

100 THRILLING TALES

GATHERED FROM MANY SOURCES
DURING SIXTY LONG YEARS

BY
Hy. PICKERING

Author of "1000 Tales Worth Telling," "1000
Acts and Facts Concerning Remarkable Persons,"
"1000 Wonderful Things About the Bible,"
"Fresh Minted Gold," etc., etc.



PICKERING & INGLIS
LONDON GLASGOW MANCHESTER EDINBURGH

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MANCHESTER - 135 DEANSGATE, 3
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Anyone who can give information as to the writer, where author is not given, might communicate with the Publishers.

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ONE HUNDRED THRILLING TALES

The Highland Mother's Love

FROM the mountain-pass the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey, carrying with her her only child, a boy two years old. The morning when the widow left her home gave promise of a lovely day; but before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the lake. The wind was followed by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain hut which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge all hope of proceeding in that direction failed. To turn home was equally impossible. She must find shelter.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting rock and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. The child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapped him in her shawl; but the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend her from the piercing cold of such a night as that. But whatever might become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother then stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom at last in despair she put into a deep crevice of the rock among some heather and fern.

And now she resolves at all hazards to brave the storm and return home in order to get assistance for her babe, or perish in the attempt. Claspings her infant to her heart, and covering

his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the tops of the mountains, while a hundred waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance by the white ground, may now be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain-pass. They are people from the village who are searching for the widow and her son. The night before they had gone forth with lanterns and searched in vain. Daylight brought hope. They have reached the pass. A cry is uttered by one of the searchers as he sees a bit of tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead—her arms stretched forth as if imploring assistance ! Before noon they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Many a tear was shed, many a sigh of affection was uttered from sorrowing hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers into the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation sought to improve for their soul's good an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed. That aged and faithful man of God had long ago been gathered to his fathers. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. The subject of his discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated this story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood, and he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor, tattered shawl, which she had wrapped around him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words ? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, in memory of our Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and with adoring gratitude ? "

A few days later a message was sent to this minister by a dying man who requested to see him. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently in his face, said ; "You do not, you cannot recognise me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few

weeks ago in bad health. Last Sunday I entered your Church, where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son." Here the voice of the old soldier faltered—his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "*I am that son!*" and burst into a flood of tears. "Never, never did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me. But, sir, what breaks my heart and covers me with shame is this—until now I never truly saw the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me; until now I never realised the meaning of the words, 'The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me' (Gal. 2. 20). I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to Heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the pastor's hand close to his breast, he added, "Praise be to His holy Name that my dear mother did not die in vain; for the love of my mother has been blessed in making me see as I never saw before the love of my Saviour. I see it; I believe it. I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood—in *the cleft of the rock*; but now it is in the *Rock of Ages*!"

And clasping his hands he repeated with intense fervour, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee!" (Isa. 49. 15).

The Strange Man in Black

I WAS spending the day at one of the most delightful country houses in Scotland. One of the guests present was a man of rare and wide learning and culture, with charming manners, and that easy and graceful address which makes him as welcome in the drawing-room as in the cottage. With his face brightening up, he said to me, "I will tell you a story that will interest you. I can vouch for its truthfulness in every particular."

Marie was the daughter of a very distinguished and wealthy family. When she was quite young, about twenty I believe, she was married to a young man of equal wealth and high social position. As was common, these young people were worldly and gay, given to everything going on in the fashionable world, and had nothing to do but to amuse themselves and gratify every whim and fancy which an idle fancy suggested. Of course they were utterly destitute of any spiritual knowledge of God and Christ, though, in their own way, devout Roman Catholics.

Shortly after their marriage they went one night to the theatre and witnessed a play, in which, in one of the scenes, there was enacted the slaughter of the Huguenots. The scene was so vivid and life-like that it greatly distressed the mind of the lady. She asked her husband, with bated breath and strained eyes, what it meant. The reply was, "It is a representation of the killing of the Huguenots." "Why were they killed?" asked his young wife. "Oh, they were killed for their heretical religion." "And was it for no other reason than for their religion?" "For no other reason; they were heretics." "And who had them killed?" "Why, I suppose it was done by order of the Church; *they were heretics.*" "And did our holy Church have these poor people massacred for no other reason than for believing Jesus Christ could save them without the help of our Church?" "For no other reason, so far as I know," was the reply. "They were not criminals, but heretics." And as best he could the young husband related the story of the massacre, without either justifying or condemning it, speaking of it rather as a matter of course.

This scene, and the story of the slaughter of the Huguenots, with which she had not been familiar, so wrought upon the young wife that she begged her husband to take her home. For days she could not shake off the impression of that scene and the story. It continued to weigh upon her mind until she fell into a deep state of melancholy and profound conviction of sin. There was none to help or instruct her, and she was as utterly ignorant of the Bible as she was destitute of the possession of one.

The husband became so distressed and alarmed at his wife's condition that he called in medical advice. After hearing from the husband the occasion of his wife's mental distress, and from the lady herself the story of her horror "that these poor people should be killed for their religion," and being plied by her with questions concerning religion which he was utterly unable to answer, the physician withdrew and reported the case to the husband. "It is a case of religious monomania—a very bad one. You must act at once and promptly, or your wife will fall into hopeless melancholia, and perhaps end in permanent insanity. Do anything and everything that will divert her mind from the terrible subject that possesses her."

Acting upon this advice the husband began a round of pleasure and fashionable dissipation, such as even they had never before indulged in. Night after night they were out at the theatre, at concerts, at balls, and entertainments, the wife going reluctantly but obediently. One night they were

at a great ball in the city. Of a sudden, like an apparition, there darted out before them a strange man dressed in black. He stepped up to the lady, and without a word of introduction or apology for speaking, said, with great eagerness, "Madam, do you know 'the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?' " (1 John 1. 7). To this startling and unheard-of proclamation the lady replied, "What did you say, sir? Will you repeat those words?" At which the peculiar man in black again declared without note or comment, but with intense eagerness and pathos, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son cleanseth us from all sin," and then disappeared as suddenly and as strangely as he had appeared.

