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Buds and Blossoms

AND

Friendly Greetings.

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

Vol. X.—

JUNE, 1886.

{ WHOLE No. 114.



Mrs. Gladstone.

The Regions Beyond or Mission Notes.



HAT have you done? What are you doing for Jesus? He has declared, 'ye are the light of the world,' and admonishes, 'let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good work and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' This shows the personal privilege and responsibility of all who

profess to have been enlightened by the great light giver. "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." God is light and in Him is no darkness at all. There is therefore no limitation in the source of supply, but it is evidently ours to receive and pass on the light which enlighteneth the world, for the true light is from Jesus.

Light is sown for the righteous, and should be sown by all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. Then in the plentifulness of the harvest, and in the bringing in of the sheaves, we shall enter into the joy of our Lord, and share in the gladness of the home gathering and eat of the fruit of our doings.

If we hide our light under a bushel, we wrong not only ourselves but others. We are living epistles, and men can read the law of the Lord in a true christian's honest and honorable deportment.

If we would hear the Master's commendation, "well done, good and faithful servant," we must be active in the service of the Master, using the present now of opportunity. Our talents may seem few, but in the diligence of true christian work, the doing *WHATSOEVER* thine hand findeth to do, and doing it with thy might, will in the great day of unfolding reveal, that the unnoticed endeavors for Christ's sake, are made manifest in the great day of account. Jesus himself acknowledging that *INASMUCH* as the action and motive was truly christian. The visit, the cup of cold water for Christ's sake given to the poor disciple, is noted as personal service rendered to, and received by the King of kings. He generously notes the widow's mites, as well as the rich man's gold cast into the treasury. Should not the fact of the every observant eye being upon us keep us from useless selfish waste, and mere carnal indulgence. The field is the world. How great the opportunity for sowing for the reaping by and by. Let us begin to-day and that right over against our own house. Least we have to lament, they made me keeper of the vineyard, my own vineyard have I not kept.

INDIA. — In the Telugu field the missionary workers in connection with the A. M. Union have just had a grand jubilee meeting at Nellore. Six days were spent in services and meetings, in which those present, we are told, "realized that they had been sitting in heavenly places, and enjoying christian fellowship and sweet interchange of thought and feeling that did them untold good. Marvelous are the results of christian labor among these interesting natives of India. There was long waiting for results. Faith was severely tried. More than once the American Missionary Union was on the point of giving up the mission in despair. But it was not abandoned. Eventually the seed yielded fruit, and to-day there is not a more successful mission in the world. Fifty years ago the good work began. We give the contrast between 1836 and 1886. — "Then there was but one station, *now* there are twenty from Madras to Chicacole, and from the sea to Hanamakonda, centres of christian work and influence. Then there were but two missionaries, *now* about fifty. Then there were not ten disciples, *now* there are 30,000. Then there was but one small school, *now* there are many stations and village schools, a high school and girl's school, and *two theological seminaries* (italics ours.) Then there was one small thatched chapel; *now* there are many commodious, comfortable, and

beautiful houses of worship." Let God be praised, and saints encouraged. Some of our own missionary brethren have sent us a beautiful photographic view of the palace of Kinedy, and it is especially interesting to us, because at that station, Mrs. Avery's Bible-class bought a piece of ground, and it is called the Tabernacle Home, being used for a native preacher. We thank the senders of the photo. and feel an increased interest in the spot and workers.

CHINA—In the report of the English Baptist Missionary Society in the year 1875, they had only one missionary there and 48 members. In 1876 another missionary was sent out. Last year in the same field 13 missionaries are reported, and a membership of 1,414. The history of the China Mission has demonstrated that the work of evangelization must be mainly done by natives. Eighteen evangelists are already at work. Besides these quite a little army of native soldiers of the Cross go forth to do battle for the Lord.

One of our brethren, from the pastor's C. H. S. College, the Rev. C. Spurgeon, Medhurst, of Teing Chu Tu, writes to the "Missionary Herald" a description of a visit to the Chinese temple, Yen Wang, which contains representation of the punishment inflicted in the hells. According to the Taoist and Buddhist writings, there are 16 hells. TAOUIST HELL.—The various kinds of punishments exhibited were, my teacher informed me, not so numerous as he saw in a larger temple in Pekin, but those I saw were quite enough for me.

There was Yen Wang, of gigantic stature and forbidding countenance, sitting in state, trying the newly arrived spirits, who were kneeling before him to receive their sentence. Here were the various sentences passed, being remorsefully executed.

Those who during life reviled their parents (a very serious crime in China) were being broken and crushed in a sort of mortar. Dealers in short weights and measures were swinging in the air by hooks fastened in their backs. Adulterers were clinging to iron tubes filled with fire, devils with pitchforks were pressing them closer to the fiery pillar. Liars were having the tips of their tongues cut off. Murderers were thrown on to the mountain of knives, while other criminals were wandering shivering, half naked, among the ping shan or mountains of ice.

There were other tortures even more ghastly than these—such as men being sawn asunder, disembowelled, boiled in oil, pounded in mortars, etc.; but these will be sufficient to show what means are relied upon by the natural instructors of the people to hinder them from vice. Is there not in all this more than enough to excite compassionate pity for this deluded nation, who not only know nothing of such recreating, inspiring influences as the love of Christ supplies, but to whom the future is dark and unknown, or, if known, only known to be feared. One thing certain—that missionary enterprise is the Lord's cause. He is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. After He, as the Propitiation for the whole world, had died, so making peace, the Lord Jesus Christ sent His apostles forth to disciple all nations to Himself. There is no work so obviously and entirely the Lord's as this work, and, therefore they who give to it, cast their money into His treasury. The Lord Jesus gave His life

for the world's salvation. What do we give? He sacrificed Himself for us. Love so amazing, so divine, demands that we—who are the lights of the world—should so shine that men may take knowledge of us. Shall we whose souls are lighted by wisdom from on high. Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny? No, never! Let us go and buy oil and trim our lamps, ere the bridegroom cometh. Lest some who might have been gathered are not ready when Jesus comes to reward His servants.

God's Work must be done, or the Negro's Offering.

It was somewhat early in the present century when missions to the West Indies were enjoying that bright morning of promise and hope which, notwithstanding all the difficulties that have been encountered, have been so blessedly realized. The station at New Amsterdam had enjoyed such a large accession of members and dependants that a larger chapel was imperatively demanded. How was it to be accomplished? There would be no government grant; there were no wealthy residents disposed to assist; therefore the work must be done, if done at all, chiefly by the self-denying efforts of the negroes, who were then, of course, slaves. Accordingly a meeting was summoned for the purpose of ascertaining how far help might be relied on. On the evening of the meeting the missionary took his place at the table-pew, and began to call over the names of the members. At length he came to the name of "Fitzgerald Matthew," and a voice said, "I am here, sir," and, at the same time, an old man with a wooden leg came hobbling through the crowd to the table-pew. The minister wondered what he meant, for the others had answered to their names without leaving their places. He was much struck, however, by the man's apparent earnestness. All eyes, of course, were on the lame negro, though no one knew his purpose. On coming up to the minister he put his hand into one pocket and took out a handful of silver, wrapped in paper, and said, "That's for me, massa."

"O," said the missionary, "I don't want it now; I only want to know how much you could afford to give. I will ask for the money another time."

"Oh, massa," said the negro, "God's work must be done, and I may be dead." And, so saying, he plunged his hand into another pocket and took out another handful of silver, adding, "That for my wife, massa."

The minister, of course, could not object, and was no less pleased than amused, especially as the old man thrust his hand into another pocket, and took out a smaller parcel, and said, "That's for my child, massa," at the same time handing the minister a piece of paper, which somebody had written for him, to say how much the whole amounted to. The sum was only a little less than £3—a large sum for a poor field negro with a wooden leg.

In 1860 there were 358,883 "public-houses" in France. Now there are 386,185. This is one establishment where drink is sold to every 97 inhabitants.

Friend, are you on the Lord's side! If not, why? Jesus came into the world to save sinners. It is a faithful saying, why not believe it?

Temperance Notes.



GHANK GOD the Church of Christ is not asleep respecting the evils of intemperance and the necessity of wide awake temperance legislation for remitting the sale and traffic of intoxicating drinks. But there are not a few half-hearted so-called temperance men, who think that men should have liberty and opportunity to drink if they will. Forgetful that the will to drink is too often but the outcome of a depraved taste, a morbid appetite, engendered and fed by the temptations and baneful frequency of places licensed to sell ALES, WINES and BEERS, to be drunk on the premises. We rejoice that before the House dissolved they passed a measure, which if actively enforced, and enforced it must and should be, will do much to hamper and limit the sale of intoxicating drinks by limiting the number of the places of sale in Halifax and otherwise restricting the sale. But alas, the liberty is yet a hundredfold too great. And all who desire to keep others from temptation, should sustain the new law and make it operative, and at the same time by educative and other measures prepare the people for active prohibition. Drink is a waster of means, and what is far more precious, the lives and souls of men. Why think of the enormous expenditure for the national drink bill. It being equal to the nation's expenditure for bread, butter, and cheese; is not far short of rents paid for farms and houses in the United Kingdom; is three times the amount spent for tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa, and is six times the amount of our expenditure on linen and cotton goods.

Dawson Burns, D.D., F.S.S., thus writes upon this subject of this great waste and waster:—"The effects of diverting the national drink money into other channels would be, in every form, nationally beneficial.

First of all, disease and death, crime, pauperism, vice, lunacy, disease, family misery, and industrial disorganization caused by strong drink would disappear.

Another effect would be increased comfort and improvement of the population by the augmented purchase of food, clothes, furniture, books, pictures, and all things conducive to the best enjoyment of all classes and the development of better manners and morals—in other words, of a more civilized condition of society.

A third effect would be the stimulation of productive industry by the increased demand for articles of wearing and household utility; and also the greater accumulation of national wealth by the investment of a considerable portion of the savings from drink in societies and institutions whose funds are employed in adding to the property and developing the resources of the nation.

A fourth effect would be the encouragement of those educational, benevolent, and religious agencies which are among the chief factors of a pure and progressive national life. This effect would, in reality, be double; for while the withdrawal of this drink money would abate very largely the evils which philanthropy and religion seek to combat, the power of the latter for good would be proportionately increased against the still remaining evils."

Do you smoke? Why this waste? Could not this constant leakage be stopped, and if you did not smoke could you not afford for yourself and family

various other little comforts and indulgences more beneficial to yourself and family? Is not smoking selfish, and wasteful of time, health and money? Could you not give more to God's cause if you condensed, or rather saved your smoke? *It costs. Does it pay?* The Customs duty on tobacco is three shillings and sixpence a pound, or forty-two pence—that is, fourteen times the price of the cheaper tobacco, or 1,400 per cent. The duty paid on tobacco amounts to nine millions sterling. The whole of the revenue raised in the year ending last April from customs duties, excise duties, and all other taxes, amounted to £76,860,000. Towards this aggregate tobacco contributed nine millions or nearly one-eighth of the whole. The expenditure on the navy for the same year was £11,738,661. It thus appears that the tobacco used in the United Kingdom goes a very long way towards defraying the entire cost of the navy. The smokers must therefore be regarded as an important class of taxpayers.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.—Cash has come in very slowly—not equal to expenditure. Just when faith was most tested we had a special evidence that the Lord can and will provide. No money letters for a week, then the post brought a P. O. O. for nine shillings and nine pence from the Shingay mission, on the west coast of Africa, for two subscriptions; also two dollars from Florida. Who could doubt with supplies from such far off places? Surely the Lord liveth, and will provide, even though it must come from the ends of the earth. Rev. W. Swaffield has interested friends in B. & B., and the result has been within a few months over fifty new subscribers. One brother writes from Digby: "You are certainly the most uncomplaining man I ever met. I could not spare it sooner." We wish some who think us unreasonable in expecting payment for B. & B. to compare notes; then we think they will cry and pay us as soon as they can. If we had the \$150 due on last year's account it would be a great help. One dear friend, a son in the gospel, writes: "In sending my subscription I must acknowledge the great good I have received in reading its valuable pages, for it always inspires me with greater zeal and activity to work more faithfully for the Master, and to be more earnest in his cause. I am glad to notice its growing circulation because of its power to impart good to others. I am very glad to hear that the Tabernacle is to be completed. To you it must be a source of great satisfaction to know that after all those years of patient toil and unselfish devotion in the Master's work he has crowned your labors with many souls, and is now about to give you another of the desires of your heart. C. C. COVEY, Boston.

"P. S. I enclose \$5. Deduct and use balance as you see fit."

Home Circle.

During the month with the committee we have been busy in getting out the plans for the Tabernacle superstructure. Mr. Sellon has shown no small interest in executing the plans, manifesting a desire to see exhibit details to save expense and meet some of our new and original ideas.

The front of the building whilst plain, having no needless expenditure for towers and spires, is at the same time massive and noble in appearance, being neat and adapted for its pur-

pose. In all the design, the aim is to get a suitable auditorium, where conveniently all can see and hear, and that at no extravagant outlay. The plans and specifications are out, and in our next we shall be able to state who is the successful tender, and the actual cost. Meantime we would ask every sympathetic friend not to be idle, but at once to purpose in their heart, and plan in some way or other, directly or indirectly, to give us some aid in and for the work. Some who have no faith, save as outward evidence kindle, say ah! ah! where can a people and congregation like them hope to get the means. But in God we hope and trust, and believe that the work and record of the past will assist us in no small measure to obtain the aid and practical help of the people. That outside our own church and congregation, denominational lines will be forgotten and the true and broad sympathy of Christianity will be so shown, that all creeds and classes will encourage us in this work, which is not prompted by a spirit of aggrandizement, but from the actual necessities of the case we have hope that, even from the broader standpoint of citizenship and on account of the utility of the work in the past and its continued missionary character, not a few will aid us, and will show the solidity of their good wishes by sending them in metal, or in the form of current notes. We would hereby make an earnest appeal to every reader to do what they can to aid us in the material upbuilding of a house for the Lord. It is not intended as a conservative meeting place for the few; but where the poor and stranger can come and welcome, and find a pleasant attractive service, regardless of apparel or purse. In winning souls God has greatly owned and blessed the work at the Tabernacle in times past, and in loving dependence upon the same grace for future success, we plan to seek the salvation of the people by lifting up Christ.

