his heart so stayed upon God that no surprise, however sudden, could discompose him, and “he



the scene. Very suddenly an awful darkness over- spread the heavens; vivid flashes of lightning at intervals lighted up every object in court; loud peals of thunder rattled overhead, and seemed to shake the very walls of the building.

The effect on the assembled crowd was strange and fearful.

Presently a whisper ran through the assembly that the day of judgment was being ushered in by that fierce tumult of the elements! Every one, as by common consent, forgot the business in hand; the counsel rose from their seats, and the whole multitude, in a paroxysm of terror, betook themselves to their knees, and prayed for mercy, believing that

verily believed that, if the world had then been really to end, it would have given him no considerable disturbance.”

The great and good man of whom we have taken this passing glimpse was one who cannot easily be rated above his true worth. All the judges and lawyers of England admired him for his skill in law and for his justice; scholars honoured him for his learning; and men of God rejoiced in beholding his reverence for divine things, and his pious deportment amidst an age of tumult and changes.

By a remarkable providence, he was early in life “startled into thoughtfulness” out of a course of folly and sin. Both his parents had died before

he attained his fifth year; but the God of orphans "took him up," and he was entrusted to the care of one of his near relatives, a good man, who, wishing his young charge should become a minister, gave the lad a careful education, and in his seventeenth year sent him to Oxford. There he ran riot in youthful extravagance, being so enamoured of stage entertainments that he almost neglected his studies, and divided his time between the theatre and gymnastic exercises, resolving in his own mind to turn soldier, and "trail a pike" in the army of the Prince of Orange. This intention was providentially frustrated. Circumstances arose, connected with a lawsuit involving a part of his estate, which took him to London, and brought him into the society of Serjeant Glanville, an able lawyer, and a man of rare worth, who, discerning the admirable parts of his young client, especially his clearness of intellect and solid judgment, urged him to study law. Happily this counsel was followed, and perhaps in no other profession could this great genius so well have served his generation.

Baxter, the beloved divine—who in after years enjoyed the friendship of Judge Hale—owed his escape from the clutches of his enemies mainly to his testimony, and that of the four judges of the Common Pleas, and he gratefully testified "how large a part of the honour of the Government and the peace of the kingdom" consisted in the integrity and worth of these great counsellors of the Crown.

CHRIST IN YOU.



WHAT remarkable words those are! I have read books in several different languages; but, except as quoted from the Bible, I never met with any like them elsewhere. Who but an inspired writer would venture to use such words: "Christ in you?" They are frequent, however, in different forms in the Bible, and took their rise from the promise of Christ to His disciples: "If a man love Me. My Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." And again: "At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you."

That these words may be understood, let me tell a story of a pilot, who lived and died some years back in the place where the writer lived.

He was as finely-built a man as you ever saw—tall, skilful, and courageous. During the winter, when the northern seas are frozen, he was much at home. I venture to assure you that at such times he was never absent from his seat in church. Whoever kept away, they got no encouragement from him. There you might have seen him in all weathers and at every service. His life was holy, chaste, and happy. His example, in all things, was a good one. He loved God, and served Him lovingly. But I must lead you to his death-bed.

The strongest frame cannot ward off illness. Death comes with his scythe to cut down the strong, oftentimes before the weak. Long did James the pilot lie battling with disease. It was good to visit him. None came away without learning how great is the power of religion, how upholding is the influence of faith.

At length the last moments came. His family were gathered round his bed, and the clergyman of the parish had joined them. The last struggle ceased. He lay in perfect stillness, breathing faintly, and evidently unconscious of those who were standing at his bedside. All present were expecting the latest breath, and some thought that he was gone. But suddenly he seemed endued with preternatural power, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

He unexpectedly, and without the smallest apparent effort, raised himself on his bed, and sat upright. His eyes opened, and he gazed earnestly upwards. He then raised his hands with unspeakable solemnity heavenwards, and said, "Christ there!" and immediately he drew back his hands to his own breast, clasped them for a single moment on his heart, saying, "Christ here!" This done, his strength left him as suddenly as it had been sent. He fell back upon his pillow, closed his eyes, breathed for the last time, and his spirit returned to the God who gave it.

He, too, was "Christophoros," or Christ-bearer. No difference was there in heart and spirit between the dying bishop of the olden time, giving up his soul to God among the lions which devoured him at Rome, and the humble pilot who died with his friends around him in his own home. Both were in Christ, and Christ was in both of them.

You who are Christ-bearers will feel as Christ feels about sin, about salvation, about heaven; you will hate the first, strive earnestly after the second, and look forward to the third as your portion for ever and ever.

Again, if you are a Christ-bearer, you will love what Christ loves. Now, Christ loved His Father much, and in everything consulted His honour. He also loved the Sabbath, and the Bible, and the house of God; and, added to all these, He loved the sons and daughters of our race, and tried to do them good. His servants will love what He loved. If Christ be in us, we too shall love God and consult His honour. We shall love our Bibles, our Sundays, and our seat in God's house. It will be our earnest wish to spread the knowledge of Christ to all around us, and to lead the sons and daughters of our race to love Him also.