The lady stood still for a moment dumbfounded, and then remarked to her husband, "Did you ever hear that before? That is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard. What can it mean?" But as she spoke and mused on these words, and climbed the broad and lofty stairway, there fell upon her a peace so sweet and ecstatic that her whole face seemed lit up with an unearthly gladness. She went at once into the crowded saloon, and approaching the first lady whom she saw, she said to her, "I have just heard the most extraordinary statement. I wonder if you ever heard it, and what does it mean, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin?'"

In a few minutes the words were whispered from lip to ear, "Marie has gone mad." But, like Paul, she was not mad, only filled with the gladness of God's blessed peace. Noting the excited state of mind in which his wife had been thrown, her husband took her home. For days she simply dwelt in a paradise of joy, repeating over and over again the extraordinary words, "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

She found out finally where the saying came from. For the first time she got hold of a Bible, and soon, through reading the New Testament, she learned the whole glad truth.

Some months after the husband joined his wife in her new faith, and himself parted from the superstition of Rome. This lady lived on for sixty years, and never ceased to carry her joy and testimony wherever she went.

The singular thing about the whole matter was the sudden appearance of the man in black in that house on the night of a great ball, and his apparently mad approach to the ball-room. He had occasion to visit the master of the house that night on urgent business, and as he was leaving, he was seized with an irresistible impulse to tell the first person he met that "the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

The Five Card Sharpers

I WAS travelling in the train one afternoon from Oxford to London when five of the men in the compartment began to play cards. They were evidently sharpers, and before long challenged others to play with them, but all declined. At last they turned to me and said : " We can see by your face that you fully understand the game ; come, take a turn." " I did know the cards once," I replied, " but it is so long since I played that I forget." " Nonsense ! " they said, " you could win all our money if you only tried." " Perhaps that would not be very much," I replied. " Anyway, I will not attempt. Five of you are quite enough for the game ; we will look on."

As they still kept pressing me to play I at last said, " Gentlemen, I tell you I cannot play, but there is one thing I can do." " What is that ? " they asked eagerly. " I can tell fortunes." " Capital ! Will you tell ours ? " " If you wish it ; but I warn you it may not be very flattering." " What card will you want ? " " The five of spades, please," and it was handed to me, with expectation of great sport. " I shall require one other thing, if you don't mind," I further said. " What ! " they asked a little impatiently. " A Bible." They could not produce one. " No, but you had one once," said the fortune teller, " and if you had followed its precepts you would not have been what you now are. However, I have one," and to their dismay I produced the small testament I always carried with me.

A pistol would hardly have been a more unwelcome object. But as fortune teller I began : " Gentlemen, you see these two pips at the top of the card ? I wish them to represent your *two eyes* ; this one in the middle your *mouth* ; and these other two your *knees*. Now, in Revelation 1. 7, I read, " Behold, He cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see Him.' The Speaker is the Nazarene, who shed His blood for sinners like you and me ; and your eyes, that now see Him, have to stand before Him to be judged. That is the future of your eyes," I continued. " Now, concerning your mouth and knees, let me read Philippians 2. 9-11 : ' Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every Name ; that at the name of Jesus every *knee* should bow, of things in Heaven, and things on earth ; and that every *tongue* should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' From this I foretell that your knees will bow to Jesus, and your tongue, that used to say ' Gentle Jesus ' and ' Our Father,' will have to confess that He is Lord of all. Your eyes will see Him, and when you see

Him your knees will grow weak, and you will fall before His Majesty."

They got more than they bargained for, but I gave them some more. "Gentlemen, that is only the first reading of this card. Now for the second, if you please. These five spades represent five actual spades that are already made, and may ere long dig the graves of you five sinners, and then your souls will be in Hell, crying in thirst for a drop of water, and you will wish you had never been born."

The five card sharpers were getting more and more fidgety, but they could not get out, as the train would not stop until it had reached Reading.

"Gentlemen," I continued, "you may escape this terrible future, and my fortune not come true, if you do what I did, and perhaps I was the worst of the six. My *eyes* saw the Lord Jesus dying upon the Cross for me in my stead, bearing my doom. My *tongue* confessed Him Lord, and my *knees* bowed to Him in lowly submission. If you do this, I can foretell the very reverse of all I have said. I have told your fortunes, as I promised, and if I am right you ought to cross my palm with a shilling apiece. But I do not wish your five shillings. I will be content if even one of you will promise to accept the Lord Jesus Christ whose Blood cleanseth from all sin."

They would neither pay nor promise, but as the train pulled up at Reading they tumbled out as if the carriage had contained a small-pox patient, leaving me in possession of the "five of spades." "Stop!" I cried, "here's your card," which I tossed after them. Was the effort wasted? Let the sequel answer.

Recently walking near my home at Shepherd's Bush, London, I was accosted by some one saying, "Good evening, sir." "It is a good evening if all your sins are forgiven," was my rejoinder. "Yes, and I am glad you are still at it," replied the stranger. "Still at what?" "Telling fortunes." "That is not my line." "Well, you told mine more than ten years ago." "I think you are mistaken." "Oh, no, I am sure you are the same person."

He then recalled the train journey from Oxford. "Ah! I remember, and you left like a lot of cowards, without paying the fortune teller." "I am your payment," he replied; "your words came true of three of us; three spades have dug their graves, the other one I saw at Reading a few days ago. He is anxious to be saved from the fortune you foretold. As I parted with him I earnestly said, 'Sam, don't forget the five of spades'."

"And what about yourself?" "When you saw me I had been to a sister's. I was right down miserable. Mother

had just died. Calling me to her bedside, she had said, 'William, kiss your mother, and I leave you this Scripture, "Behold, He cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see Him" (Rev. 1. 7).' When you quoted those very words, it seemed as if my dear mother rose up and frowned upon the cards. That text followed me. I drank, and drank, and drank again ; but continually I heard, 'Every eye shall see Him.' At last I went to California for the gold diggings. Soon after I landed, having nothing to do one evening, I stopped to hear some singing. When a young man got up to speak, he gave out as his text, 'Behold, He cometh with clouds ; and every eye shall see Him.' It was more than I could stand. That night I bowed my knees in submission, saw Jesus as my Saviour, and with my tongue confessed Him. I have long wished to meet you, and tell you the result of your fortune telling, but I did not know who you were, and had no means of finding you. With what surprise and delight I recognised you to-night." He was soon going back to the diggings, but that one interview was good payment for the fortune teller.