RECEIVED donations towards clearing lot, and thus aiding the Building Fund. We would here state our first endeavour is to raise sufficient to meet in full the mortgage on the lot, to this end we need to collect about nineteen hundred dollars more than we now see or have in hand. If this is paid off our way will be open to go forward with the new building. Mr. Reuben Hart made the writer glad by saying, "well go to work and I will give you \$100 toward the debt on the lot, and then we will see about the building. It was generosity in a few words, and the latter part of the sentence is no small incentive to hope and expectation.

The Lord only knoweth how hard, and yet how pleasant has been the task of collecting the funds to advance the structure to its present conditions. It has cost self-denial in many respects; but it was for God and the people. To meet ready helpers is a stimulus to faith. The widow of one of our first members, the other day, before leaving for the United States, out of her very limited income and from her hard earnings sent her mite and said, "my heart is with the dear old Tabernacle interests." We have received the following cash:—Mr. James Hubley, \$5.00; Miss Emily Smith, U. S., \$5.00; Mr. James Hurshman, \$1.00; Mr. H. Davies, \$1.00; Miss Francis' S. S. class, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Kvanoski, \$1.00; Mrs. L. L. Barnes, \$2.00, Per A. C. Collishaw, Mr. G. H. Starr, \$10.00; two friends 50 cents each; Mr. Thomas, 25 cents.

PERSONAL KINDNESS.—Mr. J. McLearn sent up a joint of meat. Mr. J. E. Roy brought from Bermuda a cedar from which he had made a handsome walking-stick, and we thank him for sending the same to Mizpah Cottage. "Some of the fish I caught,"—from Mr. Spry, Mrs. Manuel, 1 doz. and Mrs. Burgis, 3 doz. eggs, Mr. W. Davies, 1 doz. ties, etc. Mr. J. M. Peck sent from Hopewell, N. B., half-dozen trees, to Buds and Blossoms, and we trust before many years to bear fruit in the garden, wherein we plan to grow the useful and beautiful.

HOME MISSION AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION.—For this purpose we have received papers from Miss A. Jackson, Miss A. H. Smith, U. S., Maggie McEchran, Mrs. W. Crocker, and a generous supply from Mr. Templeton, Manitoba. It will be seen the contributions come from far. Still we cannot meet the demand. When we commence our floral distribution, we shall need more. Please do not tear up or waste good and instructive papers or magazines. Send them to us and we will pass them on. During the month we have scattered 3,700 pages of Buds and Blossoms, 3,975 pages of other papers and tracts—7,675 pages. We trust in God for supplies for this work, and also for the support of the young sister taken into our home to aid in this and other service for Christ.

THE TABERNACLE FLOWER MISSION.—We are planning to continue and enlarge the work. We hope the Floral Band at Wolfville, under the leadership of Miss Bass, will continue

to supply us with text cards. Could not others at a distance help in this work and by taxing their loving and christian ingenuity help to furnish us with an abundance of cards. The field is enlarged and now having the pony to assist us, we can better collect flowers from various parts of the city and hope friends will grow a few flowers on purpose for the mission. Should any like to aid they can do so. It is a great pleasure to the workers to be able to put in the baskets something besides flowers, especially for the infirm and aged in the poor-house. Many of them, though of various creeds, doubtless love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. We are glad to acknowledge a package of flower seeds from Vick, the well known florist of Rochester, U. S. This is a repeated kindness, and the unfolding flowers will more beautifully speak thanks, than we, not being so well versed in the language of flowers as their donor. We generally obtain a generous gift of plants from another friend for the mission work and hope they will come in due time.

Members received during May, by baptism, 2; letter, 3. B. AND B.—The following in paying for B. and B. sent \$1.00. We credit 25c. to our free list. Louis Griffin, Mrs. S. Whidden, W. Sherwood, Frederick Byer, Phil. Myers, Mrs. S. Poole, Mr. DeYoung, Miss A. H. Smith, Rev. J. Somer, D. W. Morton, 50c., Mrs. A. H. Ross, Mr. Bray, 2s.

MISSIONARY DOLLY has proved herself far more useful and better in every way than we anticipated. We find her very active in the stable as well as out, and are glad some of the young men propose to help look after the feed-box. The pony seems determined to make up for the short commons of the past. At first we felt a little anxious about the kind of creature we had, but now its rough and shaggy coat is almost entirely gone. The improvement is very marked in its condition, whilst time and experience only makes us increasing thankful for such a willing and kindly little helper, it seems adapted in every way for our work. The pony is so gentle that there is no danger to the boys who are delighted to attend her. At any time oats are acceptable. One sister who sent \$5.00 for oats last month, will notice perhaps, we used it for other purposes. There are still wants to be supplied as the means come in. Yes, it is sweet to live by faith, and see the gracious growth of opportunity for usefulness, and to note the strange way in which the Lord rewards his servants.

Kazubazua, April 20th.—Inclosed please find \$2.00 towards your Tabernacle Fund. I wish I had ten times that amount to send; but I am a very poor woman, having been unable to walk for nearly 9 months from sore knee trouble, and through the prayers of God's people and the loving kindness of the Great Physician, I am able to rise and walk. Thanks be to God for His great mercy. My heart seems bursting with gratitude. What shall I render to Him for all His benefits to me. Pray, pray for me that my faith may be increased, and that the last vestige of this sore trouble be removed, that I may be sanctified soul and body. Yours truly, Mrs. L. L. BARNES.

Orange Blossoms.

May 5th, Edward Isnor and Ada Manuel, both of Halifax, were married by the Rev. J. F. Avery, at the residence of Joseph Manuel, Halifax, N. S.

May 26th, Herbert Hughes to Bessie Pickren, both of Halifax. By J. F. Avery.

FADED LEAVES.

Died May 20th, Mrs. Isabel Wood, aged 73 years. This was the brief notice we saw in a St. John, N. B. paper. But it calls to our mind a loved sister in Christ, one among the faithful who aided us in starting the Lord's work and interest in Halifax, and from whom, after her removal, we often had kind and cheering words and the widow's mite to aid Buds and Blossoms. It is painful to strike her name from the list; but in the better country, she is now in the joy of her Lord. She has gone home to be forever with the Lord.

Died, May, 14, Alvin, DeLap, Lynn, Mass., U. S. Died, at French Village, N. S., April 29th, Allan McDonald, in the 68th year of his age. It was a pleasing testimony to see his friends gather from far and near, and to hear them say, "he was a good man, willing rather to suffer wrong, than do another hurt in any way." Verily a good name is better than riches. Especially when that name is written in the Lamb's book of life, as were the name recorded above. Their lives to witness. Reader, say, are you ready? Prepare to meet thy God! Would sudden death be sudden glory?

COUNTING THE STARS,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



I WOULD have you, dear friends, number the Lord's benefits. I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she, "Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said; "go on."

By-and-by I heard her counting—"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh dear!" he said, "I had no idea there were so many."

Ah! dear friends, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count Thy benefits." I am like the little maiden. Soon my heart sighs—sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say within myself, "Ah! I had no idea that there were so many." So I would have thee think about all that is within them.

Sometimes it is good to fetch out Memory, and say, "Memory, fetch a song for my Lord;" for Memory hath a sweet voice, she sings like

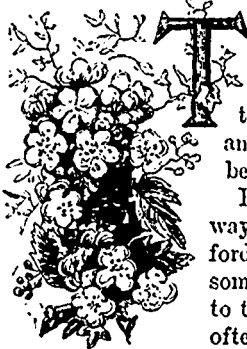
a linnet from the bough. Sing on, Memory! Memory tells of the love that waiteth for the Coming One of God; of the holy ones that bend over the little lad; of the lips that taught the first prayer; of the hands that consecrated one to Christ. Oh, Memory, it is good to hear thee tell of deliverances, of gracious promises, of ways opened up, of unexpected blessings. Sing on, Memory, sing on! What benefits thou hast to tell! The past is crowded with them.

It is good sometimes to say, "Hope, fetch a song for my Lord." Hope sings not like the linnet from the bough, but sings like the lark, soaring as she sings, and most sweetly when she is nearest heaven. Listen! I hear Hope's voice, even though Hope herself be lost in the light, and Hope says, "I see one standing in the presence of his Lord. His face is shining like the King's own, excelling in His strength, serving Him unwearied day and night in His holy temple." Who is it, Hope? Hope says, "It is I." It is thou, my brother.

Oh! blessed be God, sing on, Hope! Why, thou hast infinite benefits to sing about; you are hemmed in with blessings like those behind us, innumerable and round about us on every hand. If we begin to number them, we must find out that they are numberless.

Rec. Mark G. Pearce.

READY TO DIE.



THE following incident, from the biography of the Rev. John Janeway, serves to show the comfort derived from prayer, and the peace with which the believer in Jesus can die.

His father, Mr. William Janeway, minister of Kelshall, in Hertfordshire, being ill, and under somewhat dark apprehensions as to the state of his soul, he would often say to his son John—

"Oh! John, this passing into eternity is a great thing; this dying is a solemn business, and enough to make any one's heart ache, that hath not his pardon sealed and his evidences for heaven clear. Oh that God would make His love clear to me! Oh that I could cheerfully say, 'I can die,' and upon good grounds be able to look death in the face, and venture upon eternity with well-grounded peace and comfort!"

Moved by this appeal, the son retired, and in earnest prayer cast his burden on the Lord, and begged that his father's anxieties might be relieved. Nor was he long in finding rest from his solicitude. On returning to his father he asked him how he felt. His father made no answer for some time, but wept exceedingly, adding at last—

"Oh, son, He is come! He is come! He is come! I bless God I can die. The Spirit of God hath witnessed with my spirit that I am His child. Now I can look upon God as my dear Father, and Christ as my Redeemer. And this fit of weeping that you saw me in, was a fit of overpowering love

and joy so great that I could not contain myself, neither can I express what glorious discoveries God has made of Himself to me. Had the joy been greater, I question whether I could have borne it, and whether it would not have separated soul and body. Oh, now I can die. It is nothing. I bless God I can die. I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ."

A FOUR-FOOTED TEXT.

IT WAS a collie, trotting along the street,
Wagging his silky tail,
Threading his way through the city throng:
While after him, sulky and pale,
Sauntered his master, or master's man,
In a dirty fustian suit—
Less of a gentleman than his dog,
And more—far more—of a brute.

A glance at the nobler animal
Showed me a curious thing,
And I thought of Isaac bearing the wood
For his sire's burnt-offering.
Submissive, cheerful, nay, quite content,
The collie, 'twixt smiling jaws,
Carried the whip for his chastisement,
With only a moment's pause!

Now and again, for a backward look,
To learn if his master's will
Meant him to trudge right straight along,
Bearing his burden still.
A tear, unbidden, flashed to my eye,
And I stood to myself confessed:
Ah me! had I, in life's discipline,
Thus cheerfully acquiesced?

Had I gone steadily on my way,
Bearing my share of pain;
Seeking only the Master's will—
Looking once and again
To catch the glance of His guiding eye—
Caring only to know
That I was treading the King's highway,
Where the Lord would have me go?

Saviour! Master! Lover of all!
Shall one of Thy poor dumb things
Render its service obediently,
While I, to the King of kings
Find it so hard to trust my life,
The spirit and heart of me,
So hard to take up the daily cross,
And to bear it patiently?

Forbid it, Christ! in mercy forbid
That a ransomed child of Thine
Should murmur at any discipline
For a purpose so Divine.
Oh! give me courage, and strength, and grace,
And a faith that will not move,
To know that grief is an angel veiled,
And discipline is but love.

M. L. N.

WHAT COMES OF OVERSTATING.



My poor stepmother Gibbs, that you've heard me speak of, did me much good in making me active, and clean, and orderly; but she set me so bad an example of a tongue without rule that she did me harm too. I used to be very angry with her when she scolded me, or when she abused my father; but much as I disliked feeling her tongue, I got used to hearing it, till I fell into a way of imitating it at last,—not in my usual talk, as she did, but when I was angry or vexed, which, as my temper was pretty fair, was not nearly so often as she was.

I had been married a good bit before my dear husband found out this fault in me; for when we were only acquaintances you may be sure he had no chance of hearing anything of the kind; and my first married days were so happy I had no temptation to it.

The first time he found it out was one day when, a trifle having put me out, I was in a very middling temper.

"Cicely," he said, when he sat at supper, "the bread is rather heavy."

"It's no better than bird-lime," I answered. He laughed, and said he couldn't make his supper on bird-lime, but he could on heavy bread, so he didn't agree with me for once; but, he added, if Baldwin sold bad bread, I'd best change for another. I said all the bakers were rogues together, and there wasn't a pin to choose among them.

"Rogues!" he said; "nay, a man may get a bad batch of bread without being exactly a rogue, Cicely."

But I stuck to it, for I didn't choose to be contradicted, that all bakers were rogues.

After this he was more watchful, and I was less so. He often caught me in the same fault, and always took me to task for it.

One Sunday night he was reading the Bible, as he always did to me, and he showed me that place in the Second Book of Kings, where Hezekiah broke in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses made, and which the foolish Israelites had burnt incense to, and which he showed his contempt for by calling it "Nehushtan," which means a piece of brass.

"Now you see, my dear," he said, "Hezekiah said nothing of it but what was quite true; he did not say it was 'the enemy of God,' or a 'wicked idol;' he called it by no strong name, for although the people had turned it to wicked purposes, and used it as an enemy to God, that was their fault—not the fault of the brazen serpent; and if he had called it angry or hard names, he would have seemed to have a quarrel with it, and not with the sin of the Israelites.

