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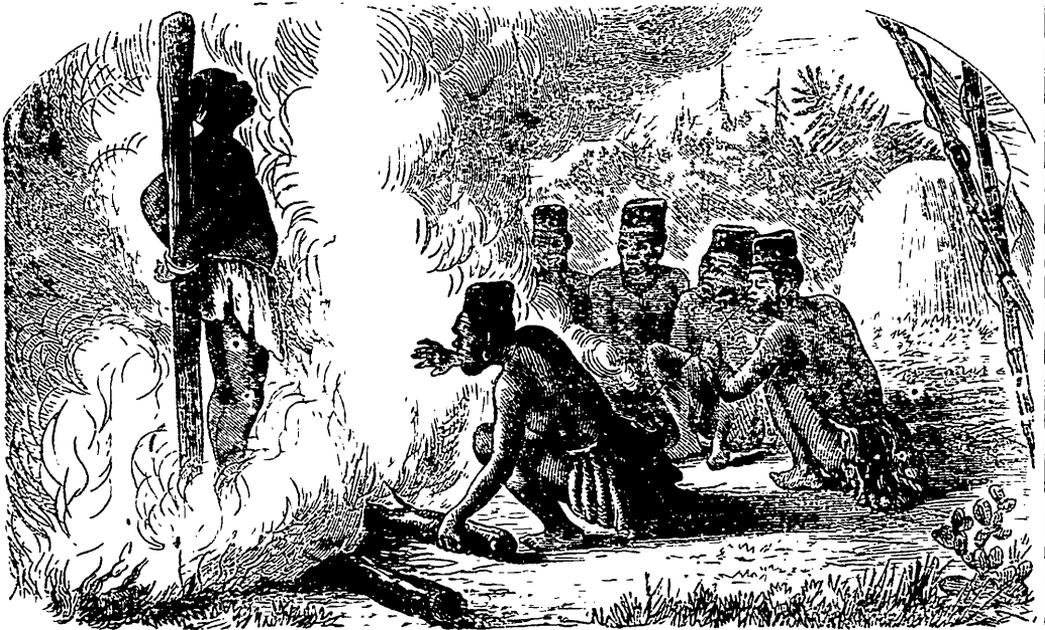
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# The Indian School Guardian

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.]

NOVEMBER 8, 1870.

[No. 21.]



BURNING A KAFFIR SUSPECTED OF WITCHCRAFT.

## KAFFIR CRUELTY.

**A**MONG the Kaffirs all misfortunes, diseases, and deaths among men and cattle are attributed to the influence of witchcraft. When any untoward circumstance occurs to persons of rank, the first question asked is, "Who is the witch?" And as the person implicated is always liable to have his property confiscated, or, in Kaffir phrase, to be "eaten up," the wily doctor is sure to fix upon some one possessed of wealth. At the command of the chief a summons is issued to the suspected parties, a grand meeting is convened, and various rites and ceremonies are

performed with a view to "smell out" the culprit. When the declaration is made by the witch-doctor implicating some one present, the unhappy victim is at once seized and subjected to the most revolting cruelty, to make him or her confess the crime, and divulge all the particulars as to where the bewitching matter has been concealed, &c. Sometimes the suspected witch is bound with cords, besmeared with grease, and placed upon an ant-hill, to be tormented by the insects; at other times hot stones are applied to the feet and other sensitive parts of the body, producing the most excruciating pain, and thousands have been put to death by burning at the stake, strangulation,

and in various other ways, under this appalling system of superstition. So true is it that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Scores of well authenticated instances which have come under the personal notice of the Missionaries might be given in illustration of the degraded condition of the poor Kaffirs, but it is more pleasant to dwell upon the all-sufficient remedy provided in the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

Every Mission station in Kaffirland is an asylum for the oppressed and afflicted, as well as a school of Christ, in which may be learned the lessons of His love; and every Missionary is a friend of the persecuted outcast. Often has the life of the poor doomed victim been spared at the intercession of the men of God; and many a time has the homeless fugitive found shelter in the "city of refuge." It is a pleasing fact that Christian schools for the instruction of the rising generation have been established in connection with each station, where many have been taught to read the Word of God for themselves. And it is still more pleasing to contemplate that a large number of precious immortal souls have been won to Christ by the faithful preaching of His Gospel.