The Story of a White Rose

ONE evening when on my way to speak at a Gospel meeting in London, I was hurriedly passing along the Thames Embankment, and within a hundred yards of the hall I noticed a fine prepossessing young woman in deep mourning standing in profound thought. Her attitude and manner arrested my attention ; I hesitated a minute, and then felt prompted to speak, asking her to pardon my apparent rudeness in addressing her. I invited her to our meeting close by, saying no one should interfere to prevent her leaving at any time ; and as a further inducement promised a cup of hot coffee and a bun.

She indignantly resented my interruption of her reverie, and emphatically declined to come to the meeting. Here I may say that the lady with whom I had just taken tea, had presented me with a white rose. I had always made it a rule not to wear a "button hole," but my hostess was so persistent, and some power seemed to be compelling me to accept, that I yielded on this occasion. So removing it from my coat, I turned and asked as a parting favour if she would accept it. Looking first at the rose, then at me, she finally grasped the beautiful flower, and as the gas lamp shone on that sorrow-stricken countenance, I noticed a falling tear. Giving her the name of the street where the hall was situated, and saying good-bye, I left her, hoping she would yet alter her decision and come to the meeting.

I had finished speaking, and another worker was following

me, when I espied in a dark corner of the hall, my friend with whom I had spoken an hour before. On his concluding she rose as though she had something to say, and yet was afraid ; presently however, in clear and distinct, though tremulous tones, she told her sad story. " I was standing," she said, " on the embankment, just deciding whether to go back into the haunts of vice and immorality in which I have lived five years, in sin of the most wretched and degrading kind, or end all (which seemed by far the best), by simply throwing myself over the embankment into the surging waters of the Thames. I had all but decided to drown myself when *that* gentleman spoke to me and aroused me from my wicked thoughts ; after again and again pressing me to accompany him to this meeting, and I insultingly refused, he asked my acceptance of this beautiful white rose—the same pure white flower my widowed mother gave me five years ago in our village home, in the north of England, far from this awfully sinful city—her favourite flower, cut from a much cherished tree—at the same time remarking, " Ellen, my dear girl, you are leaving your poor lone mother, much against her wish, to roam, I very much fear, into sin, and when you are far away from her, and you ever see a white rose, always remember your mother's parting gift to you will be followed by fervent prayer for the return of her sinful child. Day nor night shall I cease to pray that God may bring you home a saved child."

" I have often thought of my mother and her words, and have had to stifle conscience many times, and while contemplating that awful step to-night, I thought of her, and I pray to God to forgive me the sorrow this night's act would have caused her. This pure sweet rose brought me to my senses. I gazed at it, kissed it, moaned over it, felt powerless to resist coming to this meeting, and I've been listening to the invitations to ' Come to Jesus,' and I feel I dare not go from here without salvation ; if Christ will only extend His mercy to one so deep in sin and immorality as I am."

We stopped our meeting and began to speak to her about John 3. 16 : " For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." To this she listened eagerly, then burst into tears and fell upon her knees, imploring in deep anguish the Lord to save her soul. We joined in prayer, then leaving her with God, with whom she was pleading for forgiveness. Her state at times was alarming, but presently she became more calm and subdued, and then quietly rising she exclaimed, " Oh, mother, your long-lost child will return to you *saved by believing* in the merits of a crucified Saviour."

After giving thanks to God for answering prayer, we sheltered her for the night, and on the morrow communicated with her mother, who was overcome with joy and thankfulness at the glad news. We sought and obtained for her a situation among Christians, where she is to-day, happy in Christ and living a consistent life, and seeking to lead others to the same precious Saviour. And she will always remember and thank God for the gift of the White Rose.

You, Me; or Anybody Else!

A FRIEND of mine was preaching in Hyde Park one afternoon to a goodly number of its usual frequenters, and as he was on the point of dismissing his audience, at the conclusion of his address, he was stopped by some one touching him on the arm. He turned round and saw a man whose appearance and attire evidently showed that he hailed "from the country," who, addressing the preacher, earnestly begged to be allowed to speak a word to the people, and tell them the story of his conversion, which had taken place but a few weeks before.

He spoke with a broad country accent, and this with his happy face and heart-felt manner, secured him a riveted attention.

His story was to the following effect :

"The gentleman who has just spoke to you has given me leave to tell you what's in my heart, and has been there this few weeks past. I am a poor labouring man, and never being no scholard, you can't expect me to talk much grammar, so you'll excuse my simple way, and let me tell you how the Lord saved my soul.

"I was ploughing for my master, in a field beside the road, and just sat down agen the fence nearest to it, to have my bit of bread and cheese, the horses standing in the furrow at the headlands, when I sees a gentleman leaning over the gate looking out at the prospect. Presently, he spies me, and comes across the gate to where I was sitting. He said it was a fine day, and I said it was so, with the blessing of God, as we always says down in them parts, not thinking nothing about God all the time.

"Howsomever, he pulls me up sharp, though in a kindly voice, says he :

" 'Do you know the blessing of God in saving *your* soul ? ' It quite took me aback, and I says,

" 'Of course, we all wants to be saved, and hopes we shall afore we comes to die.' Then he spoke a great deal to me, as I never heard the likes in my life ; about being born again, and all to that away.

" Before he goes, he takes out a book and says, ' I should like to give you this, and will you read this chapter where I turn the leaf down ? ' I thanked him with all my heart ; but told him I was no scholard, never having had no book larning.

" ' Well,' says he, ' never mind that, you get the first person that can read to read this chapter to you.' So he left the book, and I never seen him from that time.

" After a bit, as I sat on the bank, thinking in a dazed way of what I had been told, with my mind all in a muddle, I hears a boy coming lumping along home from school, whistling some tune to himself. Thinks I, he'll do ! So I calls, Hey, boy ! Come here ! He comes over. So I tells him to sit down just there beside me, and read me out of a book a gentleman gave me.