"So, with wisdom given by God, he called it by its

true name—a piece of brass; which was just as much as if he had said, 'Oh, you foolish people! how can you bow down and burn incense to a poor bit of brass?' Now this," he said, "was the way to make them feel ashamed of themselves, and no doubt, when they saw their idol broken up, and called by such a poor name as its own, they were ashamed."

"Is that story in the Bible?" asked Mrs. Jackson.

"In the Old Testament. I'll mark it for you to read," said Cicely, going on with her story. "I must own to you, neighbour, that however easy I always found it to learn evil, I was very long before I got a lesson of good by heart; with me it was obliged to be 'line upon line, precept upon precept,' before I would learn."

"Dear me! I thought you had always been so religious from a girl!" said Mrs. Jackson. "I know I never was."

"Ah, well, we'll let that be," said Cicely. "My dear husband could have told you that although I knew pretty well what was right when I married, I got on very slowly with the Christian life; indeed, I seem to be very backward in it now."

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Jackson. "Then I don't know what I am, that never pretended to any goodness."

"None the worse for not pretending; but let me go on now with my tale," said Cicely: "All my husband's teaching went for little better than nothing. I wanted a good many soft knocks to knock a thing into me; however, I got a hard one at last, and that did it. There was a very quarrelsome couple lived near us: they were small farmers, but well-to-do. I used to think the wife was an ill-used woman, and always took her part when speaking of her, though I knew really little about them.

One day I happened to be standing at the window, and saw the husband pass quickly down the road close by, and as I heard a loud cry shortly after, I went out, and found two or three women calling out "Murder!" and declaring that Brooks had killed his wife.

"Then that was why he was running off up the road," I said, though the man was only walking rather quickly.

I went into the farm-house, and there, sure enough, was Mrs. Brooks, quite insensible, on the floor, with a great deal of blood about the place and on her clothes. Some one ran for a magistrate, and a person was sent to take down all we had got to say. "I saw Brooks," I declared, "running, like as if it was for his life, down the road," and a constable went after him down the road at once.

Nobody had heard or seen them fighting, but as I so positively declared I saw him running away from the spot just before his wife was found in that condition, no one doubted that he had been the offender.

I was so agitated and wrathful against him that I said to my husband when he came home, "That murderer, Brooks, has done for himself now; he has just killed his wife." He was much shocked, and asked very particularly about it, you may be sure.

When Brooks was taken he was just going off by a

train for Manchester, and seemed very surprised and confused by what the constable told him. He said he had left his wife quite well, and was going on business, and meant to come back that night. But nobody believed his story. Hadn't Mrs. Brown seen him running for his life, just before his wife was found weltering in her blood?

Well, he was taken up on suspicion by the magistrate's order. His wife died that evening. A doctor came and examined her, and he declared that she had died from a natural cause, bursting a blood-vessel, which she might have done through great excitement, but there were no marks of violence on the body. The coroner finding there was no proof of Brooks's being with her just before it happened, said, if it were not for my evidence he should dismiss him at once; but as I had sworn I had seen him "run for his life," he must remand him till further evidence came out.

"Cicely," said my husband, who had seen Brooks after his apprehension, and felt sure that he had not had even a quarrel with her on that day, "are you certain that you spoke quite truly in your evidence?" I was frightened when he went on, reminding me of the oath I had taken, and of the slur I should bring on an innocent man if I misled the jury by an incorrect statement.

I said he was running, I believed—at least, he was going fast—and at last I owned that I should not have noticed that he walked beyond a brisk pace if it had not been for what happened afterwards.

"So there, now, Cicely, you see what has come of overstating!" he said.

I had to go to the coroner, and declare I had spoken too strongly. You may think I was pretty well ashamed of myself, and had a good cry in the witness-box, when one of the jury said it was hard to know whether I spoke the truth then, or had spoken it before, and the coroner told me I ought to be prosecuted for perjury.

I thought I should never hold up my head again. I almost wondered my husband didn't turn his back on me as we came away; and I can tell you, neighbour, that I was so careful after that not to say more than the truth, that I would rather be silent than speak. Oh, that was a lesson indeed!

"Well, it was," said Mrs. Jackson, "and only for such a little thing, too!"

"Ah, but we don't know how far a little thing will go, you see: the smallest lie carries a sting in it," said Cicely.

"Lie!" exclaimed Mrs. Jackson.

"Yes; people who overstate, talk large, and call

things out of their names, are liars. What else are they?"

"No, but that never struck me before. I don't pretend to goodness, but I shouldn't like to be thought a liar," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Don't you mean you shouldn't like to be one?" asked Cicely, kindly.

"Well, yes—I don't like lies," she answered.

"Then you must give up large talk, my friend. You may never be caught as I was, but you will surely do yourself and others wrong and harm if you indulge in it," said Cicely.

"Well, good-bye," said Mrs. Jackson, as they came to the garden-gate. "I shall think of this. Don't you forget to find that story about the bit of brass for me. I'll come in to you this evening."

"If you can leave your husband," suggested Cicely.

"Oh, there's only a little the matter with him, but he thinks much of it," said Mrs. Jackson. "However, he shall have the doctor."

"To be sure," said Cicely; "I hope you'll find him at home. Maybe Thomas is more ill than you think for; maybe he often has failing feelings that make him cross, and a little patience with him might soften him down."

"Ah, Mrs. Brown, don't talk of patience! I'm sure I'm a match for Job!" said Mrs. Jackson.

"But it must be the patience of faith," said Cicely. "Noah not only bore with the mocks of the people, but went on building the ark, because he believed the Lord would show he was right at last."

"And so do I, as I often tell Jackson: I say, 'We shall see who's right some day.' I believe that as firm as ever Noah did," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Then you must live in prayer, as Daniel did," said Cicely. "Three times a day he made his prayers to God."

"Pray! I'm for ever a-praying," said Mrs. Jackson, impetuously.

"Well, now, this is strange," said Cicely. "You say yourself you don't pretend to have any religion, and yet you put yourself equal to Noah, Daniel, and Job, the holy examples which God Himself speaks of."

Mrs. Jackson looked foolish as Cicely's good-natured laugh followed her words.

"Well, I don't mean all that," she said; "I must try and get out of what you call lying."

"Ay, do; it will be better for you, I'm sure," said Cicely. "If your husband wants his bran poultices again, I'll come in and help you, if you'll just give me a word after the doctor has been."

"No! will you, though? thank you kindly for that," said Mrs. Jackson, going on her way.





"Good-bye, Sarah! I shall come and see you."

I'M SURE HE MEANT IT.

"**W**E shall not forget you, Sarah, though you are leaving for good."

"Indeed, ma'am, I hope it will be for good, in another sense," says Sarah; "though I don't like the words, in one way."

"No more do I," answers the mistress, who is parting with one who has served her faithfully for seven years past.

Sarah is going to be married, and so, while she grieves at leaving the master and mistress who have been kind to her, and the little children who have been born during her years of service, there is a bright side to this parting scene. She is a young woman yet, only four-and-twenty. And while tears come at the thought of turning her back on the

home of seven happy years, she smiles through them as she thinks of the steady, honest, worthy young fellow who has been working and saving to furnish a tiny cottage, in which she is to take the place of mistress.

"Good-bye, Sarah; I shall come and see you."

"I s'all tum too," shouts a mite of three, who cannot yet speak plainly. So voice is added to voice, until the whole in chorus promise to visit Sarah in her new home.

"Bless them!" says Sarah in her very heart, and she hugs and kisses them all round again, and tells what she will do for the darlings when they do come.

Last of all, her master, Dr. Wareing, extends his hand, and says, in his grave, quiet, earnest way, "Like the children, Sarah, I too must tell you I

will not forget you. And if at some future time you should want a friend, come to us, and you shall find one. Do not be afraid. Remember, *I mean what I say.*"

"And if ever a gentleman and lady looked kind and spoke as if they meant what they said, the master and mistress were the ones to-day," were Sarah's words, when, with a second mingling of tears and smiles, she told her intended husband how she had parted with her employers.

Three days later, Sarah Mason was married to Richard Schofield, and no very long time passed before a troop of youthful Wareings called at the cottage to see how their old favourite was getting on, and received a delighted welcome.

In due time, the same youngsters, grown a year older, were ready to squabble over a small cradle which held Sarah's first baby, as they all wanted to nurse it at once, and without regard to the fact that it was asleep and had no immediate need of nursing.

Next there was another farewell scene. Dr. Wareing inherited a fine estate at a distance, and left the place where he had been practising for many years. But he, his wife and children visited their old servant before they removed, bestowed upon her many little tokens of remembrance, and renewed the old promise not to forget her.

Again the master whom Sarah had always honoured, and who was respected by all who knew him, bade her apply to Mrs. Wareing or himself in any season of trouble. "You shall find a friend willing to help you. Do not be afraid to write," said the doctor; and he left his address, in order that there might be no difficulty in doing so.

Several years passed. At first the young Wareings wrote now and then to Sarah Schofield, but as their old nurse was not much of a scholar, and a letter cost her more time and labour than she could well spare, this one-sided correspondence ceased.

Sarah's cottage was now almost overflowing with half-a-dozen little people, like a series of steps one above the other. She worked early and late, was cleanly, careful, and striving, but found it hard to stretch the earnings of her husband so as to make the ends meet.

So far she had done it somehow, and kept out of debt; but a very slack time came, and Richard had only work for four days instead of six. Worse still, one little Schofield caught scarlet fever, and soon three others were laid low with the same complaint.

If poor Sarah were asked to-day how she struggled on during the first weeks, she would say she could not tell anybody. Except for the help of a couple of middle-aged childless neighbours, she would have been worn out; but these, and without fee or reward, saved the over-taxed mother from utterly breaking down.

Even her husband had to find a home under another roof, for his employers had told him that he must not come from an infected house. So the wife had not even the comfort of her husband's company.

Poor Sarah! she had been very brave before, but this sickness had made a wan and weary woman of

her. "They would hardly know me now," she thought, as she caught sight of her face in the little looking-glass.

"They," meant her old master and mistress, whose service she left, as a bright, hopeful girl, ten years before.

Sarah was searching for some small matter in the looking-glass drawer, when she saw an envelope on which was written, in her late master's clear handwriting, "Dr. Wareing, Ash Hurst, Glandford, Kent."

It was the doctor's address, given for use in any time of special trouble, and the sight of it brought to mind the kind words and promise of help given with it. Sarah had put it with several other treasures into this drawer, and now it seemed as though she could see the face of him who gave it, and hear him once more repeat the assurance, "I mean what I say."

Had there ever been a time in Sarah's life when she more needed the help of a friend? Surely not. And yet she could not make up her mind to write and ask for it.

Why was this? Not because she doubted the promise, for often had she said, "I know the master meant it;" but it was the thought of the many kindnesses already received that made her hesitate.

"When I left them they all gave me something towards housekeeping, and when they went away into Kent they stocked my little place with all sorts of odds and ends that they did not mean to take, and would not sell, because they would do me so much more good than the bit of money would do them. It would be like imposing on kindness to ask for more. Besides, I have heard nothing from the young ladies for more than two years."

So pondered Sarah, and she put back the address into the little drawer.

But times grew worse and trials harder. Richard had only three days' work a week; the children who were getting better wanted nourishing food; and there was another child at the worst of the fever.

Then Sarah made up her mind to write, and in very simple words, by no means perfect in spelling, she told her troubles, asked for the help she so sadly needed, and finished with, "I could not have begged for myself: you have done so much—far more than I ever deserved—but I can plead for the children."

Just as quickly as the post could bring back a letter, one came from Mrs. Wareing, enclosing money and promising more. There were words of sympathy from all, advice from the good doctor, loving messages from the young people, and just one line of reproach, "Why did you not send sooner? Surely you believed that we were in earnest in promising to be your friends always, and to help you in time of need?"

"Oh, I have been a foolish woman," said Sarah, as she laughed and cried by turns over the precious letter. "I had only to ask and to have. Only to believe what my kind master and mistress said, and to stretch out my hand for what they were so willing to give, and yet I held back. But I have learned a lesson. I had the means in my hands, and I did not

use them. Their kindness should have encouraged me, not to encroach when there was no need of help, but when there was, to ask for it, believing in the doctor's promise."

Sarah Schofield's day of trouble is gone by. Her children are now in health, her husband in full work; the little home looks bright again, and the mother thinks with a thankful heart of the good friends who sent the help just when it was so badly wanted.

In a very few words we may remind those who read Sarah's story of One, our Lord and Master, our Saviour and Friend, who has made sweet and precious promises, and given loving invitations to all who are willing to trust and accept them. He has said, "Come," yet we hang back. He has said, "Ask," "Call upon Me," yet our lips and tongues are silent.

He has promised that wants shall be supplied, prayers answered, comfort given, strength imparted, sin pardoned, defilements cleansed. What has He not promised which can make man happy and give peace and joy here, and the certain hope of glory to come?

And yet we hang back. Not because we have no wants, and sins, and weaknesses, not because we have no tumults within and temptations without, but often because we feel that He has already done so much for us—been so good, whilst we have deserved nothing at His hands.

Let us learn a lesson from Sarah's hesitation and after-regrets, and accept the invitations and claim the fulfilment of the promises made by our Heavenly Friend. We may be quite sure that Jesus never said a word that He did not mean, and that He is always more ready to hear and to give than we are to pray and to ask.

Ruth Lamb.

THOUGHTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

—It is good to make the Lord's day the market day of the soul.

Lunyan.

—If we do not go by the door of grace we shall not find the door of the kingdom of glory.

—The Christian is like the ripening corn: the riper he grows, the more lowly he bends his head.

Guthrie.

—If thou art not born again, all thy outward reformation is nought; thou hast shut the door, but the thief is still in the house.

Boston.

—Of all the means placed by Providence within our reach whereby we may lead souls to Him, there is one more blessed than all others—intercessory prayer.

—Whatever thou art, and wherever thou art, remember God is just *what* thou wantest, and just *where* thou wantest, and that He can do *all* thou wantest.