[Stories of the Netherland War.]

### THE WOMEN-SOLDIERS.

BY MARY BARRETT.

**I**N the days of this terrible conflict the women of the Netherlands sometimes served as soldiers. They were not of the "strong-minded" sort by any means, though they were probably more able-bodied than women often are at the present day, and I do not suppose they would ever have wished to take up arms for the sake of showing what they could do. But when they had to choose between helping to defend their children or seeing them butchered by the cruel Spaniards, they did not hesitate to fight, just as any brute mother will. If you blame them, think what *your* mother would do to save her baby from being tossed back and forth on the point of a bayonet, or the beating heart torn from its little innocent bosom, right before her eyes. For

just such horrible things used to be done in those dreadful days.

So, as I said before, when worst came to worst, the women used to fight. During the long siege of Harlem, there was a volunteer company of highly respectable females, numbering three hundred, who did excellent service, not only within the walls, but also in frequent sallies beyond them. The women helped to repulse the Spaniards at Alkmaar, too. But so far as I have been able to learn, it was at Maestricht that they did most. In order that you may understand how it was, I must tell you something about the city, and the circumstances under which it was besieged.

Maestricht is situated in the south-eastern part of the Netherland States, upon the river Meuse. Its location rendered it important; for whoever entered the provinces by Germany might be expected to come by way of this city. The greater part of the town lies upon the western or left bank of the river, that upon the eastern bank being a mere suburb, generally called Wyck.

When, in March, 1579, the people of Maestricht found out that it was about to be invested by the Spaniards, they at once went to work as hard as they could to repair the walls, and clear out the moat, and make all safe and strong. As there was a vast deal to be done, and comparatively few men to do it, the women took hold of the work too. And as they had only about twelve hundred regular soldiers, besides the citizens and country-folks, while the Spanish army numbered more than twenty thousand, many of the women offered to bear arms in defending the town. The men found their help so valuable that they soon enrolled three regiments composed wholly of women, besides those who served here and there among the rest of the troops.

The Spanish commander was a very brave and able general, called Alexander of Parma. He was a nephew of King Philip II., and had lately been sent to subdue the Netherlands. A part of his army was stationed on the east side of the river, under command of the famous Colonel Mondragon, while he himself encamped on the west side with the main body

of the troops. He immediately made a bridge of boats across the river just above the city, and another just below it, so as to unite the two camps. And in the course of two days following he and his men built four very large and strong forts with their own hands, for the pioneers, who were to do the digging, had not then arrived.

Maestricht had six gates, and Parma first attempted the one on the south-west side, which was called the gate of Tongres. But when at length he had battered down a portion of the wall near it he discovered that the resolute men and women inside had meanwhile been building up another fortification right against the gap. So his soldiers could not get in, after all, without crossing the new moat, and breaking down the new ravelin. He therefore concluded to leave that quarter for the present, and try the gate of Bois-le-Duc, which was on the opposite side of the city, next to the river. The ground there was rather swampy, not to mention that the moat itself was sixty feet wide and sixty feet deep. But they contrived to drain off a good deal of the water into the river, and began again to batter the walls.

In the meantime, however, something else was on foot at the Tongres gate, though the Spaniards kept it very still. Parma had a very cunning engineer named Baptist Plato, who had secretly commenced making an underground passage to the new ravelin, in order to blow it up. But the Maestricht people suspected it, and as they knew how to dig subterranean passages as well as the Spaniards, they began countermining in their turn. Among the rest, one of the women-regiments now devoted themselves to this underground work, and historians tell us that they proved very handy at it. They had overseers chosen from their own number, who were called "mine-mistresses."