" I axed him, ' Can you read ? ' ' Aye, can I, and write my own name tew.' He reads away, and I sits listening with all my might. He reads about a man what came to Jesus by night, and I never knew anything take such hold on me as them words did. I had often heard sarmons with fine long words, but these came right home to me ; and I was wholly stammed when he read about being born again, for that was what the gentleman was saying to me before. Then I lost what he read for a bit, for thinking to myself, ' Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of Heaven ' (John 3. 3, 7). Now, I want to go to Heaven, and I always thought if a man did the best he could, and paid his way, and loved his neighbour, what more could he do, and he would surely go to Heaven at the end ; but this floored me—this being born again.

I called out to him to stop, and read that last over again. As he read, what he told me was the sixteenth verse, the light began to shine in on my heart, and I thought this is what being born again means, this explains it. I know now, it was the Holy Spirit of God through them words, ' For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

" Yet I couldn't half think it was for me ; and there was one word that seemed to me the chief word, that I couldn't understand, so I axed the boy,

" ' Can yon tell me what that there word *whosoever* means ? ' But he seemed to know it as little as myself, he looked this way and that, as boys do, but couldn't see the meaning no where's ; then he said, ' I can't for the life of me tell you what it means.' But I wasn't to be put off, I was too anxious, so I urged him to think again. ' You're such a good scholard,

and can write your own name, surely you know what this word means?' 'No,' he says, 'I don't know what it means, unless it means *you, me, or anybody else*.'

" 'Well,' says I, 'why didn't you say that at first, I can understand that easy enough. Now, read that verse over again, if you please, and put them words in instead of the long one.' So he read over again.

" 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *you, me, or anybody* else believing in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

" I lifted up my heart and thanked God there and then, for such mercy to a sinner like me. His love was so wonderful, and those words made it all plain that it was *for me*. I got the boy to say the verse over and over again, walking by me as I went on with my ploughing, until I knew them myself as well. The rest of that afternoon my heart was singing for joy, and as I followed the plough up and down in the furrow I kept repeating the words over to myself, getting fresh understanding of them every time.

" After I had baited my horses, and put them out in the yard for the night, I went home, and the first thing I says to my wife when I gets in was, 'Wife! with the blessing of God—and I meant it this time—my fortune's made! For this very day I have received everlasting life.' She said, 'Thank God then, my prayers are answered.' She had been a Christian woman for a long time, and often had I given her sorrow through my ways.

" 'But how did you come by it?' Then I read to her—or rather said it to her, though I opened the book—the 16th verse of the 3rd of John.

" I was so full of my new-found happiness, that as soon as I had my supper, I felt I must go down and tell my mates the good news, thinking, of course, they'd be glad to hear it. we were accustomed to meet at the public in the village street, called the 'Fleece,' and I think now it's a good name for such places, for its just there a fellow does get properly fleeced, as I have proved many's the time.

" So I goes down there this night with my Testament in my pocket. When I gets there my mates, and the landlord especially, begin by crying out how late I am, that I must have something very good to tell, and so on. Then when they are quiet, I tells them what I telled my wife, and pulls out my Testament, and says the verse to them. 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever—that means *You, me, or anybody else*—believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

" Well, they stared at me, but hadn't a word to say; at

last, the landlord spoke up. I suppose he thought that if all came to this way of thinking there would be an end to his trade, so he says, 'Come, we don't want any of that sort of cant here, we have enough of preaching on Sundays by larned men without your setting up to be so good.' I answers him, 'Is that the way it is, landlord? Well, it opens my eyes plain, what the friendship of the world's worth, I could come here and talk all manner of stuff about anyone, and anything, no matter how low, drink till I was scarce able to find my way home; and I was welcome, but now that my soul is saved I mustn't speak about that, nor about my Saviour, then I can't come here any more indeed. Here's the three shillings I owe you, and good-bye.'

"Now, if you go down to my country and want to find me, all you'll have to do is to ask where 'WHOSOEVER' lives, for that's the nick-name they gave me then, and the little children cry out when I pass them, 'There's Whosoever!' 'There goes old Whosoever'! But I don't mind; indeed I rejoice, for I'm on the winning side, and I would that all ye who hear me now, took your place as one of these 'whosoever's.' If not, ye *must* be among the other 'whosoever's' in Rev. 20. 15. 'And whosoever—*you, me, or anybody else*—was not *found* written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire'!"

One Golden Curl

HE was one of the class who have made Britain great—"an honest working man." His home was in a humble street in the city of Glasgow, yet withal he was a "gentleman" in the truest sense, made *gentle* by "the grace of God," with a heart overflowing with love to "all *men*."

It seemed one of the joys of his life to get me alone and recount to me the poverty struggles of his boyhood; the wanderings in the broad path of folly; the marvellous transformation of mind, heart, and life, "when it pleased God to reveal His Son" in him; the joys and trials of early service for the Master; and the faithfulness of a Covenant-keeping God.

Once, specially, during a period in which he was passing through a "burning fiery furnace" of affliction, although two men only had entered the room, it seemed as if a third were present, and the form of the third was "like the Son of God" (Dan. 3. 25). His heart aglow with his favourite theme—Grace and Glory—he joyfully exclaimed with the apostle, "For our light affliction, which is but for a *moment*, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are *seen*, but at the things which are *not seen*: for the things which are seen are

temporal; but the things which are not seen are *eternal*" (2 Cor. 4. 17, 18).

Stopping suddenly in the midst of his glowing words, he exclaimed, "I'll show you something which illustrates this passage, though I seldom show it to any one." So, saying, he approached a little folding desk, set it on the table at my side, and opened it as one might open a treasure chest, which, to him, indeed it was. Folding back the upper part of the writing slope, he dived into the secret recesses of the seldom-used portion of the desk. My inquisitiveness was aroused. Was I to behold a family heirloom of unknown value, a nugget or gem sent by a friend in a distant land, a presentation from fellow-workers after years of service, a relic of the days of folly and sin, or what?

Producing from the very bottom of this treasure hoard a small package wrapped in brown paper, he began to open it up. One wrapping after another only increased my anxiety, as it certainly increased his earnestness. At last, after much unfolding, on the cleanest of white tissue, now fast being moistened by falling tears, lay—one golden curl, TOMMY'S CURL—all that he had left of the boy who had been a father's pride, a mother's joy, ere the Good Shepherd had folded the lamb in His bosom. Holding the curl in his shaking hand, tears fast flowing down both our cheeks, his soul stirred to its depths as he contrasted the "*temporal*" with the "*eternal*," he declared, "My brother, were it not for *resurrection*, life would not be worth living!"