C. H. Spurgeon.

—It is good that we sometimes have trouble and crosses, for they make a man enter into himself and consider that he ought not to put his trust in any earthly thing.

—The history of the world teaches no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this: that the only safeguard to a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

FRUIT AFTER MANY DAYS.

SOME years ago it devolved on me to form a tract district in the neglected and unfrequented outskirts of a large city.

One cottage I visited was inhabited by an aged daughter and her still more aged mother. With the former I had often exchanged a few words respecting the message of mercy set forth in the tracts; but the mother wore so stern and forbidding an aspect that I hardly dared to address her. But now her step seemed feebler, and the pallor of natural decay overspread her countenance so obviously, that I longed to ask what were her prospects for eternity.

One morning she betrayed unusual agitation, and on returning my salutation added, "Please to sit down awhile, ma'am, if you can spare a little time."

I gladly acquiesced, and to relieve any embarrassment said, "You seem to be getting very feeble, my friend."

"Yes, ma'am, yes; I feel indeed that I am not long for this world."

"Your life has been lengthened far beyond that of most persons. Have you any fear of the last solemn change?"

"That is what I want to talk to you about, ma'am. I am not sure whether all is right, for I have been such a great sinner."

"If you have learned that, I hope you have felt comforted to hear that Jesus Christ came into our world to save great sinners."

"True, ma'am, I know all this in my head; but that is not enough, I want to feel it in my heart. I have been well taught, ma'am, but I have neglected all, and for thirty years never entered the house of God, nor opened my Bible, nor bent the knee in prayer."

"However, God will hear you now, and if you seek Him with your whole heart, He will be found of you."

"I believe this, ma'am, and I believe that God is now making the seed spring up which was sown seventy years ago."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"When I was a child, ma'am, some young ladies had a Sunday-school in my native village, before Sunday-schools were so common as they are nowadays, and they took great pains to teach us; but, thoughtless-like, we silly children felt it rather a hardship to learn hymns and texts instead of gathering flowers, or making snowballs on the Sunday. Still the ladies were so kind we could not help going, and sometimes wished we could feel as happy as they seemed over the Bible. But my mother died, and I came away and married, and lived first in one place and then in another; and as my children came on I left off going to worship on Sunday, because I was so busy.

"When my husband died I was poor, and did not like to go in my shabby clothes; and then I cared nothing at all about it, but lived like a heathen. Even my conscience seemed asleep or seared, as my teacher told me it would be if I neglected its warnings. When you first came here, ma'am, with all those rude



Now her step seemed feebler.

boys laughing and jeering, I longed to offer you shelter, for somehow the thought of my teacher came across me; and yet when you came in and offered a tract, I durst not speak, for fear you should see how guilty I was. So I always set Nanny to be spokeswoman; but oh, how it has made me remember the lessons I learned so long ago at my Sunday-school! Sometimes when you talked I would sit with my eyes shut to listen."

"I always thought you were asleep."

"Oh no, I was not, ma'am; but I could think I saw the very room, and the form, and my own teacher's face; and when you repeated the very same texts, and the very same hymns—oh, ma'am, I used to lie awake all night to recollect what I was taught in my early days."

"But how is it you never talked to me yourself?"

"Because, ma'am, I felt so like a little child. I wanted to hear it all over again, to make sure I remembered it rightly, and I hoped you would one day ask me about my soul. Now for many weeks I determined to speak to you, but my heart failed. I thought you would think it so strange."

"I am sorry I did not take an earlier opportunity of inviting your confidence, but my own youth rather hindered me."

"Ah, ma'am, I fancied you might feel modest like, even to a poor old body like me; yet now, ma'am, I want to make quite sure that Jesus will receive me after all my long neglect of Him."

"Oh, surely you know His own words are, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' Have you a Bible?"

"Yes, ma'am; those good young ladies gave my mother one, and I have it now; but I cannot read it much, for my eyes are dim with age."

I read to the poor old woman, and retired, feeling deeply interested in her case. Many subsequent visits followed, but her increasing deafness precluded any very systematic instruction. Nor was it needed, for the lessons she had received in her childhood were faithfully retained in memory's storehouse, and came back one by one under the Holy Spirit's influence to enlighten the dark mind, and to produce faith in Christ's all-atoning sacrifice as the refuge for the lost.

A few hours before her death I paid my last visit. This was the first case of adult conversion which I had ever watched, and I felt an intense anxiety respecting the safety of the departing spirit. While waiting I opened my Bible and read and prayed in silence. At length a cough disturbed the slumber of the dying. Her daughter offered her some alleviating beverage and smoothed her humble pillow, when her eye rested on me, and a faint smile lighted up her countenance.

"Are you happy at this solemn hour?" I inquired.

"Very, ma'am—very happy!" was her ready reply.

"Will you let me ask you a few questions, if your strength will permit?"

"Oh yes," she answered; "I can speak without hurting me now."

"Do you think your present suffering is any reason why you should reach heaven?"

"Oh no—no!"

"Do you think your sorrow for past sin deserves God's mercy?"

"Oh no; I deserve nothing but wrath!"

"Do you think that if you were to live all your long life over again, and keep all God's commandments, you could earn eternal life?"

"Dear me! no, ma'am; all our righteousness is but filthy rags."

"On what, then, do you rest the hopes which make you so happy now?"

"Only on Jesus Christ, who came into the world and died on the cross to save sinners."

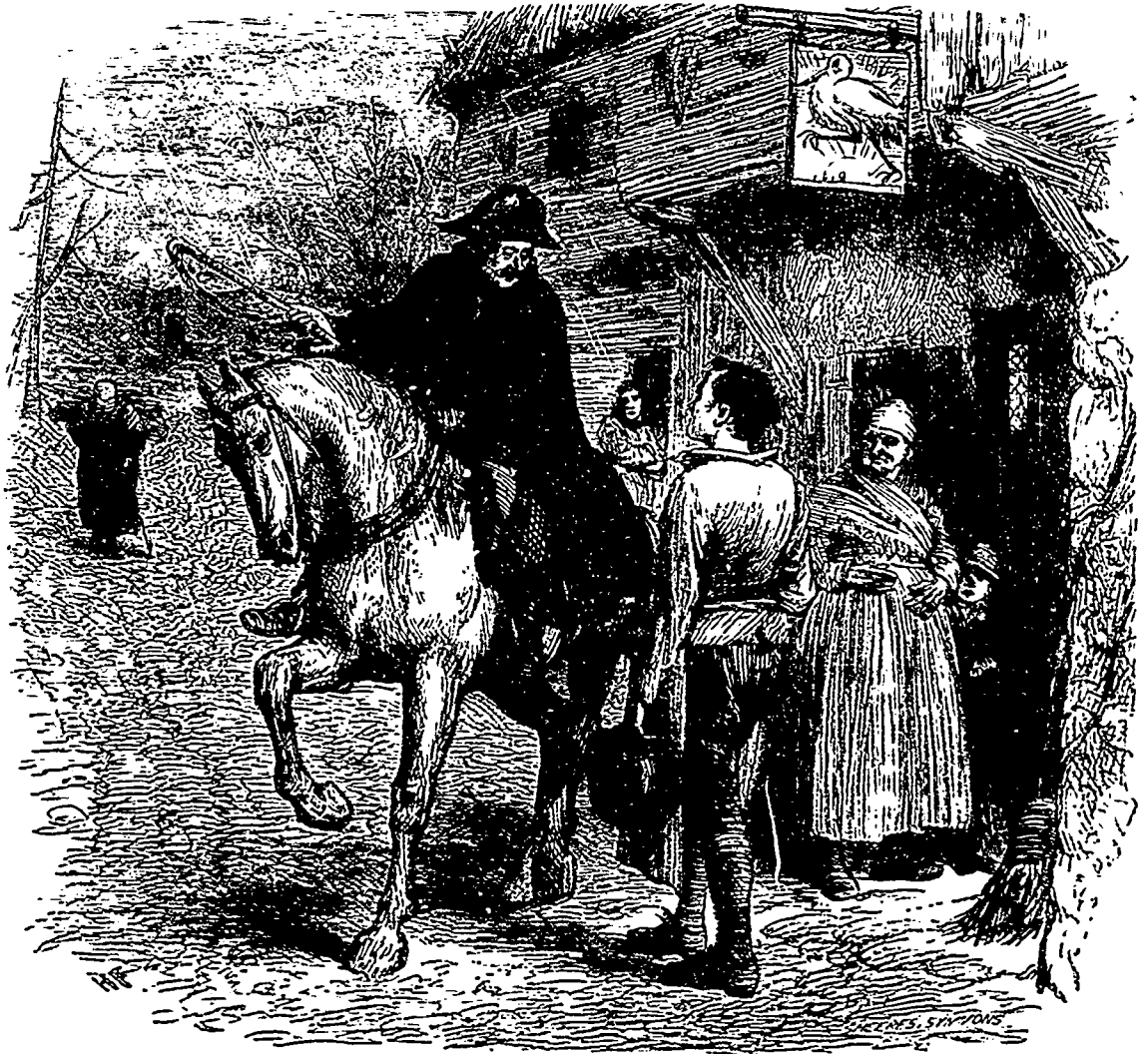
"And do you find that hope sufficient to quiet every fear?"

"Indeed it is, ma'am; I want no other comfort. My teacher's prayers are answered now. The word of God she taught me I feel is true. I shall soon see her, and I shall soon see the blessed Saviour. Thank you too, ma'am, for bringing my early lessons to mind."

The slumber of exhaustion now came on. As I looked and realised the change awaiting the passing spirit, the comfortless chamber seemed the very gate of heaven; and its narrow limits seemed to include a bright squadron of angels waiting to convey the departing soul into Abraham's bosom. With a word of consolation to the sorrowing daughter, I left the house, and the next day learned that my poor friend had breathed her last without awaking from the sleep which had followed our solemn conversation.

I shall never forget that hallowed interview! I shall never despair of the Sabbath-scholar. Sunday-school teachers, sow your seed; "for in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

THE IRON FURNACE AND THE GOLD COIN, AND OTHER SKETCHES.



THERE lived in the Black Forest an innkeeper and farmer of the name of Schmaltz, who, like most of the farmers of his neighbourhood, professed the Protestant religion in which he was born and trained up. Heinrich Schmaltz could talk very eloquently about Protestantism, but with all this his servants knew no harder master, his neighbours no more hurlish fellow, and the whole population of the district no greater miser than the same Heinrich Schmaltz. When the sovereign of the country, Duke Charles of Wurtemberg, came to spend a summer month in the beautiful scenery of the Black Forest, he always used to put up at Heinrich Schmaltz's, because he had the best accommodation both for men and horses. Of course, no one was more pleased with this arrangement

than Heinrich, not only on account of the honour, but also of the ample sum for board and lodging which his royal highness used to pay.

Now, the Duke at that time was a Romanist, and so was his coachman. With the former Heinrich always kept at peace, whenever "his grace" entered Heinrich's dwelling room and took a seat next to the gigantic brick-built furnace, which in those days was, and still is, a chief piece of furniture in the living-room of the Black Forest farmers. It is a huge clumsy square block of brick and mortar, covered over at its top with such a thick mass of masonry-work that its surface never gets hot in spite of the fire underneath, so that it can serve as a kind of table or sideboard, upon which the family lay everything they

want to keep dry, and everything they want to put out of their hands in the course of the day. Heinrich at least was wont to turn this furnace to every possible convenience. It was his writing-desk, for there were his ink-stand and portfolio with note-paper. It was a supplement to his coach-house, for there lay his whip and a bridle, and his spurs. It also was a part of his library, for there were his almanack, and his farming-book, and—his Bible.

The Duke, when returning from a drive and seated down to rest in Heinrich's parlour, would now and then take the Bible from under its dusty cover, and read a page or two.

"Ah! your grace, that's the true book," Heinrich would say, with a smile; "happy are those who understand it."

"I believe so," the Duke would answer.

But when Heinrich was at the stable and happened to meet with the Duke's coachman, he used to put quite different strings upon his harp.

The conversation then carried on used to end in a bitter quarrel. But once upon a time the Duke happened to witness it when he was standing near the stable, the door of which was open. And he thought he must put a stop to that sort of thing.

Now, from the first time the Duke had taken the Bible from Heinrich's furnace, and read a page or two of it, he had felt so deeply concerned in its contents that he had bought a copy of that holy book for himself, and read it diligently. This had made him love the Bible, and it is believed that the conversion of the dynasty of Wurtemberg to the Protestant creed may be traced to the Duke's visits to the Black Forest.

"I say, Heinrich," said the Duke, when standing one afternoon near the furnace, and laying his hand upon the edge of its cover. "I say, this concern seems to be in great need of repair."

"True, your grace," answered Heinrich, with an air of destitution; "but your grace will condescend so much as to perceive that it is a great expenditure for us poor farmers of the Black Forest to procure a new one. I always feel ashamed when your grace honours me with a visit to my parlour because of that old ugly furnace. I wish——"

"What do you wish?"

"Why, your grace, I saw a splendid iron furnace the other day when in town, and I thought——"

"What did you think? Speak out your mind."

"Why, it was absurd, of course—but I thought—I thought——"

"You thought that it would be a fair thing for you if I would give you an iron furnace. Isn't that what you mean to say?"

Heinrich bowed with a smile.

"Well," continued the Duke, "I will give you one, but one with a pointed cover. I mean not such a flat cover, like this; but a furnace with a pyramidal cover ending in a point, like a church-steeple."

Heinrich was quite delighted, but took the liberty of asking why his grace was so bent upon that shape.

"Because," answered the Duke, "you then will not be able to put your Bible upon it, which is lying buried under the dust as if it were only a piece of rubbish."

"Ah, your grace, please to understand that I am reading it every day."

"Do you, indeed? How, then, can it be so dusty?"

"Because your grace perceives that every day there comes so much fresh dust upon it from this nasty brick furnace."

"Very well, I will send you the iron stove—but mind, read your Bible. You may put it upon the shelf over there."

"I will do so, your grace. You are too generous, indeed."