So while the besiegers were stealthily burrowing their way toward the ravelin they wanted to blow up, they were suddenly interrupted by the besieged breaking right into their mine. You may be sure there was some desperate fighting down there under ground, for each party was determined to drive the other away. But the Maestricht people contrived to stop up

the passage behind the Spaniards, and then deluged them with hogsheads of scalding water. At another time they filled the mine with a dense and suffocating smoke, blowing it through the long winding galleries by means of the great bellows of a church organ, at length the besiegers abandoned their mine, though it was only to begin another. I will tell you how it turned out the next time.

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#### THE BEST THAT I CAN.

"I CANNOT do much," said a little star,  
 "To make the dark world bright!  
 My silver beams can not struggle far  
 Through the folding gloom of night;  
 But I'm only a part of God's great plan,  
 And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,  
 Of these few drops that I hold;  
 They will hardly bend the lily proud,  
 Though caught in her cup of god;  
 Yet I am part of God's great plan,  
 So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to-day,  
 But a thought, like a silver thread,  
 Kept winding in and out all day  
 Through the happy, golden head.  
 Mother said "Darling, do all you can,  
 For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,  
 Nor the cloud with its chalice full,  
 How, why, and for what all strange things were,  
 She was only a child at school!  
 But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan  
 That even I should do all I can."

She helped a younger child along  
 When the road was rough to the feet,  
 And she sang in her heart a little song  
 That we all thought passing sweet;  
 And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,  
 Said, "I will do likewise the best that I can."

Our best? Ah, children, the best of us  
 Must hide our faces away,  
 When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look  
 At our task at the close of the day;  
 But for strength from above 'tis the Master's plan  
 We'll pray, and "we'll do the best we can."

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WHEN you send your prayers, be sure to direct them to the care of the Redeemer, and then they will never miscarry.

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The Sunday School Guardian

Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

With the close of the present volume of the SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN it will be published in an enlarged form, of a greatly improved character. It will be specially adapted to the maturer tastes of older scholars. For the younger scholars an entirely new paper will be prepared, suited to their age and tastes. It will be called THE SUNBEAM, and it is hoped will be as bright and cheerful as its name implies. We trust our friends will wait till they see our specimen numbers before ordering their papers for next year. We appeal to their Connexional loyalty and Canadian patriotism to support the effort of their own Church to prepare a paper that shall be every way worthy of their patronage. Specimens will be prepared and submitted for approval as soon as possible.

ACROSS THE ALPS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

It was a bright and sunny day that I left Lake Maggiore, in Italy, to cross the Alps into Switzerland. The railway train passed through very sublime scenery, mountains towering on either side, with snowy waterfalls pouring down their sides. A little before sunset I reached Biasca, the end of the railway. A tremendous cliff rose hundreds of feet above the hotel at which I stopped, and from my place at the dinner table I could look up and up its long slope: it seemed so far that I had to look twice, as the boys

say, to see the top of it. Before the sunset I took my first Alpine climb. And very hard work it was. The path wound steeply up to a little chapel on the mountain side, and every little way there was a wayside shrine with a rudely painted picture of the Virgin and Child, sometimes with a few faded flowers placed as an offering before it. This was a pilgrimage chapel, and the poor ignorant peasants believe that by toiling up there they will receive the forgiveness of their sins. If they only knew that, not Mary, but her Divine Son alone can forgive sins, and that He can everywhere hear and answer prayer, how blessed it would be!

I met a poor old woman toiling down the mountain with a great basket of faggots on her back that I could hardly have lifted. I looked at her with pity, and she said something in Italian that I could not understand, and went on her weary way. Coming down the mountain I lost my road, and asked a peasant woman, who was mowing in a field, to show me the way. She dropped her scythe, and very kindly tripped off down the steep slope to point out the narrow winding-path. It led me down to a little group of houses, very rudely built of stone and covered with heavy stone slabs instead of shingles. Indeed, stone was far more plentiful than wood. I asked a man to let me see the inside of his house, and he very politely took me all through it, from top to bottom. It was very rude and comfortless, with scarcely any furniture, and what there was, was home-made, and that in a very clumsy fashion. He showed me, too, a lot of wooden shoes made on winter evenings, and a quantity of silk-worms with their cocoons. The silk-worm spins for itself a sort of shroud of silk. These cocoons are thrown into hot water to kill the grub and loosen the silk, which is then wound off on reels and sold to the silk merchant.