When the doctor had given up hope, when mother had received the last sad look from those bonnie blue eyes, when father had kissed the pallid cheek cold in death, with trembling hand he had cut the golden curl that used to adorn the fair brow of his darling boy. Now once more that silent memorial, was unearthed, reminding us that by virtue of "REDEMPTION through the Blood" of Christ (Eph. 1. 7) the believing parent and innocent child were safe; by virtue of "the RESURRECTION of Jesus Christ from the dead" (1 Pet. 1. 3), the prospect of a REUNION beyond this parting vale was assured. Hence "Tommy's curl," a relic of the *temporal* in the land of sorrow and farewells also spoke of the *eternal* where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away" (Rev. 21. 4).

It may be that this page is wet with the silent tear from a mother whose memory has been stirred, a father whose heart has been touched, or a son or daughter in whom "chords that were broken now vibrate once more." There are more

treasured curls than one, and there are more treasures than curls. The baby shoe, the simple toy, the little dress, the piece of jewellery, the volume or other belongings are brought out of the secret drawer as the fateful birthday comes round. Then the pleasures, revellings, follies, and sins of this life appear in their true "temporal" character; the life "beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb" appears as it is—real and "eternal."

The Card on the Pavement

ONE Lord's day evening, as Miss Murphy, a teacher, left the school, one girl, named Jane, came up to her and said, "Miss Murphy, may I walk a bit of the way with you; I have something to tell you so awful, and I want you to pray for the person." "Certainly, dear," was the reply.

On their way Jane, who seemed overwhelmed with her subject, broke out, "Oh, I am terrified! I am miserable!" "What is it, dear?" Miss Murphy again asked. "Let me hear it, and let us take it to Him who knows it already, and who is ever willing, ever able to help." "You recollect, ma'am, the young girl I told you of, the Roman Catholic, for whom you have been praying? Well, you know I told you I used to tell her all the stories you used to tell us, but for the last three weeks she has not been allowed to speak to me. Her father and mother are Romanists. She is their only child, and is *dedicated*, so they will not let her look at me, but now the worst of all has come. On Friday last, as she was walking down one of the principal streets of the town, she saw a bit of white paper on the ground, and passed by. Before, however, she reached the warehouse to which she was going, she felt, to use her own words, something within her urging her to go back and pick up that paper. She did so, and found it to be a little card, blank on one side, but on the other this text, '*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*' (Mark 8. 36). Mary read it several times, but never having read the Scriptures, she was at a loss to know the meaning of the words. At last she said to herself, 'Jane can tell me,' and back she came to me, a distance of two miles.

"Entering my room in a most agitated state, she said, 'What does this mean? I know you can tell me.' I read it, and replied, 'It means what it says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"' and in a simple way I explained the passage.

"'Who said it?' asked Mary, hurriedly. 'The Lord Jesus Christ in His own Word,' I answered. Instantly Mary snatched the ticket out of my hand, and rushed out of the house in a

frantic manner. So alarmed was I by her looks that after some time I followed her, and meeting her mother at her own door, I asked how Mary was, and if I could see her.

" ' Oh, indeed,' replied her mother, ' she is a strange creature; I think her mind is going—she is walking up and down her room like one bewitched. I do not think she could see any one,' and turning round she went in. ' In fact, Miss Murphy,' said Jane, ' I am quite sure she is going mad ; do pray for her that the Lord may spare her reason.' "

This conversation took place on Sunday evening. On Tuesday morning she received a letter from Jane, saying, " Praise the Lord, Mary is converted. Oh, Miss Murphy, such a conversion ; I had it all from herself. It seems that on Friday night, after she left me, she was like a lunatic all the evening, pacing up and down. Her father and mother were in a terrible state, not knowing what to do with her, and very early she went to her own room, saying she would be better next day. She dared not tell them the truth. All that night she paced her room in wild agony. To use her own words, ' Everything I looked at had these awful words written in enormous letters on it, "*Lose his own soul !*" "*LOSE HIS OWN SOUL !*" Ceiling, walls, floor ; nay, my very hands contained them, as I was on the eve of madness. I felt it, I did not dare to lie down, or put out the light.'

" Next morning she came down looking pale and miserable. ' Father asked me,' she said, ' " Are you no better ? " ' I replied, ' Not much.' He reminded me of a party we were to have, and said, ' You must be all right for that, you know ; would you wish to see the doctor ? ' ' No, no ; there is no occasion. I shall be all right by that time.' Again I asked leave to retire early, and did so, but as I closed my door again, the huge letters appeared all around me. It was no fancy, for there they stood, ' Lose his own soul.' That whole night I spent like the preceding one pacing the room, now and again trying to pray, but I had no words except, ' Lord, help me.'

" Next day father was very angry because I looked ill and miserable, and said I must see a doctor. I said if I was not better to-morrow I would. About 11 o'clock I heard father and mother go by to their room, and just then I remembered that Nana, an aged nurse, had left an old, torn Bible behind her, which was thrown into a lumber room downstairs. At once the thought struck me that I must get it, and starting down I sought amongst heaps of old rubbish till I found it. Bringing it up, I closed my door. I laid it on my bed, and asked God to show me my text, then opening the Book my eyes fell on these words, ' For God so loved the world, that He gave His

only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life ' (John 3. 16).

" I was greatly disappointed ; I expected to see my verse when I asked God to show it to me, and I said, ' That will not do ; it is my own verse I want,' and closing the Book, I reopened it, but at the same place. Again impatiently shutting the Bible, I cried to God to show me my verse. Once more I opened it, and again at the same verse. And this time it was no fancy : it was not the light of the lamp that fell upon the page, but, oh, I saw it all. *God loved, God gave, I had to believe, and I had everlasting life.* I felt bursting, and could only utter a shriek of joy, which brought father and mother into my room. They saw what it all meant, and scolded and threatened. Father took my Book to burn, and mother wept ; but I was happy. I had no pale face next day, but felt so calm ; I cannot explain it to you unless you have known it yourself."