"I want to take a trip on horseback; see if all is ready."

Heinrich strode off to the stable. Meanwhile, the Duke took a gold louis d'or out of his pocket and put it into the Bible at page 224. Then he put the Bible in its usual place. Now, at page 224 was the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

Three weeks elapsed, and the Duke prepared for his departure. The Bible was lying at its usual place as dusty as ever.

"Had you not a dispute with Joachim about idolatry the other day?" asked the Duke, standing as usual near the furnace.

"Why, your grace," answered Heinrich, "we had a little bit of discussion about religion. But we are good friends nevertheless. He is a fine fellow, Joachim is."

"Still you think he is an idolater."

"Ay—well—of course—your grace will be pleased to understand——"

"Well, speak your mind. You believe Joachim to be an idolater because he kneels down before images, which I must confess he does."

The tone in which the Duke spoke these words was so kind that Heinrich felt encouraged to agree that he considered Joachim as an idolater.

"But how do you know that kneeling before the images of men and women is idolatry?" asked the Duke.

"The Bible, which is God's own word, tells me so," answered Heinrich.

"Where does the Bible say so?"

"At different places, your grace. Indeed, almost at every page."

"Could you tell me one such passage?"

"I can," answered Heinrich; and he repeated the second commandment of the law of Moses.

"Ah, that's from the Old Testament," quoth the Duke, "and you must agree that there are many commandments of the Jewish law which some may think not now applicable. Do you know any passage from the New Testament?"

Heinrich reflected for a while.

"I see," said the Duke, "your memory is not faithful to you just now. I thought you knew much."

of the Bible by heart, as you read it every day, don't you?"

"Yes, to be sure I do, your grace; but you see, I am not a minister, so as to be able to say chapter and verse where such and such a passage is to be found."

"Well, then, I will help you a little. Don't you recollect a passage of the kind in the Epistle to the Romans? Or do you never read that epistle?"

"To be sure I do," answered Heinrich. "I was reading it even so recently as last week."

"Then you must know that there is a strong warning against the worshipping of images in the first chapter."

"Oh yes, I do; your grace is so kind as to help me on the way. I recollect the apostle there describes the horrible idolatry of the Gentiles."

"Quite so. Just take your Bible and read that passage to me, will you?"

Heinrich took the book and opened it at the indicated place; but how great was his astonishment when a gold coin dropped out upon the floor.

"Dear me—what is that—a gold louis d'or—how did it ever get there?"

"I will tell you," answered the Duke, in a serious voice, "I put it there three weeks ago. I now see that you are a liar and a hypocrite. Go to the stable and see if my coach is ready. I will go, and you shall not see me again. Idolaters are bad, but liars and hypocrites are worse still."

The Duke drove off; Heinrich never saw him again, but he received the iron furnace, which was to him a perpetual remembrance of the Duke's just anger and rebuke.

It is a good thing to fight for the Protestant creed and doctrine, if the battle proceeds from love to truth, and from the cordial desire to rescue an erring soul from perdition; but nothing can be worse to the good cause, and nothing deserves greater contempt, than attacking a wrong system in a quarrelsome spirit.

SONG OF GLADNESS.

HALLELUJAH! song of gladness,
 Song of everlasting joy;
 Hallelujah! song the sweetest
 That can angel-hosts employ;
 Hymning in God's holy presence
 Their high praise eternally.

Hallelujah! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn;
 Hallelujah! notes of sadness
 Best besit our state forlorn:
 For, in this dark world of sorrow,
 We, with tears, our sin must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God, we raise to Thee;
 Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
 Make us all Thy joys to see;
 Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
 Sing to all eternity.

COMPANIONS IN TRIBULATION.

We are naturally inclined to think our own trials and temptations greater than those of others, because, being our own, we know them better and feel them more deeply. Many a sufferer thinks there are no sufferings like his, and many a person when tempted to sin supposes that his case is quite peculiar. But this is not true. Whatever trials we may have there are probably other people who are suffering much the same, and the temptations that beset us are felt by many beside us. Our temptations are those of numbers, and some are tempted as we have never been.

Now this thought helps us to bear temptation. It is not, as we were inclined to suppose, some new and strange thing that has befallen us. We are not alone in what we suffer. We have many fellow-sufferers, fellow-soldiers. We do but form parts of one great whole. It is a cheering and helpful thought, and so it seems to be set before us in the text: "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world."

The person meant by this word "whom" is the devil, the enemy of souls, spoken of in the verse before, "Because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." We are told to resist him. This is the way in which we are always to meet him. He makes his attacks in various ways; sometimes by open assault, sometimes by secret snare; now by outward temptations, now by inward suggestions. He seeks occasion against us in our moments of weakness. He strives to lead into sin, unbelief, doubt, fear, self-confidence. He has a thousand different weapons against the soul. But all are to be met with resistance—"whom resist." He is an enemy, a deadly enemy. We must not yield, but resist.

Yet not in our own strength, or we shall certainly fall. "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith." Satan desired to have Peter and his brother apostles that he might sift them as wheat. Jesus prayed for him that his faith might not fail. But Peter was self-confident, and thought he could stand in his own strength. What was the consequence? He fell, fell grievously, and was restored by sovereign grace alone. Doubtless he was permitted to fall that he might learn this lesson, "Whom resist, steadfast in the faith," and now we find him teaching the same lesson to us and to all.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." "When I am weak, then am I strong." The first step towards strength is to know our weakness. We are to be steadfast, not in self, but in faith; confident in God, relying upon His promises, His wisdom, power, and love. We are to meet temptation in such a spirit as this, feeling sure that all temptation, and Satan himself, the author of it, is completely subject to God; not doubting that He will help in answer to prayer, holding fast by Him through all, even though there be no token of His presence, and

still exercising faith in Him, though nothing seem to be near but difficulties and enemies.

This is not easy. No indeed. Our enemy is strong, and though our Friend is mightier, yet our faith is often weak. But we are not alone, even with regard to human companions. We have fellow-sufferers, though unknown by us. There are those whom the enemy is attacking as he is attacking us. There is a great brotherhood in Christ all over the Christian world, and the same afflictions are being accomplished in them as in us.

Take the case of a young man or woman wishing to serve God, yet placed by circumstances among ungodly companions and surrounded by temptations. It is not an uncommon case. Perhaps such a person may hear or read these words. You have none like-minded with yourself, you seem to stand alone. Yet you are not alone. God is near. And, besides, in that great Christian brotherhood there are numbers who are circumstanced as you are.

Not to speak of other kinds of temptations and trials, unlike your own, and yet as hard to bear, there are in the world numbers of young persons like yourself exposed to the very same temptations as you are exposed to. They, too, are living among the

careless and ungodly; they, too, have to face opposition, dislike, and ridicule; and they have fear and apprehensions, feelings of loneliness and depression, such as you suffer from.

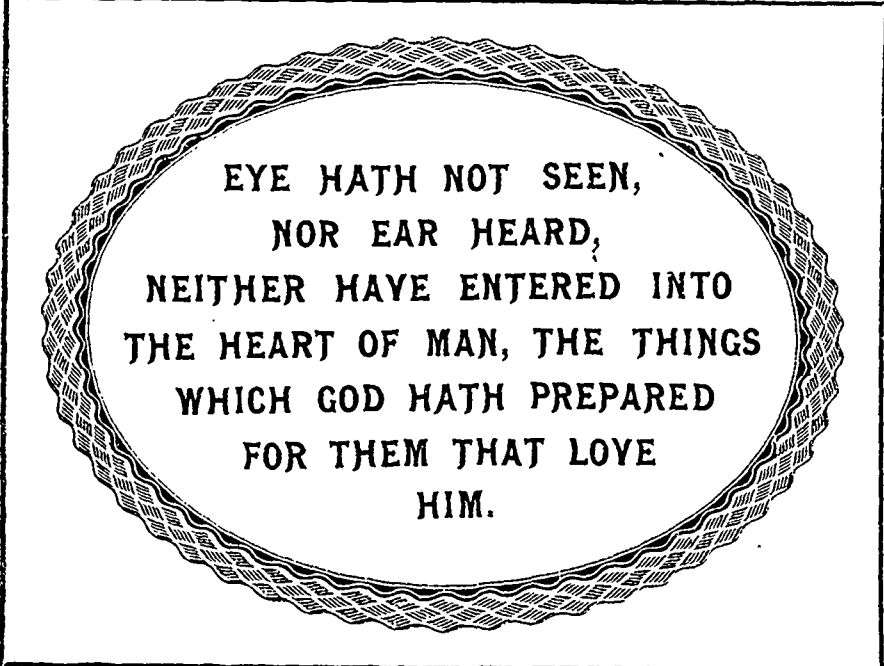
But it may happen, perhaps, that there is not one such person among your acquaintance. Yet there are such, living in the same world as you, fighting the same battle, suffering the same temptations, upheld by the same strength. Many such have already finished their course and gone to their rest. Many others are still resisting, steadfast in the faith. They are your brethren, though you know them not, your fellow-travellers in the journey of life, your companions in tribulation. You may be with them in spirit. The thought of them may give you a feeling of companionship. You are not alone. The same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world.

And over all is the same gracious Eye. If Chris-

tians form one brotherhood it is because they are children of one Father. God is their reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, and they are His children by adoption and grace. They see not one another, but He sees them all. They are not acquainted with each other's temptations and trials; often each one toils on alone, but He knows all. There is not one tried and tempted disciple whom He does not see, and know, and care for. Their friend is mightier than their foe. Every moment His eye is upon them for good. Even in the sharpest trial and in the most severe temptation, He is near.

The warfare will not be for ever. Even here there will be seasons of rest. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." And at length there will be perfect and eternal rest and glory. "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

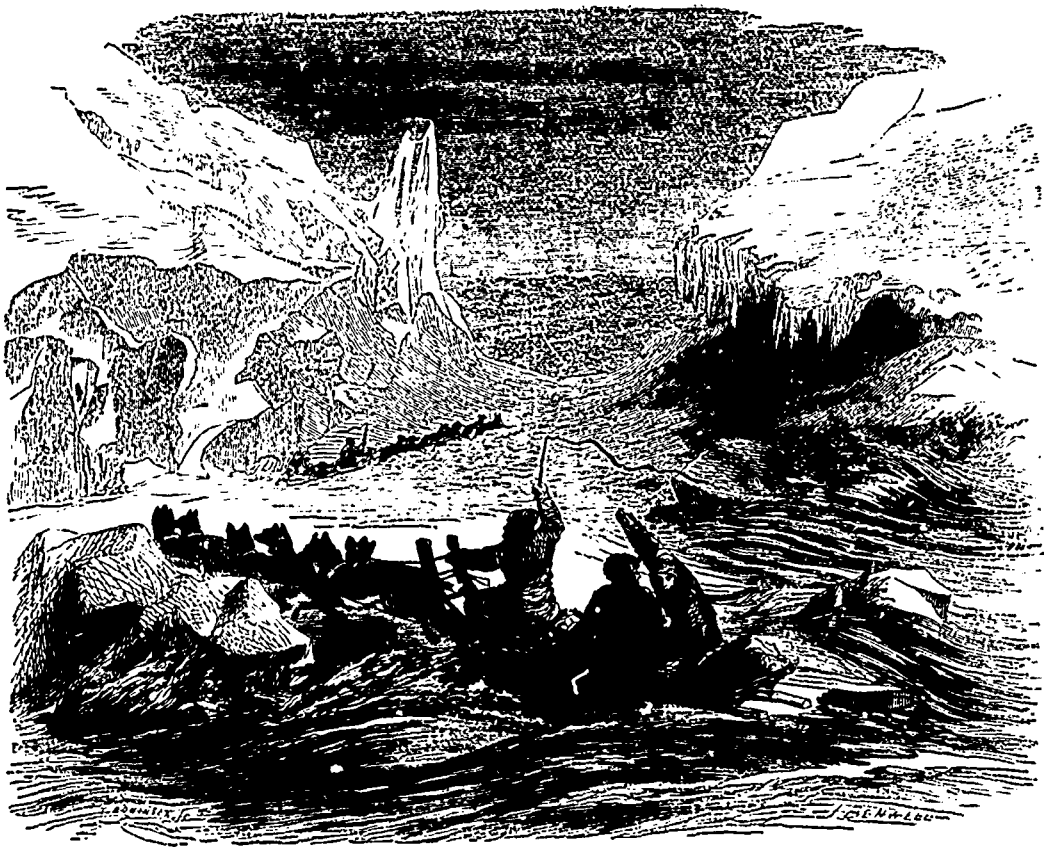
Let none despond, then, under temptation. Let none yield to the assaults of the evil one. It would be misery and ruin to yield; but in resisting there is strength, comfort, victory, and peace. Temptation yielded to is sin; temptation resisted and overcome is victory. It is God's command that



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.

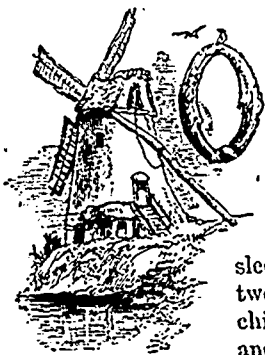
we should resist; it is God's promise that we shall overcome. He will make us more than conquerors through Him that loved us. No cross, no crown; no battle, no victory.

"We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." But look on beyond the tribulation, and see what will follow. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."



The whole mass of ice was overwhelmed with the waves.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM PERIL.



NE morning in March, 1782, two Moravian Brethren, Samuel Liebisch and William Turner, set off from Nain for Okkak, in a sledge driven by one of the converts, and were accompanied by another sledge of Esquimaux, containing two men, one woman, and a child. All were in good spirits; and as the weather was clear,

and the track over the frozen sea in the best order, they travelled with ease at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, so that they hoped to reach Okkak in the course of two or three days. After passing the islands in the bay of Nain, they kept at a considerable distance from the shore, both to gain the smoothest part of the ice, and to avoid the high rocky promontory of Kiglapeit.