Next morning I climbed up to the top of the diligence or stage coach which was to cross the mountains. I had secured a seat on the outside so as the better to enjoy the prospect. The huge lumbering vehicle rattled through the dirty, stone-paved, ill smelling Italian villages, and soon began to climb higher and higher up the mountain's side. The road soon became so steep that we had to have seven horses to draw the coach, and they went no faster than a walk. Up and up, by many a zig-zag, we wound, obtaining every minute wider and grander views over the broad valley and a perfect sea of mountains. At length we got above timber limits and the trees, which had been dwindling smaller and smaller as we advanced, altogether disappeared. Then deep snow drifts appeared. We passed through some which were from thirty to forty feet deep, and once we passed through a tunnel cut in the snow, which formed an arch over our heads. Still up and up we wound to the summit of the St. Gothard Pass, more than a mile high. How we got down I will tell in the next number.



## LEADING.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.



HERE are different kinds of leading. You may lead one by the hand, or by the arm, as in the case of the boy in the engraving. But there is another kind of leading of far greater importance. It is leading the mind—inducing one to do right or to do wrong. Hiram and Lewis Rodgers were on their way to Sunday-school.

They worked hard on the farm during the week, and wore very plain clothes. When Sunday came they put on clean and neat attire, and went to the Sunday-school, which was held at the church about a mile distant from the farm.

On their way they passed by a meadow abounding in wild strawberries. In that meadow they saw Alfred Hine, a lad a year or two younger than they were. He was the son of parents who were well off, but who never went to church, nor required their children to go. Every Sunday morning Alfred was dressed in his best clothes, and permitted to go where he pleased. He seldom went to church, and had never been seen in the Sunday-school.

When the boys saw him in the meadow, Hiram said, "Let us get Alfred to go to Sunday-school to day."

"I don't believe we can do it, Lewis."

"There can be no harm in trying. He is dressed well enough to go anywhere. Good morning, Alfred, won't you step this way?"

"Won't you come here and get some strawberries?"

"No, I thank you; we want you to go with us."

Alfred was fond of society, and liked the idea of going somewhere. He found Sundays rather lonesome.

"Where are you going?" said he, coming toward the road.

"We are going to a good place and want you to go with us. We would like to have as well dressed and good looking a fellow as you go with us."

"Tell me where you are going?" said he, well pleased with the compliment.

"We are going to Sunday-school."

"Sunday-school! I don't go to Sunday-school. Father says there is nothing learned there."

"Your father hasn't been there. You just go with us and see."

"I thought Sunday-schools were made for those who were too poor to pay tuition on week days."

"You are mistaken. Who do you regard as the richest man in town?"

"His son is in our class, and his daughter is in Miss Jones' class. You are about the only respectable man's son that I know who doesn't go."

"Isn't it dull?"

"I don't think it is. Come and judge for yourself."

After further persuading Alfred consented to go. He was an amiable boy, and his ignorance in regard to Sunday-schools and religious subjects was rather his misfortune than his fault. He put his arms within the arms of his friends, and walked toward the school-room. Alfred felt a little hesitation about entering, but a few words of encouragement led him to go in and take his seat between his friends.

The lesson was a very interesting one, and the teacher was a very interesting teacher. Alfred received a great deal of information of which he was very fond. The result was that he concluded to come with his friends on the next Sunday, and did so, and then became a regular member of the class. He was thus brought within reach of the means of grace. Did not Hiram and Lewis do a good morning's work, and cannot the reader go and do likewise? Have you not one acquaintance whom you can induce to attend the Sunday-school.

#### THERE IS ONE WHO CAN.

**I**N a conversation with Mr. Moody, a few years ago, he related the following incident, illustrating the power of Him who is mighty to save.

At the close of an evening meeting in the chapel in Chicago a well-dressed young man came in from the street and inquired for Mr. Moody. After a little search Mr. Moody was found, and coming forward, he greeted the stranger cordially, and inquired his errand. With much earnestness the young man said:

"I have come to ask you to save me. I am going to ruin from the use of drink, and unless you save me I shall go down."