Miss Murphy's heart was filled with wonder and praise as she thus heard the story of God's dealings with this young soul, apparently shut out from all human aid, but whom He had met and taught Himself.

The Kerry Shepherd Boy

J. N. DARBY records the incident of his curacy days in Ireland. " Many years ago I was requested to go to see a poor boy who was dying in a lonely and rather inaccessible district in the west of Ireland. After upwards of an hour's toilsome walking I discovered in one corner of the hut a heap of straw, on which lay the poor sufferer. Some scanty covering, probably his own wearing apparel, had been thrown over him, but as to bed or bed clothes, there was none discernible in this humble dwelling. I approached, and saw a young lad about seventeen or eighteen years of age evidently in a state of extreme suffering and exhaustion, and it was to be feared in the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, but he opened them on my approach, and stared at me with a kind of wild wonder, like a frightened animal. I told him as quietly as possible who I was, and for what purpose I had come, and put a few of the simplest questions to him respecting his hope of salvation. He answered nothing ; he appeared totally unconscious of my meaning. On pressing him further, and speaking to him kindly and affectionately, he looked up, and I ascertained from the few words he uttered that he had heard something of a God and a future judgment, but he had hardly been taught to read.

" I was struck with dismay and almost with despair. Here was a fellow-creature whose precious soul, apparently on the

verge of Eternity, must be saved or lost for ever ; and he lay before me now, the hand of death close upon him ; not a moment was to be lost, and what was I to do ? I had scarcely ever before felt such a sinking within me. I could do nothing ; that I knew full well, but on the other hand God could do all ; I therefore raised up my heart and besought my Heavenly Father for Christ's sake to direct me in this most difficult and trying position, and to open to me by His Spirit of wisdom a way to set forth the glad tidings of salvation so as to be understood by this poor benighted wanderer.

“ ‘ Have you had this cough long ? ’ I asked. ‘ Oh, yes, a long time ; near a year now. ’ ‘ And how did you catch it ? A Kerry boy, I should have thought, would have been reared hardily and accustomed to this sharp air ! ’ ‘ Ah, ’ he answered, ‘ and so I was until that terrible night. It was about this time last year when one of the sheep went astray. My father keeps a few sheep upon the mountains, and this is the way we live. When he reckoned them that night, there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it. ’ ‘ No doubt, ’ I replied, ‘ you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire in this close little hut to the cold mountain blast. ’ ‘ Oh, that I did ; there was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through ; but I did not mind it much, as I was so anxious to find father's sheep. ’

“ ‘ And did you find it ? ’ I asked, with increased interest. ‘ Oh, yes. I had a long, weary way to go, but I never stopped until I found it. ’ ‘ And how did you get it home. You had trouble enough with that, too, I daresay. Was it willing to follow back ? ’ ‘ Well, I did not like to trust it, and besides it was dead beat and tired, so I laid it on my shoulders and carried it home that way. ’ ‘ And were they not all at home rejoiced to see you when you returned with the sheep ? ’ ‘ Sure enough, and that they were, ’ he replied. ‘ Father and mother, and the people round that heard of our loss, all came in the next morning to ask about the sheep, for the neighbours in these matters are mighty kind to each other. Sorry they were, too, to hear that I was kept out the whole dark night ; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was I caught this cold. Mother says I will never be better now ; God knows best. Anyways, I did my best to save the sheep. ’

“ Wonderful ! I thought ; here is the whole Gospel history. I explained to this poor dying boy the plan of salvation, making use of his own simple and affecting story. I read to him the few verses in Luke 15, where the care of the shepherd for the strayed sheep is so beautifully expressed. ‘ What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after

that which is lost, until he find it ? And when he has found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me ; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.'

"He at once perceived the likeness, and followed me with deep interest while I explained to him the full meaning of the parable. My poor sick lad seemed to drink it all in. He received it all ; he understood it all. He survived our first meeting but a few days. I had no time to read or expound to him any other portion of the Scripture. At times we could hear nothing but stifling rending coughs ; at times he slumbered heavily for a little, but whenever he was able to think and listen, these verses in Luke 15 satisfied and cheered him. He accepted Christ as his Saviour. He died humbly and peacefully, with the words 'Jesus, my Saviour !' and 'Jesus, my Shepherd !' as the last words he uttered."

"I Give My Blood, I Do Not Sell It"

A MIDST the awful carnage and horror of war, opportunities for self-sacrifice and heroism abound. Few, however, of the many touching incidents which have been retold can equal, for devotion and simplicity, the following story of a French soldier as recorded in the *Times* :

"A wounded man in the hospital of the Grand Hotel, Paris, was going to be operated upon, but he was so feeble that the surgeon hesitated, saying, 'If only some one would render to him some blood.' 'If only that is necessary, here I am,' replied a wounded soldier, a Breton. The transfusion took place. The staff of the hospital, moved by the devotion of this man whom they knew to be very poor, got up a subscription, seeking discreetly here and there, and collected five hundred francs, which they were delighted to offer him. Approaching his bed one day a member of the staff spoke of the service rendered, thanked him, and offered him the money, and this was the response : 'No, no, I give my blood, I do not sell it'."

The Breton soldier freely gave his blood to secure the life of a fellow-sufferer, expecting no reward in return. In "greater love" the Son of God left the glories of Heaven, became the "Man of Sorrows," and "poured out His soul unto death" (Isa. 53. 12). His death has satisfied the claims of God's holiness, and through His Blood, poured out on Calvary, redemption has been accomplished.

“Peter’s Nellie”

“WHO’S got a copper for poor Peter? I’ll stand on my head! or give you a dance! or sing you a comic song for a ha’penny, or a penny, or a drop o’ beer. Now, who’s going to throw the first copper into the old hat, towards getting a dinner for poor Peter?”

So spoke a man of middle height and middle age, having the liquid red lips that denote spirit-drinking, and a full, bloated face—among a company of working men who were taking their mid-day meal in a public-house in the northern district of London.

Hungering and despised, weary and sick at heart—yet “no man gave unto him.” Some looked upon him with a half smile of pitying forbearance, regarding him as scarcely a responsible being; others, especially the younger men, made no attempt to hide their anger and disgust at his presence, but openly bade him go and leave them to eat in peace the dinner *they had earned*.