My reader, is "Christ in you?" Are you Christophoros?

Ponder for a few moments on these words of the apostle, and pray over them: "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God (that is, in whom Christ is not) hath not life."

The statement is very plain, and it is most clearly expressed.

Christ in you; and you live. Christ not in you; and you perish.



## THE BRAVE OLD MOTHER.



In the small town of Husum, situated in Sleswick, in South Denmark, resided an old woman, who for many years was commonly spoken of, not by her proper name, but by the title of "Die liebe alte Mutter" ("The dear old mother"), being regarded as a kind of dear old mother to the whole of the inhabitants.

Far into the future did she look, and reaped from her view of heaven and heavenly things that bright glowing spirit which enabled her, though occupying such a poor and weak position in the world, to shed a lustre of happiness around her, and to be a channel of blessing to all within her little sphere.

But it came to pass that the "liebe alte Mutter" earned for herself a change of title to that of "brave alte Mutter," and became so known by it that the former one ceased to be used. Thus it came about:—

It was winter, and the ice was thick. The inhabitants of Husum determined to make a great holiday. They raised tents on the ice, and old and young were collected together out of doors. Some skated, some drove in sledges. In the tents there were music and dancing; and the old people sat at tables and drank and smoked. Thus passed the whole day, and the moon rose, but they had no idea of returning homewards; on the contrary, the festivities seemed but renewed.

One old woman alone remained in the small town, even our "liebe alte Mutter." She was bedridden and crippled; but as her house lay high upon a rising ground, she could look out from her window upon the ice, and see all that was going on.

Towards evening she perceived rising on the horizon over the sea in the west a small white cloud. Immediately she felt alarmed. In her younger days she had been to sea with her husband, and understood many of the signs of wind and weather. From the appearance of the sky, she reckoned that in one short hour there would be a deluge of rain, and a breaking up of the ice; "and all will be lost," she cried. Then she began to call out as loud as she could; but no one was with her in the house—no neighbour near, all were gone out on the ice, and she was not heard. Ever darker and blacker grew the cloud. Shortly, she knew, the storm must break, and the flood of water descend.

At length, nerved to exertion by the intense excitement she felt at seeing so many human beings in such imminent peril, she collected all the little strength of which she was possessed, and, seemingly to herself almost by a supernatural effort, crawled out of her bed upon her hands and feet to the oven. With joy she seized a burning stick from the fire, and returning to her bed, pushed it into the straw mattress of which it was composed, and then hastily crawled out of her cottage to a place of safety.

In a few minutes the house was in flames; and as the brilliant light was seen by the people on the ice, they all rushed to the shore, fearing that the whole town might soon be on fire. Almost immediately the wind rose, and blew the loose snow before them. The heavens grew dark, the ice began almost instantly to crack and to break, the wind increased into a storm; and as the last person placed his foot upon the strand, the ice heaved, and the tide of waters broke upon the shore.

Thus did this truly "brave old woman" save the whole town, and give up all she possessed for their safety.

## THE CAPTAIN TURNED PREACHER.

A LADY, who was actively engaged in the distribution of the Holy Scriptures and religious tracts, went on one occasion to the quay at Plymouth, and requested permission of a captain to go on board a man-of-war, in which were about eight hundred men and many dissipated females.

The captain said, "Madam, it will be of no avail; you will only meet with abuse."

She answered, "With your leave, I'll go."

"Certainly, madam," he replied. And she went.

Something occurred during the time which irritated the captain, who swore a most dreadful oath.

The lady said, "Sir, as you have granted me one favour, I hope you will confer another."

"Certainly, madam," was the reply.

"It is, then, sir, that you will please to keep from swearing while I am on your ship."

This he complied with. After the lady had gone round the ship, and given away some tracts (and, to the honour of the British sailors be it spoken, they treated her with the greatest respect), she returned to the captain, who was standing at the entrance of the vessel. She thanked him kindly, and said, "I have yet one more favour to ask of you, sir, which I hope you will comply with."

"Yes, certainly, madam," was the reply.

"It is this," she said, presenting him with a New Testament. "I desire you will read it through twice."

He replied, "I will, madam, for my word's sake."

Some years afterwards, when on a visit to a place about five miles from Plymouth, on the Lord's Day she went to church, where she heard an excellent sermon. As she was returning through the churchyard a gentleman accosted her, and said, "Do you remember, madam, giving to a captain a New Testament, after distributing some tracts on board a man-of-war, and desiring him to read it twice?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

He added, "I am the man to whom you gave it, and I have been preaching to you to-day. Through your instrumentality God has brought me to love that Book which once I despised."



LATE AUTUMN.

ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands  
 Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,  
 I see, beyond the valley lands,  
 The sea's long level dim with rain.  
 Around me all things, stark and dumb,  
 Seem praying for the snows to come,  
 And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,  
 With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.  
 Then, let the icy north wind blow  
 The trumpets of the coming storm;  
 To arrowy sleet and blinding snow  
 Yon slanting lines of rain transform.  
 Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,  
 As gaily as I did of old;  
 And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,  
 Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.  
 And I will trust that He who heeds  
 The life that hides in mead and wold,  
 Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,  
 And stains these mosses green and gold,  
 Will still, as He hath done, incline  
 His gracious care to me and mine;  
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,  
 And as the earth grows dark make brighter every star!

*Whittier.*

JOHN SHEPLEY.

OHN SHEPLEY lived in that cottage which now stands desolate and uninhabited by the roadside. He was a kind-hearted, good-natured man; but he had one sad fault—he was too fond of drinking. Like many others, as long as he was out of the way of temptation it was well; but no sooner did he get into a public-house, than he seemed lost at once. Things went on from bad to worse; his family were in rags and half starved, his wife looked the very picture of wretchedness. His master, who was a good man, and really liked him, often talked to him about his evil ways, and urged him to a different course of life. John promised again and again, but still went on just the same.

At last, one dark winter's night, when there had been a heavy fall of snow, he was returning half intoxicated to his home, but missing the track, fell over a high bank into an old chalk-pit, into which the snow had drifted until it lay many feet in depth. He gave himself up for lost. The more he tried to extricate himself, the more alarming and bewildering his situation became, and the chalk-

pit was in so lonely a part that it was quite possible that many days might elapse without any one passing that way to hear his cries for assistance. He could see no hope; and his limbs were already growing numb.

But in his distress he cried to the Lord. His cry was heard, and relief unexpectedly sent; for a farmer having lost some sheep, and thinking that they might possibly have fallen into the chalk-pit, came hither early the next morning to seek them, and so poor John was, as it were, rescued from the very jaws of death. Oh, how many resolutions of amendment did he make during that fearful night! With what fervent gratitude did he return thanks to God for his providential deliverance! But did he bear fruit afterwards? Ah no! It is true he kept away from the alehouse for a few weeks, and his home began to wear a more comfortable aspect; but the change did not last long, he again took to drinking, and became more intemperate than ever.

We will not describe all that followed; suffice it to say that his end was a wretched one—he died a raving maniac; his wife, bowed down by sorrow and misery, soon followed him to the grave, and his children went into the union house.

# FOR MY FATHER'S SAKE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



"Come along! come along! prime bits for fivepence."

It was Saturday night, and Mrs. Graham had nothing in the house for Sunday's dinner. What was worse, she had very little wherewith to buy it, for half-a-crown was all the money she had left, and she wanted some other things which were very needful, besides the dinner. She could have spent four times as much as her poor half-crown if she had only had it, and that without spending a needless penny.

Thank God, reader, if you have never been as near the water's edge as Mrs. Graham was on that Saturday night.

And it was not until very lately that she had been in such need. There had been a time when she would have thought it altogether unlikely that she would come to anything like that.

Her father, Mr. Weldon, had been the chief clerk in a shipping house in Newcastle, and his income, though not large, was sufficient to enable him and his family to live in moderate comfort. He died, however, when he was not more than fifty; and his widow followed him within a year. He had saved very little; for there had been a good deal of sickness in the house, and he had held it to be his duty, and

his wife had fully agreed with him, that, whether they saved money or not, they must give their children a good education. Of these there were four, two sons and two daughters.

After her father's death, Margaret—that was Mrs. Graham—obtained a situation as teacher in a public school in Newcastle; her younger sister went out as a governess, and her brothers found employment as clerks in offices on the Newcastle Quay. By-and-by Margaret attracted the attention of George Graham, a lithographic artist, who was employed by a firm in the town, and she married him. He was a respectable and intelligent young man, with good prospects, and all Margaret's friends thought she had done very well.

A few years after their marriage Graham obtained a situation as chief draughtsman in a large establishment in London. It was a great improvement on his position in Newcastle, and both he and his wife thought themselves very fortunate that he had got it.

For some time all went on well. Graham gave great satisfaction to his employers; he was painstaking and thorough in all his work. There was a great deal of freshness and originality about it, and he could always be relied upon. His masters found it to their interest to retain him in their service by giving him, unasked, a liberal increase of salary.

Between three and four years after they had come to London, however, a cloud came over everything. One very stormy day, Graham got wet in going to the office; he had no opportunity of drying his clothes, and he took a severe cold, which settled on his chest. He should have laid up at once, but he did not. There was a great press of work, and he could be ill spared. Inflammation followed, and though he recovered from that he was thenceforward a broken man. A cough remained which never left him. He was often prevented from going to his work, and, of course, it happened that he was sometimes absent when he was most wanted.