About eight o'clock they met a sledge with Esquimaux turning in from the sea; and after the usual salutations, the strangers, in the course of conversation, threw out some hints that it might be as well for them to return. As the missionaries, however, saw no cause of alarm, and suspected that the travellers merely wished to enjoy the company of their friends a little longer, they proceeded on their journey.

After some time, their own Esquimaux hinted that there was a ground swell under the ice. It was then scarcely perceptible, except on lying down and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow, disagreeable grating noise was heard, as if ascending from the abyss. The sky, however, was still clear, except towards the east, where a bank of light clouds appeared, interspersed with some dark streaks; but as the wind blew strong from the north-west, nothing was less expected than a sudden change of weather.

The Brethren continued to pursue their journey till the sun had reached its height in the horizon, and as yet there was little or no change in the aspect of the sky. But as the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible, they became rather alarmed, and began to think it prudent to keep close to the shore. The ice also had cracks and large chasms in many places, some of them one or two feet wide; but as these are not uncommon, even in its best state, and the dogs easily leap over them, they are frightful only to strangers.

As soon, however, as the sun declined toward the west, the wind increased to a storm, the bank of light clouds from the east began to ascend, and the dark streaks to put themselves in motion against the wind. The snow was violently driven about by partial whirlwinds, both on the ice and from off the peaks of the neighbouring mountains. The ground swell had now increased so much that its effects on the ice were very extraordinary as well as alarming. The sledges, in-

stead of gliding smoothly along as on an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and sometimes with difficulty, as if ascending a rising hill; for though the ice was many leagues square, and in some places three or four yards thick, yet the swell of the sea underneath gave it an undulatory motion, not unlike that of a sheet of paper accommodating itself to the surface of a running stream. Noises, too, were now distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of cannon, owing to the bursting of the ice at a distance.

Alarmed, our travellers drove with all haste toward the shore; but as they approached it the prospect was awful. The ice, having burst loose from the rocks, was tossed to and fro, and broken in a thousand pieces against the precipices with a dreadful noise, which, added to the raging of the sea, the roaring of the wind, and the drifting of the snow, so completely overpowered them, as almost to deprive them of the use both of their eyes and ears.

To make the land was now the only resource that remained; but it was with the utmost difficulty the frightened dogs could be driven forward; and as the whole body of ice frequently sunk below the surface of the rocks, and then rose above it, the only time for landing was the moment it gained the level of the coast, a circumstance which rendered the attempt extremely hazardous. Through the kindness of Providence, however, it succeeded. Both sledges gained the shore, and were drawn up on the beach, though not without great difficulty.

Scarcely had they reached the land, when that part of the ice from which they had just escaped burst asunder, and the water rushing up from beneath instantly precipitated it into the ocean. In a moment, as if by a signal, the whole mass of ice, for several miles along the coast, and as far as the eye could reach, began to break and to be overwhelmed with the waves.

The spectacle was indeed awfully grand. The immense fields of ice rising out of the ocean, dashing against each other, and then plunging into the deep with a violence which no language can express, and a noise like the discharge of a thousand cannon, was a sight which must have struck the most stupid and unreflecting mind with solemn awe. The Brethren were overwhelmed with amazement at their miraculous escape; and even the Pagan Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God on account of their deliverance.

WATCH FOR OPPORTUNITIES.

WATCH for opportunities; if you do this you will not watch in vain. Every day you may make some life brighter by your loving ministrations. Every day you may speak some comforting word, some cheering portion of Scripture, which shall help to lighten the burden of some weary heart. Every day you may seek to win some soul to Christ, and pray for the coming of His kingdom. None is so desolate but there are some within the reach of his

influence. None is so feeble but he may use that most powerful of all weapons—prayer. None so obscure but he may plead with the King of kings for the multitudes who are rushing headlong to ruin.

Watch for opportunities of usefulness as those who watch for the morning. Watch with consistency of character, that men may see that you mean what you say; that you are in earnest in what you do; and that they may be led to Jesus by your loving and holy example.

A Christian, an eminently holy man, was very much owned by God in the conversion of souls by improving time and in casual conversation on good things. He was asked how it was that his efforts were so much blessed. He replied, "I am always on the look out for opportunities to speak a word for my Master, and then seek faithfully to improve them when they offer themselves." He who desires to do good will never be long without an opportunity to do it. Every opportunity is a fresh call from God to renewed effort, and should be received with thankfulness, embraced with eagerness, and improved with diligence, for there is no time to be lost, and "the King's business requireth haste." No man can be so vile as to lose all claim to Christian effort; for if a man be neglected and left without rebuke or instruction, how can it be expected that he will repent and believe?

Who can tell how much may be done by a single word? If the heart be filled with the love of God, what is there we shall not be willing to do to lead those who are straying amidst the allurements of the world, vainly striving to quench their thirst at broken cisterns that can hold no water, to find that peace in Jesus which He alone can give? To every one there comes some time, some opportunity, of doing good to some erring neighbour or friend. Out of the fulness of a loving heart we should bear our faithful testimony to them.

This is our privilege as well as our duty. As Christians we have been called to a high station, that others through our mercy may find mercy. "As ye go, preach," "Let him that heareth say, Come." As Andrew told Peter, Philip told Nathaniel, and the woman of Samaria told her neighbours where they had found the Messiah, so should we, who have found Jesus, go and bear good tidings to the lost. For if we hold our peace mischief may befall us.

To postpone the duty from the expectation of some more favourable opportunity of doing it, involves the awful possibility of not doing it at all. The plea may be, "Another time will do as well as the present;" but you may be removed from those whom you intended to benefit; or Death, who never waits for any one when he receives the commission, may step in between you and the object of your solicitude, and the opportunity of doing him good may be gone for ever. Then how painful the reflection, that you once had the occasion of usefulness, but you let it go. Delay not till to-morrow, what you may do to-day. A good work may now be in your power; make haste and do it.

JOHN WESLEY AND JOHN NELSON.

JOHN NELSON was a Yorkshire mason, of good conduct, and blessed with a good wife and a good business. But he was a man unhappy in mind. His sinfulness was a constant burden; the fear of judgment a constant terror to him.

"Surely," said he, "God never made man to be such a riddle to himself, and to leave him so! There must be something in religion that I am unacquainted with, to satisfy the empty mind of man, or he is in a worse state than the beasts who perish." Thus he went on till he heard Wesley preach one morning in Moorfields.

"Oh, that was a blessed morning for my soul! As soon as he got upon the stand he stroked back his hair, and turned his face towards where I stood, and I thought he fixed his eyes on me. His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me."

At this point we may quote one of those powerful personal appeals by which Wesley would pierce the conscience of listeners such as Nelson. "Who," said the preacher, "who art thou that now seest and feelest both thine inward and outward ungodliness? Thou art the man. I want thee for my Lord. I challenge thee for a child of God by faith. The Lord hath need of thee. Thou who feelest thou art just fit for hell, art just fit to advance His glory—the glory of His free grace, justifying the ungodly and him that worketh not. Oh, come quickly! Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou art reconciled to God."

Again, "Thou ungodly one, who hearest or readest these words, thou vile, helpless, miserable sinner, I charge thee before God, the Judge of all, go direct unto Him with all thy ungodliness. Take heed thou destroy not thy own soul by pleading thy own righteousness more or less. Go as altogether ungodly, guilty, lost, destroyed, deserving and dropping into hell; and thou shalt then find favour in His sight, and know that He justifieth the ungodly. As such thou shalt be brought unto the blood of sprinkling, as an undone, helpless, condemned sinner. Then look unto Jesus! Here is the Lamb of God who taketh away thy sins. Plead thou no works, no righteousness of thine own, no humility, no contritious sincerity in no wise. That were in very deed to deny the Lord that bought thee. No. Plead thou singly the blood of the covenant, the ransom paid for thy proud, stubborn, sinful soul."

By this language, or language such as this, Nelson was won over from uncertainty and unhappiness to find rest for his soul. Speaking earnestly to his neighbours at his home at Bristol, he gradually gathered around him a large congregation. He wrote to Wesley as to his spiritual father to instruct him "how to proceed in the work which God had begun by such an unpolished tool as himself." Wesley came and saw him, and in reference to him and others like him who preached, he said, "I durst not refuse their assistance." Nelson afterwards accompanied Wesley in some of his itinerating expeditions.

Wesley proceeded to the north of England, making his first visit to Nelson on the way. The evening had set in when he entered on foot the great town of Newcastle. The sight, might recall his recollections of the collieries of Kingswood. Oaths and drunkenness abounded on every side. "Surely this place is ripe for Him who came to call sinners to repentance."

At seven o'clock on Sunday morning he went to the poorest part of the town, and having sung the hundredth psalm, he preached. The poor people stared at him with the utmost astonishment. "If you desire to know who I am," he said, "my name is John Wesley; and I've in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again." The station on which he intended to preach was the top of a hill; at the hour named the hill was covered from top to bottom.

"I never saw so large a number of people together," he writes. "I know it was not possible for one half to hear, although my voice was then strong and clear, and I stood so as to have them all in view as they were ranged on the side of the hill. The word of God which I set before them was, 'I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.' After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under foot, out of pure love and kindness."

On his way back he visited Epworth. So many years had passed, that he found himself a stranger in the old place. He stayed at an inn, however, which he found was kept by a former servant of his father. As the people were coming out, notice was given that Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, would preach in the churchyard.

"Accordingly at six I came, and found such a congregation as, I believe, Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, 'The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.'" There are few recollections so affecting and memorable as Wesley thus preaching upon his father's grave. By it the good old man, though dead, yet spake with the voice of his living son.

Evening after evening, for a week together, he preached on that tombstone, and never were his ministrations so successful. Among his hearers, one evening, was a gentleman who made it his boast that he had not entered a church for thirty years. On this occasion, however, he had entered a churchyard. When the sermon was ended, he stood fixed as a statue. Wesley saw him, and asked abruptly, "Sir, are you a sinner?" "Sinner enough," was the reply, in a deep and broken voice, and the man continued staring upwards, till his wife and servants, all in tears, put him into his chaise and took him home.

Ten years later, Wesley writes in his Journal, "I called on the gentleman who told me he was 'sinner enough' when I preached first at Epworth on my father's tomb, and was agreeably surprised to find him strong in faith, though exceeding weak in body. For some years, he told me, he had been rejoicing in God, without either doubt or fear, and was now waiting for the welcome hour when he should depart and be with Christ."



SCATTERED SEEDS OF TRUTH.

THE agents of the Bible Society in Bombay sent a colporteur, with his stock of Bibles and Testaments, to visit the mountain villages. To those who have never seen these mountains of Western India, it is difficult to give an idea of the grandeur of the scenery, with its noble forests, tremendous ravines, and wide-stretching prospects; but the Christian mourns to think of the moral darkness that hangs over this land—

“Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

These scenes might well lead up from nature to nature's God; but never is this the case where the mind has not been enlightened by revelation.

The Hindoo villagers received the native colporteur but coldly; few purchasers came forward, and he was about to go away in despair, when an intelligent and educated man saw the books, and selected for himself the most important purchase he ever made in his life—a Mahratta Bible. I believe it was at the same time that he got a few pages of a tract; this was all his teaching.

It would be easy for imagination to trace that earnest-minded heathen in his study of the blessed book. One would like to know where he began to read, and when and where he began to feel that this was no common reading; one would like to trace the progress of the dawning light upon a mind wholly unaided by human teaching, as he persevered from day to day, till conviction was followed by conversion. I can only state the final result of the study of this Mahratta Bible, which was that the man came down from his mountains to Bombay, his precious book in his hand and the truth in his heart, and presented himself to the missionaries, with the request of the Ethiopian of old: “What doth hinder me to be baptized?”

It was an interesting and peculiar case for them. This man had never conversed with a Christian in his life, and yet by the study of the word of God alone he had attained a wonderfully clear and accurate knowledge of Christian doctrines, especially the great doctrines of the divinity and the atonement of our Lord, as I was assured by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, who examined him. Having given good evidence of the sincerity of his conversion, it was with great pleasure that the missionaries baptized him.

The case affords encouragement, not only in itself, but as giving us reason to hope that many good fruits may spring in this way from scattered seeds of truth, unknown to man. These Bibles were not translated, these tracts were not composed without many a secret prayer from the faithful missionary labourer working in his study most truly in the “burden and heat of the day;” he sees not the result, but it is written, “the word shall not return void.”



WHAT TO DO WITH CARE.

“CASTING all your care upon Him, for He careth for you,” is the language of the Bible.

Not some care, not much care, but all care; yes, every care, however small or overwhelming, we are directed to cast upon Him who is able to succour and to save to the uttermost.

Well then may every child of grace, out of the depths of every affliction, every calamity, sing aloud with the chastened Psalmist, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.” Such hopeful, trustful, restful feeling it is plainly the privilege of the Christian to enjoy at all times.

But all who are in trouble, in distress, in temptation, or in fear of evil, cannot be too faithful in the exercise of all the appliances which Providence places in their reach. The Apostle Paul, after exhorting to put on the whole armour of God, continues, “Having done all, to stand.” Yes, dear reader, having done all on our part, we may stand, committing all the care of results to Him who will surely cause all things to work together for good to them that love God.

Oh, how perfectly is here met a deep and felt want of the soul! Who, among the uneasy throng of mankind, does not often feel a strong desire for such quiet repose? The world, through all its giddy rounds, can never satisfy this hungering and thirsting of soul.

Oh, ye sorrowing, suffering ones, whose eyes may scan these lines, listen to those sweet words: “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Be of good cheer.” “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.” There is rest for you that is worth the having. There beats for you a bosom upon which to lean your weary head, not to “weep hot tears,” but to find sweet relief—“every longing satisfied, with full salvation blest.”

THOMAS LYNE, THE BRAVE PILOT,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



In a few moments the cutter was alongside the vessel.

As the sun set one evening in the month of February, everything betokened what the fishermen call a "coarse night;" bright crimson, wind-torn clouds clustered around him as he sank to rest, and the moon rose pale and watery.