Mr. Moody still warmly held the outstretched hand as he said, earnestly, "I can't."

With evident disappointment his caller said, "Why, you surprise me, Mr. Moody, it is at

great sacrifice of my pride that I have come to you; my mother and sister told me you could save me, and now you say you can not."

"No," said Mr. Moody, "indeed I can not; but there is One who can! Come, and I'll lead you to Him."

They went into a side room, and there, with simplicity and loving earnestness, Mr. Moody told him of his lost condition—of the mighty love and power of Jesus Christ, and of his deep personal interest in him. They knelt in prayer—the prayer of penitence, faith, and acceptance. The burden rolled off, and there was joy in heaven.

Yes; "there is One who can!" Blessed be God for the simplicity of the gospel method of salvation.

#### SOME WONDERFUL FACTS.

**N**OW, supposing your age to be fifteen years, or thereabouts, you can be figured up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles. Your blood weighs 25 pounds. Your heart is nearly five inches in length. It beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 200,800 times per day, 30,722,000 times a year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown from it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one eighth to one fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of 15 pounds to a square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a draining-tile one fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of the body of 201,156 feet, or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost twenty miles long.

LESSON NOTES.

A D. 90.]                      **LESSON VI.**                      [Nov. 9.  
THE PERFECT SAVIOUR OR, CHRIST CLEANSING FROM  
SIN.

**1 John 1. 1-10.                      Commit to memory verses 5-9.**  
**OUTLINE.**

1. The Word of life. v. 1-5.
2. The cleansing blood. v. 6-10.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from  
all sin. 1 John 1. 7.

1. Walk in the light.
2. Confess your sins to God.
3. Be cleansed by the blood of Christ.

Find account of one whom Christ told to place his  
hand in his side.... Find account of a disciple resting  
on Jesus' bosom.... Find where Christ called himself  
the light of the world.

A.D. 90.]                      **LESSON VII.**                      [Nov. 16.  
THE LOVE OF THE FATHER; OR, CHRIST REVEALING  
GOD'S LOVE.

**1 John 4. 7-16.                      Commit to memory verses 7-11**  
**OUTLINE.**

1. His love. v. 1-10.
2. Our love. v. 11-16.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

We love him, because he first loved us. 1 John  
4. 19.

1. Never forget God's love to you.
2. Love him in return, with all your heart.
3. Have God dwelling within you.

Find a passage which speaks of "God's great love"  
.... A passage where Paul says of Christ, "who  
loved me".... A passage where Christ is spoken of as  
a "propitiation."

**"BENE ORASSE EST BENE STUDISSE."**



**WHAT** strange words these  
are!" says John. "What  
can they mean? Perhaps  
brother Will knows. He  
studies German."

Brother Will at once  
sees they are not German, and so can not throw  
any light on them.

I will tell you. They are Latin. Luther  
used to say, "*Bene orasse est bene studisse*;"  
that is, "To have prayed well is to have studied  
well."

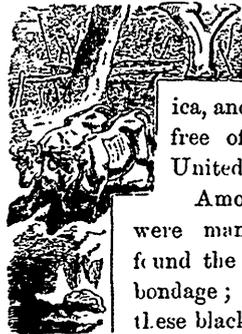
He sometimes had so much to do that the  
days were too short, and he knew not how to  
get through with his work. Then he would say  
to his friends, "I must pray more to day, or I  
shall not get done."

That was good doctrine then, and it is equally  
true now. But many people just turn it  
around; and when very busy, they say,  
"Really, I have not time to pray to-day."

When we have the most to do and to bear,  
then we most need to pray. Especially, boys  
and girls, is this true in regard to your study  
of the Bible.

To study it well, you must pray over it and  
through it. Ask God to help you not only to  
understand the words, but also to see what a  
sinful heart you have, and what a loving Saviour,  
and how you best shall live to His praise.—  
*Youth's Evangelist.*

**FREED CHRISTIAN NEGROES.**



**YOU** have heard a great  
deal about the late  
dreadful war in Amer-  
ica, and how it led to the setting  
free of all the slaves in the  
United States.