It was for the good service he rendered them that Griffith and Hoskins prized Graham, and when he failed to render it they became dissatisfied. At length they told him that they were very sorry they could not keep him any longer. They told him, however, that they would give him as much work as they could to do at home, and that they would pay him accordingly. Poor Graham saw that it was only a civil way of getting rid of him, but he had to be content. They gave him a little employment in the way suggested in the first few months after they had dismissed him, but by-and-by this ceased. He lived at some distance from the works, and that was a difficulty; and then they found that their staff on the spot could do all they wanted.

Graham was a brave man, and he looked the thing in the face. Both he and his wife had strong faith in God, and they committed their way to Him in earnest prayer. They did their best, too, to cheer one another's hearts, and they had a sort of understanding, which they both tried to observe very loyally, that they should never both of them get low-spirited together.

The only course which seemed open to them was

that Graham should sketch designs for New Year's cards, valentines, illustrated books, and such-like. In these he was helped by his wife, who had a good deal of artistic skill, which was much increased by sharing her husband's work. Many a weary trudge she had, often to little purpose, in order to dispose of what they thus produced; still for a time they earned what procured them a living. All they got, however, did not amount to half the salary which Graham had received from the firm he had served.

But month by month their income became less and less; for poor Graham gradually became weaker, and his wife's time and thought were more and more occupied in waiting upon him.

On the night of which we have spoken, Mrs. Graham had waited, expecting some money which had been promised should be sent to her without fail that afternoon; but it did not come. So, taking her satchel, and accompanied by her little daughter Jessie, she went out to make her scanty purchases.

She had already got a few things she wanted, when she heard a butcher's salesman cry, "Come along, come along! prime bits for fivepence," and she went to look at them.

The "prime bits" were fragments which had been half-broiling for hours in the heat of a blazing summer's day, and which had evidently been turned over again and again by inquiring purchasers and then left. The price tempted her greatly, but not so the meat.

As she thus stood before the stall, the salesman looked at her impatiently, and little Jessie, who saw him, laid her hands on her mother's mantle, and said, "Come away, mamma, come away; the man does not want us."

All this was observed by a lady and gentleman who were waiting for an omnibus which passed that way.

"Look at that poor woman, my dear," said the lady to her husband. "What a sweet face she has, and yet how sad it is! She's poorly clad, but she is evidently a lady."

The gentleman looked, and after a minute or two he said, "Surely I ought to know that face—whose can it be? Let us go and speak to her."

Just then Mrs. Graham turned away from the stall, and walked towards the place where the lady and gentleman stood.

"Will you excuse me, ma'am," the gentleman asked; "but are you not from Tyneside?"

"I am from Newcastle, sir," she answered, somewhat surprised.

"Then you are Alexander Weldon's daughter, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, still more surprised.

"I was sure you were," said the gentleman, "from your likeness to your mother, although it is nearly thirty years since I saw her. Pray did you ever hear your father and mother speak of Henry Robson?"

"Many a time, sir," she replied. "They used to wonder where he was, and how he was getting on. But are you Mr. Robson?"

"Yes, I am," he answered.

We may explain that Mr. Weldon and Mr. Robson

had been fellow-clerks in the same office, and they had also been great friends. For nearly thirty years, however, Mr. Robson had lived in Australia, where he had been very successful, and whence he had recently returned to end his days in England. He and his wife were now living in London.

"And your father and mother," asked Mr. Robson, hesitatingly, "are they living?"

"They have both been dead, sir, ten years," she replied.

"I am sorry to hear that," said Mr. Robson. "Your father showed me a great deal of kindness when we were young men, and I have not forgotten how he helped me out of a sad trouble which might have wrecked my life. That I might meet him again, was one of the things I looked forward to in coming home. I am pleased, however, in this unexpected way to meet with one who belonged to him. And I am afraid you," he continued, kindly, "if I may say so, are not getting on quite so prosperously as might be wished."

In reply she told him briefly how long her husband had been ill, but said as little as she could of the straits to which they had been reduced.

"If you will permit us," Mr. Robson said, "we shall be glad to call and see you. Meanwhile, for your father's sake, allow me to help you with a small trifle."

So saying he slipped a sovereign into her hand, and, having obtained her address, he hailed the omnibus for which they had been waiting, and took his leave.

"Thank God!" she said. "And he gave it me for my father's sake! Dear, good father!"

With a bright though tearful face she went back to the butcher's stall, and bought, though at double the price of the "prime pieces" from which she had turned away, a really prime and substantial joint, which the salesman gladly sent to her house. Then, having procured some little comforts for her husband, she went home again.

"Bless the Lord!" said Graham, when she brought out her purchases and told him what had taken place. "He has not forsaken us; and when I am gone He will not forsake you and the little ones."

Graham's last days were cheered by many kind visits from Mr. and Mrs. Robson, and by their assurance that they would look to his wife and children when he had gone. And they kept their promise, till, through God's blessing on her own endeavours, Mrs. Graham was able to provide for herself and her family; but even then they remained her fast friends and theirs.

—•—•—  
**TRUE AS TRUTH.**

**W**HEN we cannot go to the house of the Lord, we can go to the Lord of the house.

—The least sin is a greater evil than the heaviest affliction.