"Wind aloft, Ned," said a tall weather-beaten man to his son; "the gale will be upon us before morning. Keep a sharp look-out for the West Indian boat,

Ned, and have the cutter ready. I reckon we'd best cruise about after dark."

Thomas Lyne, who spoke these words, was as fine a sailor as ever stepped. He knew every current, rock, or shoal in the coast, as well as you know the streets and turnings of your native town. Many a time when the night was black as a wolf's mouth, and the distant moaning of the sea on the rock foretold a coming storm, he had laid-to in his cutter

peering anxiously into the dark until a brightness, upward rush of light, followed by an explosion, told him that the vessel for whom he had been so long waiting, was signalling him; and then up with all the canvas which the little craft could carry, put a match to the blue-light—his return signal—and in a few moments the cutter was alongside the vessel, and Lyne had scrambled on board.

This was just the service which Lyne had rendered to his country for years. His cutter, the *Dart*, was out in all weather, for he was a bold seaman, and his prudence and calm courage, combined with daring, had raised him to the position of head pilot. Was it blowing great guns, and the waves dashing against the iron-bound coast with a noise like thunder? Lyne, dressed in his dreadnought coat, leggings, and the sou'-wester tied firmly on his head, was ready to venture out in the little *Dart*, when every other pilot thought that it was death to go.

Thomas Lyne was the head pilot of his port, brave, gentle, honest, and true; he was all this, and something more—he was a humble Christian.

He had brought all his sins to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; and heavenly peace filled his soul. It did not make him less daring—oh no; he often used to say, "Mates, I was brave, I know, before I cared for Jesus, but it was skin-deep. I've often shivered when death stared me in the face, at the thought of hell, and my poor soul; but now I don't see death when all seems up. I look ahead, and there is Jesus walking on the dark water, as He walked on the Sea of Galilee, saying to me—yes, to Thomas Lyne—'It is I, be not afraid.' Yes, mates, I often think that I should like to go to Jesus on the water; and maybe I shall."

The Sunday-school where he taught a class of rough lads; the fishermen and seamen to whom he often spoke, and into whose hands he thrust the tract with a kind slap on the shoulder, and "Read it, lad, read it; no pipe-light, mind, and God bless you;" his young son, whom he was training up in his own dangerous and difficult calling, and in the love of Jesus, all bore witness to the reality of the faith which was in him. This was the man who stood at his cottage door, shading his eyes from the moonlight, and looking out to sea for the expected packet, on the ominous stormy evening with which my story commenced.

Ned went off like a shot to do his father's bidding. He loved a stormy night, and, like his father, he knew no fear. Thomas meanwhile sat down to his supper in the pretty little kitchen kept so comfortable by his tidy wife.

"Mary," said he, as he laid down his knife and fork, "bring out the big Bible, and let's have a word and a prayer before I go. Stay, here's Ned."

The young man entered breathless. "No news of the packet, father; but we'd best get afloat. She's overdue. The cutter will be ready in a quarter of an hour."

"All right, my lad," answered his father, cheerily. "Now then, you and me and mother 'll have a word with Jesus, and then we're off."

He opened the Bible on his favourite page, St. Mark, 6th chapter, and began reading at the 45th verse: "And straightway Jesus constrained His disciples to get into the ship, and to go to the other side before unto Bethsaida."

The sailor's face glowed as he read of the sudden storm, the sinking boat, the arrival of Jesus. "Yes," said he, "Jesus knew that storm was brewing, but He made them go, to show them what He could do. A nasty squall that, and not much hope, seeing the boat was making water so fast; but Jesus could save. Wife, Ned, Jesus has saved us, hasn't He, crazy crafts as we are? and He seems to me now coming along on the water and calling. Let us speak to Him."

The little company fell on their knees, and in forceful words Thomas consecrated all afresh to Jesus, for life or death. A calm light shone on his face as they got up, and kissing his wife, he threw on his bad weather clothes, and, followed by Ned, went down to the cutter.

The moon had set, and the night was intensely dark as the little vessel left her moorings. "Why, Ned, one can't see one's own hand," cried Thomas. "'Tis dark to be sure, but not too dark for the Lord to come, Ned. Let me see, 'twas the fourth watch of the night, wasn't it, when Jesus came?"

"Yes, father," said Ned, who was talking to the two other seamen. "Hark! there's the gun!" A flash in the darkness, and a boom along the water, revealed the whereabouts of the steamer, and, quick as thought, Thomas, followed by Ned, leaped from the cutter into the boat to pull alongside.

"Reverse engines," cried the captain of the steamer, who caught a glimpse of the white sail of the *Dart* close ahead.

"Ay, ay, sir." The ship trembled, but her momentum still carried her forward.

"They're lost!" cried several passengers, as the bowsprit of the steamer pierced the main-sail of the cutter.

"No, no, all right," replied the officer, as the reversed engines now carried the vessel back. "A close shave; but for that main-sail, we must have cut her in two."

Some minutes passed. "Where's the pilot?" was passed from mouth to mouth. Again the signal gun was fired, and that report sent a death-pang to the hearts of the men left on board the *Dart*. Another gun; then where was Thomas Lyne and his son? They should have been aboard long ago!

Overwhelmed with fear, at last they communicated with the steamer: "Were they not on board?"

"No!"

Then if the boat was between his cutter and the packet, he must have been run down, and both himself and his son drowned. Anxious questions passed from one to another, and all that could be discovered was that a man on board had heard one faint cry, but thought nothing of it. He described the voice; it was recognised as Ned's. Yes, the day and hour to which Thomas had long looked forward had arrived; and in one of the night-watches Jesus had come to them, "walking on the sea."

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.



AT the time when good old father Janike was at the head of the Bohemian church in Berlin, and when the hatred of many rested on this faithful servant of God, and on the little flock who

attended his sermons, the following circumstance took place:—

A colonel who had found and acknowledged the King of kings, both in the manger of Bethlehem and on the cross at Golgotha, and devoted himself to serve beneath the banner of the cross through life and death, was among the most diligent and regular attendants at Janike's services. He was often assailed and jeered at by his comrades who worked in the War Office with him. They mocked and laughed at his piety, and used every opportunity of employing against him the weapons of wit and scorn.

But the soldier bore a shield from which every arrow rebounded and fell harmless,—it was that faith which worketh patience. Nothing could irritate him; by his gentleness the scorners were brought to shame. Nothing is more vexatious to our ghostly enemy than when his slanders are not met and repelled by carnal anger. He now therefore suggested to the minds of these scoffers a plan, the performance of which they were certain would excite the violent wrath of the pious colonel.

One of his colleagues in the office sketched a caricature of the colonel kneeling in the Bohemian church and receiving the Holy Communion. It was plain from the entire character of the work, that a deadly hatred against the holiness of the Lord had inspired the pen which drew it. The sketch was placed upon the desk of the colonel, and with a secret satisfaction his colleagues waited one morning for the moment when the pious man should enter the office, behold the caricature of his piety, and, as they thought, burst out into a rage. But they had made a mistake.

The colonel came in, went to his desk, saw the sketch, shook his head, folded up the paper, put it into his pocket, went on with his work, and conversed with his colleagues in his usual friendly manner. The day passed off quietly.

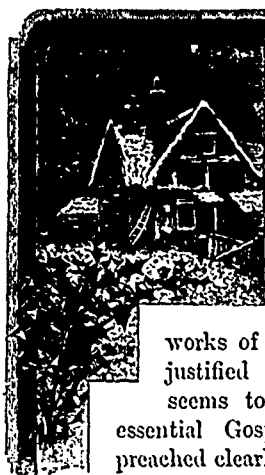
A few days after, someone knocked at the colonel's door, and the man who drew the wicked sketch came in. The patience of the Christian hero had been a thorn to him, which he had not been able to extract. He came now with deep emotion, to apologise for his impertinent act.

The colonel gave him his hand in the most friendly way, and assured him he had already forgiven him everything, for his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ,

had taught him, that he must suffer with joy the reproach of the world. And now the mouth of the pious man was opened, and he began boldly to testify of Him who prayed for His murderers, and as the Lamb of God bore the punishment of our sins.

The Holy Spirit took such firm hold of the blasphemer's soul that his heart was melted, and now he awoke to the sense of his sin and fled to the cross of Christ. Not very long after, he knelt by the colonel's side in the Bohemian church, receiving with joy the Lord's Supper, and with tears of gratitude acknowledging that he had found Him who has made atonement for the sins of the ungodly. From thenceforth he became one of the warmest friends of the pious and long-suffering Christian soldier.

PRECIOUS FAITH.



THE old way of deliverance by the law was, "Do this, and thou shalt live;" but faith

is the way of life under the Gospel. No subject is treated more frequently, and none is more clearly revealed in the New Testament than this, that no flesh shall be justified before God by the

works of the law; but that man is justified by faith; and this doctrine seems to contain compendiously the essential Gospel, so that when this is preached clearly, sinners are converted, men are removed from death unto life, and from

the kingdom of Satan unto God.

When I ask, "What must I do to be saved?" the answer from heaven is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This induces the most important question, What is this faith through which alone I can be saved? Hundreds of passages show the value and the effects of faith, while there is but one in the Bible that defines it: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The Spirit here says that faith consists of two things—confidence in the character of the testifier, and a conviction of the truth of the testimony; the former being the ground of the latter; and these constitute the sense in which the term is used among men. A man receives a promissory note or bill, with a sum marked upon it sufficient for all his wants, were he to live as long as Methuselah. You ask him, "What do you think of that note?" "Oh, I am quite sure it is really a note from the bank, whose manager has signed it." "Well, you are well provided for for life." "No!" "Why not?" "I have no confidence in the wealth or integrity of the company; I have known persons whom they have disappointed."

These two states of feeling constitute true faith—to believe the testimony of the Gospel with regard to invisible things, and to confide in God's power and faithfulness to verify the promise of the Gospel. This is saving faith. There is a sort of empty conviction of the truth of the Gospel in our country, not accompanied by any confidence in the Divine character. Although the promise of the Gospel contains all the means of life—not life as long as that of Methuselah, but eternal life; yet they have not the confidence in God which leads them to expect it, that causes them to pray for it, or to walk along the road that leads thither.

There are very remarkable examples of faith in the eleven chapter of the Hebrews, and they strikingly illustrate the confidence in God that enters into the essence of true faith, and gives Him glory. "Abraham, what will become of the promise if thou offerest up Isaac?" "My mind is easy; I am full of confidence. God is able to raise up Isaac from the ashes of the altar of Moriah." This confidence in God is strong. When there is no specific promise given for the purpose it will yet cleave to the Lord, on the ground of what He is accustomed to do.

The faith of Moses' parents—it constructs "an ark of bulrushes, and daubs it with slime and with pitch;" and places the infant, in all its helplessness, "in the flags by the river's brink." "Parents, shall Moses die?" "We cannot save him, but we have now given him out of our hands to the care of God." They confided in the Highest that He would bring about deliverance, though there was no positive promise; and this caused Miriam to look and wait for redemption; and she was not disappointed.

Through faith Moses passed the Red Sea as by dry land, and he kept the Passover and the sprinkling of blood. He had confidence in the Divine goodness and power that the blood would save the houses of the Israelites, and that the crystalline walls of the Red Sea would not fall in and overwhelm him and the people.

"J h, the Lord seems bent on thy extermination." "Yes: but blessed be the name of the Lord, if He slay me, I will trust in Him." How entire was the confidence of the centurion in Christ! "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. Thy word created all things, and sustains all things. It has power enough to heal my servant."

The faith of the Gospel brings the invisible God, and eternity, with all its joys and horrors, into the heart; and thus the believer lives before God, and in the presence of eternal realities. "We walk by faith, and not by sight." A man, by sowing his seed, is supported by his reason and experience. He shall have a harvest crop; he has often witnessed such a result; but faith sows in a soil that is invisible—casting its bread-seed on the face of the waters, seeing not where it falls. The natural eye sees the seed fall into the earth: but prayers, preaching, and religious efforts are like the sowing of seed into the Nile; while faith says, "It shall not be lost. We shall see it after many days, and shall return loaded with full sheaves."

Faith brings invisible things so near the spirit of man as to influence it mightily, as the sun influences the earth, and the wind the sea. "By grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Many have precious pearls brought from great distances, but faith is a gift from a farther country—from the secret places of eternity, beyond the seas and mountains of time. It is the fruit of eternal love, the atonement of the cross, the intercession in heaven, the manifestation of the Gospel upon earth, and the powerful working of the Holy Ghost.

Mention is made of a weak and a strong faith. Abraham was strong in faith; the disciples at one time had a weak faith. A conviction of invisible things, and a confidence in God's testimony, will thus be found alternating in vigour and weakness, in different persons, and even in the same person. And this does not prove that all faith is not the same in nature, object, and effects. In all it is of God; in all it is holy; in all it refers to Christ, and embraces Him as the Saviour, the second Adam, the Head of the covenant, the chief of the new world; and in all it worketh by love, conquereth the world, and purifieth the heart in all obedience, blessing, and praise.

Faith, whether it be weak or strong, is precious to all its possessors, and does not, in either case, prove to the disadvantage or injury of any man. Even a weak faith unites with the Almighty Redeemer. As a less valuable gold ring will unite in marriage as well as the most costly, even so will the weakest faith, which is scarcely vigorous enough to be perceptible, connect with Christ, so closely that the mind becomes one spirit with Him.

All true faith gives "the like" right to the same inexhaustible riches—"be it unto thee according to thy faith"—and secures the same victory which Christ obtained over hell, the world, and the grave—translating all its possessors from the kingdom of Satan to that of Jesus, leading them all to the same rock of defence, giving them all an entrance, in the name of the same Lord, to the heavenly sanctuary, with full permission to ask, and seek, and receive; and investing them all with the same security here and hereafter.

The promise that, "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish," is on board the same ship with the believer; and Christ lives in the promise and in him. There is more than "the fortune of Cæsar" to keep from sinking the ship that carries the Christian across the ocean of time. Be not afraid; faith will land him safe and sound on the shore of the eternal inheritance—"receiving the end of your faith—the salvation of your souls."