Amongst these poor people  
were many thousands who had  
found the Saviour whilst in their  
bondage; but on many estates  
these black Christians were cruelly  
treated, and not allowed to meet together to  
worship God. But when the great event came  
which set them all free, they were filled with  
joy and thankfulness.

We find in an American Methodist news-  
paper an account of a love-feast held among  
some of these freed blacks, in the Charleston  
district; and we thought that our dear children,  
who enjoy all the blessings of freedom, and  
religious care, would like to hear something  
about what the black Christians feel now that  
they are no longer slaves.

The love-feast was held at sunrise; and here  
are some of the things that were said:—

"Master Jesus is here: never day like this:  
my soul is bursting full."

"I see the rainbow in the cloud, all bright now; praise the Lord!"

"I feel like the king's daughter, 'all glorious within;' my joy is more than tongue can tell. Oh for a thousand."

This was followed by singing,—

"We'll camp awhile in the wilderness,  
And then we're going home."

"I feel new-born to-day; Jesus runs abroad in my poor heart. He has broken the chains which bound my body in slavery and my soul to Satan: I will praise Him."

"I sought God by digging deep till a living spring burst in, and like a fountain it flows this moment."

"I feel God all within and all without."

"What a morning is this? No *whip* for going to meeting *now*. Bless Massa Jesus and Massa Sherman. No selling babes and my husband now. I can't help serve my God better."

"I am not ashamed or afraid to own my Jesus. My old master said he would *whip* my religion out of me; but every cut made me cling closer to the God who delivered Daniel, and that God delivered me." Followed by singing,—

"Where, oh where is good old Daniel?  
Safe in the promised land."

"Once I was bound, but now I free; once I was dead, but now I live. I do feel Jesus living in me."

"I once thought I was something, but I prayed and prayed till I found I was nothing; then I felt the arms of Jesus."

"Jesus burst daylight into my soul four years ago, and I walk in the light."

"Long years ago I joined Church and followed Christ *afar off*. Three weeks ago I took another hold, and now I feel the pulling. Glory to the Lamb!"

"Good morning, brethern and sisters in the Lord! You all look like angels! The preachers are Joshua and Caleb; they give us Canaan in cluster. We camp on Pisgah's top." Followed by singing,—

"We'll journey through the wilderness?  
"Roll, Jordan, roll."

"For sixty years I served God in the dark house of bondage, but since I'se free, seems like I have wings. We cught to sorve Him better now."

"I walked twenty miles to this quarterly meeting, but my foot was no way tired. *Love* is different from the *lash* to move the foot. Oh how I love my Jesus! and, my brethren, do help me praise Him."

### THE HALF-WAY PLACE.

"**J**OHAN," said the teacher, "have you found the beloved disciple's place in Jesus' bosom? Are you with him to-day?"

John's eyes and glad smile said even more than his "I hope so."

"And Fred, how is it with you?"

"I guess if there's any half-way place I'm there," said Fred, who had been halting some time between Christ and the world.

"And how long do you mean to stay there?"

"I don't know. I can't get any farther."

"Ah, you mistake. Where is the half-way place? Where would it have been to the prodigal had he stopped there? Still a long way from home. No father in sight; no home near; no food; no clothes; no fatted calf; no golden ring; the feast not made. He never would have heard those precious words, 'My son was lost and is found.' He would still have been lost. Half way home would have been no better than the far country. But there is no half-way place. Half a Christian is still a sinner. Half way to heaven is nowhere near the pearly gates. Half way to Christ is still on Satan's ground; for 'he that is not with Me, is against Me.' Christ wants your whole heart, or none. Do you like half-way friends?"

"No; I despise them."

"Do you suppose Christ wishes such friends? Do not stop any longer where you are. 'If the Lord be God, serve Him; if Baal, follow him.'"

The half way place, if such there be, is Satan's favorite ground.—*S. S. Times.*

NONE are so poor as those who are destitute of the grace of God.