—That will break a proud man's heart which will not break an humble man's sleep.

—What we win with prayer we must wear with praise.

—God will make those melancholy who will not be made serious.

—Some men sin with a purpose to repent, and repent with a purpose to sin again.

—Though God suffer His people to fall into sin, He will not let them lie in it.

—The wicked prepare destruction for themselves by preparing themselves for destruction.

—It is the glory of God to help the helpless.

—Have the best, and get ready for the worst, and then take what God sends.

—We cannot expect that God should take sin away by forgiving it, if we do not put it away by forsaking it.

—It is not the suffering, but the cause, that makes the martyr.

—•—•—  
**MISSIONARY WORK IN PALESTINE.**

**P**ALESTINE is divided by the Jordan into two parts; that on the east of the Jordan is called Gilead, that on the west Palestine. It is my lot to work in Gilead, the place which is supposed to be the ancient Ramoth-Gilead, or one of the three cities of refuge on the other side of Jordan. Where I work it is densely populated, but it is an entirely Moslem town. There are some Christians there, but the power is Moslem. The whole country is called El Belker, and all the Bedouins in the district are subject to the Government of Salt.

In this large district, I am thankful to say, the Church Missionary Society is setting forth the pure Evangelical doctrines of the Gospel of our salvation through the instrumentality of its agents. In Salt we have two schools, one for girls, one for boys, and we teach in those schools the Bible, geography, arithmetic, history, catechism, and several other things useful to the boys; and the doctrine of justification by faith in the merits of Christ is explained to the boys faithfully, so that no one could fail to understand it.

Wakeem, one of our schoolboys, whose parents belong to the Greek Church, was accused by a Latin priest of having insulted the crucifix, and I sent the boy with his father to clear himself. The priest had nothing to do with him, but I did not like that any bad thing should be attributed to our schoolboys.

As the priest was not in the convent, the schoolmistress met the father, and the boy asked her if she heard him insult the cross. "No," she replied, "but you blamed one of our schoolboys for crossing himself." And then she said, "Why don't you worship the Virgin and the cross?" "Because," said the boy, "it is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.' Also, the angel said to John in the Revelation, 'Worship God.'"

"But she is our advocate," said the schoolmistress.

"No," said the boy, "'we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' Also, 'there is one God and one Saviour, the man Christ Jesus.'"

"But," said the schoolmistress, "they (meaning the Virgin and the cross) are our way to heaven."

"No," said the young champion of the cross, "I

am the 'Way, the Truth, and the Life,' said the Saviour; 'no man cometh to the Father but by Me.'

Another schoolboy, a Moslem, said one day to his schoolmaster, "Master, if one be convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, and in his heart believe it, but he be unable to make himself publicly known, for fear of the Moslems, will the Saviour be pleased with such a one?"

The answer was to refer him to the words of Matthew, "Whosoever denieth Me before men, him also will I deny before My Father who is in heaven."

"But," said the master, "how long have you had these thoughts?"

The boy said, "About four months since."

"What made you believe the truth of the Christian religion?" asked the master.

The boy replied, "I have seen in the Sermon on the Mount that unless one loves another as himself he cannot be a Christian or a child of God; also, that a Christian man prays for his enemies and seeks their good; but our Koran teaches differently."

Then he made some contrasts between the teaching of the Koran and that of the Gospel. "Do good to those who do evil to you," says the Gospel, whereas the Koran says, "If any one does evil to you, do the same to him, but increase the evil." Again says the boy. "The New Testament states that Christ died of His free will to save sinners; and the Koran teaches that we have neither killed nor crucified Him, but have killed One resembling Him on the cross."

Once more the boy says: "You told me, master, that God cannot be a deceiver. I cannot, therefore, believe that God made some one to resemble Christ in a deceiving way. I believe, therefore, what the New Testament teaches."

I would beg leave to mention two cases in proof of the blessed results of preaching Christ—Christ only—and Him crucified; that is, the pure doctrines of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour. The first is that of a blind woman, very old, and unable to move, because of the spine of her back being broken. This poor creature was confined to her bed for five years. Formerly she did not live a good and holy life, and used to murmur against God, who, she said, had

wronged her by permitting her to lie on a bed of sickness. In the closing days of her life I visited her. "Sudda," I said, "death seems to be near; are you afraid to die?"

"I was," she replied; "but now I am not. Death was terrible to me some years back; but it is not now at all."

I asked, "Why?" "Because," she answered, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

I asked if she had never sinned against God.

"Yes," she said; "but the Lord has pardoned me. My sins, which were heavily laid upon me, were taken

off my back when I came to Jesus. He said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' I came, and, thank God, He accepted me; He pardoned me, and washed me in His most precious blood. He loves me, and I love Him. He loves me more than a mother loves her child."

She ceased speaking, and I thought that her last hour had come. After a long pause she broke the silence, and exclaimed, "Oh, beloved of my soul, take me to Thyself!"