Oh, that every sermon may prove an occasion for the exercise of this great grace, that many may come into the enjoyment of the like precious faith; and enjoy evermore the honour and privilege of being the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

Christian Evans.



On the sands at Ramsgate.

THE WEIGHT OF A WORD.

"I HOPE Mrs. Hunter is not worse?" said a grave-looking gentleman to a friend who was writing with him at the same desk.

"No; on the contrary, she is better," was the reply.

A brief pause ensued, in which nothing interrupted the silence but the scratch of pens on paper, till a deep sigh from Mr. Hunter occasioned his companion to look at him intently.

"Hunter, you are not in good order; something wrong with your liver; why don't you take a holiday?" he said.

"I am quite well," answered Mr. Hunter, this time with a smile, "and don't want a holiday."

"Then what makes you sigh?" asked his friend.

"Oh, it's merely an escape of pent-up breath; you sigh sometimes, and I never bring you to book for it."

"Are his affairs going a little wrong?" thought Mr. Trafford, who was greatly attached to him.

No sooner had this idea suggested itself to him than he laid hold of it as the most probable solution of the difficulty.

"Frank," he said, "do you know any one who wants a little ready money? I should be glad to invest at a moderate interest—very moderate," he added, watching the quick response in his friend's expression.

"I'm very glad to hear it," returned Hunter; "a poor fellow applied to me the other day who would rejoice in getting a loan without usurious interest; an honest fellow, and I would have helped him, but my matters are in such trim order that I have no available money, and I don't want to disturb them."

Mr. Trafford finding he had been on a wrong scent, evaded the subject, for he did not feel so much interest in "the honest poor fellow" as to sacrifice for him what he would gladly have done for his friend.

"I could certainly tell him anything that I could tell to a friend, for I have none like him; but he would not understand me now; nor could he help me; nor could I tell him," he said to himself.

"Frank," said his wife, as Mr. Hunter was preparing shortly after this to go to the office, "you are not well; I'm sure you are not. Do go with me to Ramsgate, I shall enjoy it ten times more you know if you are with me."

"And leave poor old Trafford to do all the work?" said Mr. Hunter.

"Oh, he would be delighted," said his wife, in her energy almost letting out the fact that Mr. Trafford had been conspiring with her to entice him from business for a time.

Never was there a better wife, never a more tender sympathising companion, than was Mrs. Frank Hunter; yet her husband felt as she spoke that not even she could understand nor help him. So he endeavoured to shake off all outward show of the sorrow that lay at his heart, that she might not know there was any suffering of his which she had not the privilege of sharing.

While Mrs. Hunter was at the sea-side, he was in the habit of remaining longer at the office, to enable him, he said, to accompany her elsewhere after her return, if not to spend the close of the time with her, Mr. Trafford unwillingly consenting to his lonely labours. He was there alone one evening, not busy with his pen, but sunk in meditation. He was roused by the announcement of a gentleman, and one entered whose shabby exterior would have made his right to the title questionable, had not his air and manner proclaimed him one without doubt.

"You were kind enough to say, Mr. Hunter, some time back," he began, "that you thought you could procure me a small loan on safe and moderate terms. I am in great need of such help now; it would seriously benefit me, that is, my son—it is for him I wish to borrow, but I will be security for the loan." And he proceeded to state the nature of the security he could offer, adding such particulars of the case, its need, its cause, and the impossibility of his paying more than a moderate interest, as to concern Mr. Hunter much in his story.

"I wish," said he, "very much that I could accommodate you. I hoped to incline my partner to do it, but it appears to be not convenient just now. I think," he continued, "any one with a heart hearing what you have related, would assist you if he could."

"All have not hearts," said the stranger, somewhat sadly. "I have told you more than I should care to divulge to many, because I feel you have one; but not even to my oldest, kindest, dearest friend could I tell the things of deepest interest in it."

"I can understand that," said Mr. Hunter, quickly; "there are untellable points in most stories; we can go in company a good way in them, but as we get nearer to the centre, they are for us alone—they have no utterable sound for any human ear;" and he sighed as he spoke.

"Any human ear," repeated the stranger, slowly; "You are right; no utterable sound for any merely human ear: that reminds me of a remark I once heard, that of all the titles graciously assumed by the Lord Christ not one has more significance than 'the Son of man.' Had He been called 'a Son of man,' it would have been wholly insufficient for His church's need. He was pre-eminently the Son of man. In Him centred all the perfections of humanity. He was perfect in all our sufferings, that He might be perfect in sympathy. There are sorrows which you

cannot share with your friend, who is as your own soul; no, nor with the wife of your bosom; sorrows in which the soul, by itself, knoweth, and must know, its own bitterness; for the friend or the wife, the parent or the child, is ignorant of the matter, never felt it, and you know that there are no words in which you could express it to them.

But He who is the Son of man is well versed in it; pities you before you complain to Him, and bears it for you, and with you so soon as ever you lay it on Him. There is no shade of sorrow, no kind nor degree of it, that He did not suffer, that He might be able to sympathise in all the wants of all His people. But I ask your pardon, sir; I am preaching a sermon to you, and perhaps you are better able to do it to me."

"No, I am not; and I thank you for it," said Mr. Hunter, whose heart had caught gratefully at the doctrine so happily presented; "would you oblige me by calling to-morrow evening? I will see if my partner will alter his mind; if not, it may be that I shall find other means of assisting you." And with a cordial "good evening," they parted.

Mr. Hunter sat down to his Bible when alone. He had never before realised the perfect humanity of His Saviour. "The Son of man," so expounded, brought it before him, and the grief nursed so long in silence he laid unreservedly that night before Him whose ever-ready ear was bent to hear. And the load passed from his heart, and the shadow from his brow from that time, as the truth dawned more brightly on him that he had not a High Priest who could not be touched with the feeling of his infirmities, but one who was in all points tempted like as he was, yet without sin. His peace increased; he carried to "the Son of man" those joys and sorrows in which He only could sympathise, and, doing so in faith, brought away fresh peace, while He left his cares behind him.

Now you will not expect, dear reader, to be told what was the secret trouble which Mr. Hunter could not tell to any human ear. But have not you also similar troubles? Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. It may be that you mourn the loss of some beloved friend, whose worth and whose affection none else knew. It may be that your heart is bowed down with godly sorrow for some sin for which you are penitent, or some evil habit against which you are praying and striving. It may be that sometimes you have misgivings as to your own readiness for death and for judgment. Many cares and troubles there are which, by being told to others, can be removed or lightened. But there are others, the telling of which would only distress your dearest friend, without his being able to help or benefit you.

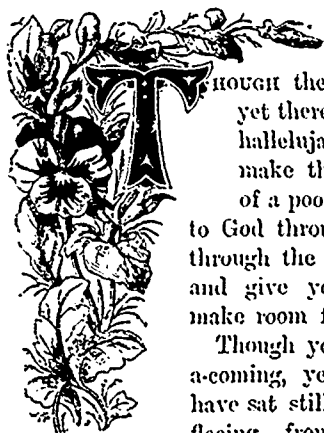
It is not so with Christ, the Friend of sinners, the ever-present Saviour. There is no care which may not be cast upon Him. There is no trouble which may not be told to Him. There is no sorrow with which He cannot sympathise, no suffering which He cannot alleviate. And His own gracious word of promise and invitation is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Go to Him, and tell Him all, and you will obtain

comfort and peace. This is what Mr. Hunter had learned to do.

"I really hardly know how to thank you," said the stranger, when, after a time, he brought back the borrowed money, for which Mr. Hunter refused to accept interest.

"You paid me beforehand, in the sermon you preached to me," he replied, with a smile. "If I have helped you in a little, you have served me in much—it was a word spoken in due season, and worth more than gold."

THERE IS ROOM FOR YOU.



THOUGH there be many in already, yet there is room for you. The hallelujahs of angels will not make the King forget the cries of a poor sinner on earth coming to God through Him. He will look through the crowd about the throne, and give you a healing look, and make room for you.

Though you have been very long a-coming, yet there is room. You have sat still while others have been fleeing from the wrath to come.

Yet there is room.

Though you have sat many calls, and given Christ many refusals, yet there is room. He still says, "Wilt thou be made clean? When shall it be?" Christ stands at the door and knocks, giving you one offer after another.

Though you have been at the door more than once, and yet turned back again, and put an affront on Him by your backsliding, yet there is room. Christ has drawn some half-way to heaven, and they have slipped the cord of love and run away from Him. Yet He says, "I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely."

It may be you have had days of outward prosperity and neglected Christ in them, and now the case is changed, and the world for which you cared so much cares little for you. Yet there is room for you. He is content to take you when cast off at all hands.

Perhaps you have grown old in sin, and your grey hairs are found in the ways of wickedness, yet there is room for you. He calls even at the eleventh hour. When you were young you delayed till you should come to old age. An unhappy resolution! But will you come now?

Though there be less hope of your case than ever there was, yet there is room. The same grace that reached Paul on his way to Damascus, breathing out rage against Christ and His followers, can reach you in your career, and pluck the prey out of the lion's

mouth. In a word, whatever your case be, yet there is room.

Consider, it is dear-bought room to be thought so lightly of. Had not Christ died, and by His precious blood opened the way to the favour of God which Adam's sin had closed, there had been no more room for fallen men than for fallen angels. How, then, shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

Again, consider that there will not always be room. The door will be shut ere long, and then you will call in vain for admission; therefore seek the Lord while He is to be found.

Thomas Boston.

ALL THINGS NEW.

NEW mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way;

New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;

New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight; New praise in the morning, new songs in the night.

New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise; New fruit for thy Master, new garments of praise; New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face;

New streams from the Fountain of infinite grace.

New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love; New gleams of the glory that waits thee above; New light of His countenance, clear and unpriced! All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ!

DESPAIR IN DEATH.

MARION was the only child of affectionate and pious parents. At a suitable age she was placed at a fashionable boarding-school, to complete her studies in Italian, French, and drawing. Unhappily some of Marion's companions had imbibed soul-destroying unhappy principles of infidelity, and had acquired the habit of deriding the sacred things of the word of God. From this evil companionship she also acquired the same shameless habit and spirit of impiety.

On her return home, her fond parents were greatly distressed at this change in their child, so perilous to her immortal interests. In vain they regretted the costly sacrifice at which she had attained her acquirements. It was with evident reluctance she accompanied them on Sabbath days to Divine worship, and often obstinately declined to go with them at all. Her heart was callous as a rock to the claims of the Gospel, and the society of her Christian family became very distasteful to her.

Marion had received many warnings of the frailty of her existence, having been often on the bed of sickness. Still she was neglectful of the care of her health in the pursuit of the things of the world, and flattered herself in her vain delusions. She knew



Marion and her companions.

Reader, this is no fiction ; it is a reality ; the writer looked upon the corpse of the young sceptic and saw unmistakable marks of the last terrible despair. Do not delay the consideration of serious things until to-morrow. To-morrow may be too late—too late to seek repentance for sin, too late to exercise faith in Christ, too late to implore the washing of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, too late to make preparation for the solemnities of eternity !

Remember those solemn words, “ Because I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded, but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof : I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh ; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind ; when dis-

tress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer ; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me : for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord : they would none of My counsel : they despised all My reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.”

“ But whoso hearkeneth unto Me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.”

Let this incident not pass without giving to parents a solemn warning as to the responsibility resting upon them in regard to the education of their children. It is very desirable to obtain every advantage which schools can afford, but what is all knowledge, and what are all “ accomplishments ” compared with the health and welfare of the soul ? Yet we constantly see parents sending their children to places where there is no security that their moral training will be regarded. Hence many young people return from “ finishing ” schools with the evil seeds sown, sometimes of popery and sometimes of infidelity, which will presently bring forth deadly fruit. Care as to moral character and training is infinitely more important than mere outward appearance or accomplishments. Happily there are ways by which both advantages may be combined.

One word more about poor Marion. Let us hope that the terrible scene of her death-bed may possibly have been the expression of a rightly awakened conscience even at the latest hour of life. She had the knowledge of the way of salvation, and who can tell but that the prayers of her pious father may have been heard by the God of infinite grace ? It is a poor “ perhaps ” after all ; yet the case would have been more hopeless still had she died, as so many do, with out one anxious thought, one earnest cry for mercy.

Many, alas ! die in quietness and peace, and those around know not that it may be the peace of false security and the quietness of spiritual death.

not that consumption preyed gradually on her wasted frame.

At length the physician in soft whispers prepared the weeping parents for the inevitable separation. They summoned with deep anxiety their own faithful minister to the couch, where lay the fading form of their only cherished flower. She replied not to his earnest inquiries. She refused both counsel and consolation, and regarded his ministrations only as intrusive. He knelt down to implore Divine mercy, and the salvation of her soul. The invalid stretched out her feeble attenuated hand, shook the chair near her bedside, and feigned the need of her cough mixture, in order to turn a deafened ear to his petitions.

The last moments came to decide the conflict. Death delayed not to strike at his defying victim. She felt the cold chill of his icy hand seize her extremities, and gradually but surely creep through the whole frame. The secrets of the invisible world were unfolded to her mental vision ; forms of terror seemed to surround her. All was dark despair—the fearful plunge into an unknown abyss. The distracted mother and another relative fled from the chamber and stopped their ears with pillows from the terrific cries of an awakened conscience. The agitated father alone quitted not the post of duty. He pointed his child once more to the cross of Christ for remission of sins, and reminded her of the penitent thief saved at the last hour.

“ Ah ! ” she exclaimed, “ he had not pious parents as I have had. No, no ; the Bible is all true ; but 'tis too late to believe—too late ! ”

Too late was the last dying sound that fell on the ear of the heart-stricken father. He never ceased to mourn his blasted floweret. The blast had struck at the root of the family tree. In one year his mortal remains were deposited in the same grave, but in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection unto eternal life, through faith in that precious blood of that only Saviour his poor child had so wilfully rejected.