Amid all, he stood, bearing, with a sickly attempt at laughter, the hard words directed against him, until he left the place. But as the evening drew on, and night came, his gains both in liquor and in money were slightly increased; until the last song was sung, the last house was closing, and there was only the choice between the damp, chilly streets and his miserable home.

Peter was in his ordinary condition of dull intoxication as he entered his dwelling; his step was steady, his strength firm; but there was brooding within him a fierce, caged devil—greatly feared by his wife and children, because easily aroused by a word or a look—a devil that had oftentimes broken out upon them, and driven them forth amid oaths and curses, blows and tears.

Without a word of greeting he sat down, ignorant and careless whether his wife and children had been fed during his absence; and he began to prepare for rest.

His toil-worn wife glanced keenly from under her bent brow, and then timidly said—“There’s a bad message concerning Nellie, Peter; she must have caught the fever when she came here last week. I went down to see her this afternoon; but a boy came late this evening to say she was very bad, and wanted you to go and see her.” As the poor wife spoke, she looked up fearfully, as if uncertain in what manner such unwelcome intelligence would be received.

He made no reply, but replaced his worn shoes upon his weary feet, and went forth into the sharp night. Shivering with cold, as the bleak wind met him, he steadily and for a

time silently held upon his way. At length he began muttering, " Nellie ! Nellie ! down with the fever ! I'd sooner it had been all the others together."

Poor Peter's one lamb, the despised drunkard's last hold and hope in life. " Nellie down ! pleasant-faced, bright-eyed Nellie ! I wish I knew there was a God ! I'd pray to Him and ask Him to spare me Nellie : but I haven't believed in any God for years ; if I had, I shouldn't be as I am now ! But Nellie always loved me ; when all the rest ran away afraid, Nellie never did ; she came the closer, and looked up, wondering what mad devil had got into father, but certain it would not hurt *her*. And I never did beat little Nellie, drunk or sober. Haven't I gone hungry myself many a time, with little Nellie's halfpenny loaf safe in my pocket ? And I know I drank harder, because I missed her so, when she went away from me to service. Why didn't I, why couldn't I, keep sober, and have little Nellie with me at home ? "

The nurse laid her finger on her lip, as he entered Nellie's room, and sank upon a chair close to the bedside. Laying his shoes aside, and removing his wet coat, he looked attentively at his sick daughter. Nellie was lying as if exhausted, her face colourless, lips black and swollen, and her breathing hard and difficult. As he looked upon her, a dull, faint heart-sinking within him, told him that hope was over—that his darling was passing away. A low, wild cry that he could not repress broke from him, and then his face was covered by his hands, as he fell upon his knees by the bedside.

The sound roused the dying girl ; she looked wildly and unconsciously around, until her eyes met the shrinking figure by the bedside. Then thought and the old love returned to her ; she gently raised the bowed head until it rested upon her hot, labouring bosom, and his arms were flung around her, with an intensity that said he knew not how to let her go. " Father ! darling father ! " she said, her arms clinging lovingly round his neck, " I am dying."

A low groan, that seemed wrung from the depths of a breaking heart, was the only reply he was able to give ; but it caused the fever-glittering eyes to fix more intently upon him, and the hot arms to tighten around him as she spoke again. " I want you to think of our old home, father, when you used to twine my hair round your fingers as I climbed upon your knee, and to remember how you always loved Nellie ! I wish such times to come again, though I shall not be with you : and so I ask, you to pray for me and for yourself too."

" I cannot, I dare not, Nellie," he said ; " I would if I could —if only because you asked me, but I cannot, and it would

be useless. I have sinned beyond forgiveness ; He would not hear me." " No, no, father ! " she replied, " Jesus ' is able to save to the uttermost, ' and He came to do it, and He *can* and *will* save you. If you have been a great sinner, the greater honour to Him in saving you. Pray, father, pray for yourself and for me ; I shall soon be in Heaven ; but I want you to come there too."

Closer and more clingingly yet, as though in her entreaty, she would grow to him as in the old happy time, Nellie twined her arms around him. She was fast passing away ; but it seemed as if she could not go, until her striving spirit was gladdened by words of prayer from her father's lips, and she renewed her effort, entreating, " Father, darling father ! Nellie is dying, but before I go, I want to hear you pray—only a few words, father ! Don't refuse such a thing to your darling Nellie ! It is the last thing she will ever ask on earth of you ! "

With an outburst of sobs and tears, that shook the dying girl as a leaf in the autumn wind, her father for the first time in a long life, uttered words of earnest prayer to God. He gasped forth—" God in Heaven, have mercy upon my darling and upon me ! " The barriers once broken down, the pent up deluge burst forth. With his daughter's arms around him, her hot breath upon his tear-stained cheek, there the poor drunkard pleaded earnestly for mercy ; and though the words were laboured and interrupted, they were earnest and heartfelt—and *they were heard*. " For while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

" Amen ! " responded Nellie, and then continued, " I am going to be with Jesus—one of His servants, doing His will, and seeing Him always, and I want your promise to love and serve Him too." " I will, Nellie," he said, " indeed I will ! if He will have a poor, broken-down wretch like me ! " " Let me pray now, father," she said ; and with her last strength, she poured forth humble, earnest entreaties into the listening ear of Eternal Love for her father, and her mother, and the other children. Then, still clinging closely round his neck, she faltered, " Father, one more promise ; don't ever drink any more ! "

" I won't, Nellie ! " he gasped, " I never will, God helping me ; I never will touch strong drink again." A glad, peaceful smile lit up her face, as the promise fell upon her ear, and she faintly murmured, " I am going, father," Then the loving arms unclasped, the head fell back, and Nellie " was not."

A few days, and what had been Nellie was laid in a green spot, until the great awakening, and Peter had to return to daily life, without his darling.

Peter fought the hard strife—and conquered ; clinging to his work, to Nellie's Bible, and to prayer. He goes upon his way, speaking of Jesus and of Nellie and of hope ; himself a living Gospel to the drunkard, a breathing proof of the infinite willingness of the Son of God to rescue and to *save*.