Three hours before her death I knelt by her bed side and commended her to God, praying that her faith might be strengthened. Then she looked round upon those who were present. They came near to receive her blessing. She was eighty years of age, or more. Her children and children's children received her blessing, which she gave them after the manner of the patriarch Jacob.



*In the streets of Jerusalem.*

Turning to me and the assembly generally, she said, "The Lord bless you all! May He strengthen you by faith. May it please God to bless the mission work at Salt. May the pure Gospel—the words of the Gospel of Christ—reach the poor Bedouins, and to the tents of Kedar." Then, with her dying voice, she sang the hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." When her voice was still, she slept in the Lord, full of days, and her death was a very happy one.

Is not this a great work which the missionary societies are doing—rescuing perishing souls, and bringing back the lost sheep into the fold of Jesus?

*Rev. Chail Jamal.*

THE FIRST PRAYER.

ONE morning, as I sat reading, a message was brought me, that an invalid girl whom I was in the habit of visiting had suddenly become much worse, and wished to see me. I hastened to obey the summons, and was soon on my way to Jeanie Gray's cottage.

On entering the cottage, I was struck with the change on my young friend's countenance. Stretching out her hand, however, she welcomed me with a bright smile. She seemed to rally considerably; and, sitting down beside her, we were soon conversing on those sacred subjects which were nearest and

thought he had read it enough in his days of health, and might dispense with its service when weak and ill. She knew nothing then of the strength and refreshment afforded by its inspired truths to the heart and soul. Instead of obeying her father, she pretended she could not find it among the books on the shelf. The dying man, however, was not thus to be deceived, and turning himself, endeavoured to rise for it. The girl's heart grew tender, and she handed her father his precious book.

Summoning his family around him, he conducted worship, believing it was for the last time. Ere concluding, he addressed his children thus:—"My children, my own dear ones, your father is dying;



Wringing her hands in anguish, she fell on her knees.

dearest to her young heart. We spoke, too, of prayer—of its comfort, its efficacy; when, suddenly looking up to me, she said, "Do you know what my first prayer was?"

"No," I replied, "but I should like you to tell me."

She then recounted the following simple but touching tale.

Her father, a godly man, was dying. All his family were godless. One night he asked his daughter Jeanie, then a thoughtless, worldly girl, to hand him his Bible, which lay on a shelf at the side of his bed. Jeanie was weary of seeing the sacred volume in her father's hands, and, as she related,

listen to his parting words. Go, each one of you, this night, before you sleep, and pray for your souls, and seek Jesus as your own precious Saviour."

They separated for the night. Next morning, Jeanie was asked by her elder sister—"Well, Jeanie, have you done what our father told us to do?"

"No, Bella; have you?"

"Yes, I have tried, and you must do it too."

"It's well for you that you can pray," replied Jeanie; "but I couldn't."

During the day, however, she felt irresistibly drawn to retire and try to follow her aged father's desire. There was no secret place, however, for her, but she thought of the large hayrick. Thither she ran, and

she felt as if an agony had come over her spirit. Wringing her hands in anguish, she cried, as she fell on her knees—"O God! my father has bid me pray, but I cannot. O God! help me to pray, help me to pray."

Need we add that this, her first prayer, was answered, and that she found herself next crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner; oh! show me Jesus as my Saviour."

That same day the venerable father died, full of faith and solid peace in his Redeemer. In the evening, Jeanie said to her sister—"Will you take the books and read to-night, Bella?"

"I couldn't do that," answered Bella.

"Well," said Jeanie, "I'll rather try myself, when my father always did it."

She did try, and again was helped, and the practice of family worship was perseveringly adhered to, and a saving blessing attended its observance.

Having finished her simple story, which we have thus briefly condensed, as her own recital was made amid many interruptions from her cough and exhaustion, she uttered some fervent expressions on the blessing and privilege of prayer.

"My father prayed for me, and though he saw no fruit of his petitions on my behalf, or on that of my brothers and sisters, how graciously and lovingly they have been answered!"

Jeanie lingered a little longer than could have been then anticipated after this interview. During these protracted days of suffering and weariness, she testified to all around her the reality and strength of her religion. Ever since her soul had found peace in her father's God and her father's Saviour, she had been like a torch in the district where she lived, shedding light now here and now there, as God in His providence gave her opportunity. And now, when He had called her to suffering and patience, she cheerfully bent to His will, and found how sweet it was "to know no other will but His."

Like gold tried in a furnace, the spirit of Jeanie Gray became purer and more refined in the furnace of affliction; and when the summons came for her to leave the world, she died, not only a peaceful but a triumphant Christian, through Him who loved her, who drew her to Himself, and never left her till He had carried her in His arms safely across Jordan's stream.

What encouragement does this simple narrative of Jeanie Gray give to prayer—prayer on the part of God's people for their unconverted households and friends, and prayer from the sinner's heart that God by His Holy Spirit will both teach him "how to pray, and what to pray for."

## THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

READ MARK iii. 13-21.

**S**T. LUKE tells us that our Lord went up the mountain the evening before, "and continued all night in prayer to God." The choice of the twelve Apostles was a most important thing. It was

thus that He prepared for it—He spent the whole night in prayer. Here is an example for us, when we have anything important to do.

"A mountain" should rather be "the mountain:" some particular hill in the neighbourhood. There is such an one plainly seen from the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and well known to travellers. In the morning Jesus called His disciples, or such of them as He pleased, to come up to Him on the mountain; and from them He chose the twelve.

It was a very important choice. For they were to be with Him continually, His close and constant companions. And further, they were to be sent forth to preach (hence their name—Apostles, meaning those sent); and yet further, they were to have power to heal and to cast out devils. The work of the Gospel was to be carried on by them after our Lord's personal ministry on earth should be over. We know that it was so. In "The Acts of the Apostles" we have a history of what they did.

Their names are given. Their office was so important, as special messengers and servants of the Lord, that we are told, one by one, who they were. Thus we are kept from being misled by "false apostles."

Several of them we have heard of already in this Gospel—Simon and Andrew, James and John, and Matthew. To Simon our Lord gave the name "Peter" in addition, meaning a stone or rock; thus we call him Simon Peter. He gave another name also to James and John, the sons of Zebedee; He called them Boanerges, or the sons of thunder. Knowing John's gentle and loving character, we are surprised at such a name being given to him; but it meant probably, not noise or violence, but rather power and zeal. We must bear in mind, however, that these were the two who wished to call down fire to destroy the Samaritans who would not receive Jesus, and who desired for themselves the chief places in His kingdom.

Of the rest, Philip is mentioned in the first chapter of St. John; Bartholomew is believed to be the Nathanael also mentioned there; Thomas we read of long after, as slow to believe our Lord's resurrection; this other James, the son of Alphæus, was the writer of the Epistle of St. James, and is generally called "James the Less;" Thaddæus was another name of Jude, who wrote the epistle bearing his name; and we find also here a second Simon, called for distinction "the Canaanite."

There is yet one more—his name stands last—"Judas Iscariot, which also betrayed Him." What awful words to stand in the Bible with this man's name, as long as the Bible lasts! "Which also betrayed Him:" whatever else about Judas may be forgotten, this will never be forgotten.

Was it by mistake that such a man was chosen an apostle? No. He who appointed these twelve was perfectly acquainted with them all—knew the heart and character of each; knew what each would do. The Lord Jesus knew Judas, and yet chose him. This was not by mistake or accident, it was in the



counsels of God. We cannot understand this; but so it was. There are many things in God's purposes and dealings which we cannot understand yet.

It was probably still morning when our Lord came down from the mountain, and entered into a house with His disciples. No sooner was He there than He was again surrounded by the multitude, "so that they could not so much as eat bread." And this, after a night spent on the mountain!

"His friends"—doubtless "His brethren and His mother," mentioned presently—hearing of this, went to the house, "to lay hold on Him," to rescue Him from the crowd, and bring Him to rest and food. They were anxious about Him. He would kill Himself by such a life. "He is beside Himself!" they said.

None understood Him then; not His disciples; not His brethren; not even His mother fully, though she pondered in her heart what He said and did. Yet His own words explained His conduct. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He was even then about His Father's business; He was seeking the lost. He did not come for ease or rest. "I have meat [or food] to eat, which ye know not of," He said. "My meat [or food] is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work."

F. B.

### THE MARTYRS.

THOSE worthies, of whom this world was not worthy, and the martyrs in all ages, did commonly present better, higher, and greater things to their own souls in the promises, than any of their adversaries were able to propose, to draw them off from Christ, their profession or principles, and by this means they did very courageously and honourably maintain their ground in the face of all the gay and golden temptations that they met withal. "Your cruelty is our glory," said they; "and the we are harder put to it, the greater shall be our reward in heaven."

Basil will tell you that the most cruel martyrdom is but a crafty trick to escape death—to pass from life to life, as he speaks.

It can be but a day's journey between the cross and Paradise. Though the cross be bitter, yet it is but short. "A little storm," as one said of Julian's persecution, "and an eternal calm follows." Adrianus, seeing the martyrs suffer cheerfully such grievous and dreadful things, asked why they would endure such misery, when they might, by retracting, free themselves; upon which one of them alleged that text, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." The naming of the text, and seeing them suffer such hard things cheerfully, did, by a blessing from on high, so really and effectually convert him, that afterwards he became a martyr too.

When we see poor, weak, feeble Christians defying their torments, conquering in the midst of sufferings, singing in prison as Paul and Silas did, kissing the stake as Henry Voes did, clapping their hands when they were half consumed with ire as Hawkes did, blessing God that ever they were born to see that day, as John Noyes did, calling their execution day their wedding-day as Bishop Ridley did, we cannot but conclude that they had an eye to the recompense of reward, and that they saw such great, and sweet, and glorious things in the promises, that did so refresh, delight, and ravish their hearts, and transport their souls, that all their heavy afflictions seemed light, and their long afflictions short, and their most bitter afflictions sweet and easy to them.

Thomas Brooks.

### NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.



WELL, well, I dare say you are right. I know that I have not been doing exactly as I ought, and I have had to pay for it. Still, nobody need to be troubled about that, for nobody is any worse for it but myself."

The speaker was William Shepherd, a young man

about four-and-twenty, an assistant in a large house of business.

It was Monday morning. The previous day had been spent in a railway trip to the seaside; and his pale, haggard appearance bore witness to the fact that the day had not been concluded in the soberest way. These habits had been for some time gaining ground upon him, and there seemed only too much probability that he would settle down into a confirmed drunkard.

It so happened that in the same establishment there was another young man of the name of Wilson, a little older than Shepherd, to whom, in spite of their great difference of tastes and pursuits, Shepherd was accustomed to look up with much respect. Wilson had frequently remonstrated; and his reproofs, though often taken with a little impatience, were still on the whole received kindly. He had just used the opportunity afforded by Shepherd's unexpectedly remaining in the house the following evening, to expostulate with him. The above was Shepherd's reply.

"But do you really mean to, say," asked Wilson, "that nobody is the worse for what you do but yourself? You did not go by yourself, did you?"

"Of course not. Nobody ever thinks of going pleasure trips alone. There was a tolerably large party of us."

"Perhaps it did not strike you," rejoined Wilson, "that you were doing harm to every one of them. You set them an example of Sabbath-breaking. May

I ask who were with you from our own place? Were not Spence and Robson of the party?"

"Yes," replied Shepherd, wincing, however, under the question; "they were."

"Well, now, do you think you are doing no harm to them? They came up from the country only a year or two ago, with a great deal about them that was promising. Their parents, I believe, are good Christian people, and they both attended a Sunday-school till they left home. I am afraid they have not been much lately either at school or public worship. At all events, they were at neither yesterday, for they were with you."

"But I did not ask them to go with me," pleaded Shepherd: "they asked me where I was going, and proposed to accompany me."

"They knew you were going. there was your example so far. You did not refuse them when

"But you surely don't suppose, Wilson, that I am going to do such things as he did? No, no; not so bad as that."

"I hope not, indeed," rejoined his friend; "but I must frankly tell you that there are more unlikely things. When a man once gives way to Sabbath desecration, and to the neglect of public worship, and indulges a fondness for intoxicating drink, there is no knowing what may be the end. But there is another consideration. I know you hope some day or other to have a home of your own. It has, perhaps, scarcely occurred to you that if those habits you are now forming should be confirmed, there is small prospect of its being a happy or prosperous one."

"Well, Wilson, I must confess I never looked at these things before in the light in which you have put them. I fear that I have been doing harm where

I had no idea of it, although I hope after all I shall never do such things as you have been talking about."

"But now," resumed Wilson, after a brief pause, "I am willing to take you on your own ground. Supposing you could be quite sure that you were doing no harm to a single creature besides yourself, would that be a sufficient excuse for your acting as you have done? God has forbidden it. You are ruining your own soul. Your conscience must have told you that you were doing wrong; and God's Word tells you that without repentance and change the consequences will be everlasting death. It is a grievous thing to injure others, even though the injury all terminated in the present life; but after all, the greatest and most solemn consideration for yourself is that you are jeopardising your own soul."

"What you say," replied Shepherd, thoughtfully, "is very true, I can't deny it. To say the truth, I have many a time thought seriously about these things, but it is so difficult to break off from one's associates."

"I daresay you will find it so," said his friend; "but don't let that stand in the way. It will be a poor plea, if your soul be lost, that you did not seek salvation for fear of being laughed at. God calls you still. He bids you repent, and believe with all your heart in Jesus; and He promises to forgive your sins, and at the same time to give you all strength to break the bonds of every evil habit, and to do all His will."

So the conversation ended. Wilson was not without good hope that his friend would not only become a true follower of the Saviour, but that he would also, by earnest endeavours to lead others to Jesus, do at least something to repair the evil which he once wrought.



The Sunday excursion train.

they proposed to go with you, and perhaps you scarcely could. When with you, they would be induced to do very much as you did. I am afraid you have something to answer for in regard to them. If they go wrong, not a little of the blame will lie at your door."

"I should be sorry, I am sure," replied Shepherd, "to do them any harm, for their own sake, as well as for the sake of their parents, but I think you go too far in making me responsible for them if they should get wrong."

"I think not, William. But, by the way, speaking of parents, you remember poor Edwards, who was dismissed a few months ago for his unsteadiness and dishonesty. He came from my own native village. I called on his father and mother when I visited home lately. I wish you could only have seen them. They were almost broken hearted. Indeed, I fear it will be the occasion of his mother's death."