The Cat and a Cup of Coffee

THE following story was told by a missionary, T. E. Zerbib, of Mogador. The Court was sitting at Marrakesh, and in the course of conversation the question arose as to which was the better—a man born of gentle birth, or one who by education, discipline, and culture, became, as we say, "a gentleman." Arguments for one or the other were so well balanced that preference could not be given to either

The Sultan then decided that a representative of each party should be chosen, and in a month's time bring the concentrated opinion of the two sides, and he—the Sultan—would decide which was the most convincing.

Soon after, one of the leaders was going on a business tour. He was seen early one morning superintending the lading of his mules with his merchandise. After much shouting and noise, as is usual on such occasions, he started amidst the many good wishes of his friends : "The peace of Allah go with thee ! May Allah prosper you ! and may Allah bring you back in safety ! "

In the course of his journey he came to a large village, and seeing a native inn, he arranged for his baggage mules, and went inside. Sitting down on a divan, he lighted a cigarette, and awaited the bringing in of some coffee, which he had ordered. After a while he saw at the far end of the hall a green curtain drawn aside, and to his intense astonishment a cat came in walking on its hind legs, and carrying towards him on its front paws a small tray, upon which was a cup of coffee. "Oh," he thought, "what a convincing proof this is in my favour ; it clearly shows what a remarkable and interesting change can be made by teaching, training, and discipline."

Later on when the landlord came in, the traveller said to him, "Friend, what a clever cat you have got. Would you like to sell it to me ? " "No," said the owner, "I value it too greatly. Besides, we are very fond of it." "Well," said the traveller, "I much want such a cat. I will give you sixty dollars for it." "I cannot sell it," said the landlord, "it brings us so much custom." The traveller was so taken with the skill of the cat that he offered a hundred dollars for it. "No," again said its owner ; "if I were to sell it the man on the other side of the street would capture all my business, and I should

lose my living." As a final effort the traveller told the landlord of the cafe that he did not want the cat for himself, but wished to make a present of it to the Sultan, and that for this reason he would give five hundred dollars (£100) for the cat. The owner went away to talk with his wife, the result of this was that they decided to part with the cat for such an advantageous sum, "if business fails us, we can open a shop and sell burnouses, etc., and so get our livelihood." The five hundred dollars were paid, the cat comfortably placed in a basket, and its new possessor continued his journey.

On his arrival home, the rumour spread that he had returned with a splendid proof of what he and his supporters maintained, as the result of what education and training can do. The leader of the other party heard of this, and said, "If I were to ask him what his proof was he would not tell me. I will send my slave to his slave, and he will find it out." Having thus got to know about the cat, he made his plans accordingly.

The Court was summoned to meet at Fez. On its assembly the Sultan sat at one end of the hall on his throne, surrounded by his immediate courtiers in their State robes. On either side at the other end of the room sat the two leaders and their supporters.

The Sultan then called for the decisions that had been arrived at. It so happened that the possessor of the cat was first asked to speak. At once he told the cat to make salaams before the Sultan, such as it had been taught to do. The cat having performed this pleasing duty, then stood up on its hind legs and held out its front paws to carry a cup of coffee to the Sultan. The other party felt that they had no such manifest proof, and that their case would be lost, and they expressed their fears and disappointment to their leader. "Wait awhile," said he. The owner of the cat then told it to take another cup of coffee to the leader of the opposite party. When it had gone half-way across the room the latter brought out from behind him a sack. Unnoticed he quietly opened it, and out ran a number of mice. Down went the cup of coffee as the cat bounded after the mice. All the education and training of the cat availed nothing. All outward restraint broke down, the old nature burst out in spite of all the pains and trouble that for years had been taken to repress the inborn instincts of the cat.

The lesson is needed to-day. Christians, as well as the non-Christian world, have to learn what St. Paul hardly learnt until after many years of the Holy Spirit's work in his heart, when he wrote, "In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7. 18). We have no power of ourselves to get rid of the taint of inborn sin; to remove the facile bias of the old nature; to put off the old man which is corrupt (Eph. 4. 22).

The Arrested Bullet

“WELL, Edward, how are you getting on down in the King’s County?” asked a wealthy Dublin banker’s son, of his old school-fellow and father’s customer—a young Irish landowner who had come on business up to the city, when the present century was yet in its infancy.

He was the picture of an Irishman of the good old school! Handsome, tall, athletic—a favourite everywhere; of a happy, pleasant disposition, that made him acceptable in every society, and gained him ready admission to all the amusements and gaieties of county life.

He was just at the age when, in his position, a man’s life receives the final bent. He was “coming out.”

His early training had been excellent—surrounded by Christian influence, and guarded by prayerful watchfulness. As he grew older, and saw the freedom other young men enjoyed, such a sober life grew irksome, and he was gradually shaking off its restraints—untying the apron strings, as young men call it.

In the ignorance and buoyancy of his heart, he had fallen an easy prey into the hands of the spoiler, but for the circumstance this history relates.

It was just at this juncture that he came up to Dublin, and, calling on his banker, had the above question put to him. “We’re having a jolly time of it, old fellow,” responded Edward, enthusiastically, his whole face aglow with health and vivacity. “There’s some excitement on continually; we’re never dull. What with county and military balls, dinners, parties of all kinds, the club, and hunting, with a visit to the race-course by way of variety, we contrive to kill time so pleasantly.”

His friend regarded him very earnestly whilst he was speaking, and a feeling of compassion and yearning for his old school-fellow filled his heart. He thought, “If he only knew how to estimate these things aright, how he would despise them, and flee from them as destructive to his soul’s eternal happiness.” Yet he was wiser than to say this. He simply said, cheerfully, “Indeed, Edward, you seem to be enjoying yourself, at any rate. What you tell me, reminds me of the words of a wise man I read lately, ‘Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes’” (to all this Edward’s heart assented, saying mentally, “That’s it, that’s just what I mean to do”): “‘but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment’” (Eccles. 11. 9).

He repeated the last part very solemnly. It was not what Edward expected, so, hurriedly and confusedly, he said good-bye, and ran off, as if to run away from those last words.

Edward returned to his friends and amusements ; he essayed to go out as at other times before, but he was shorn of his strength to enjoy them. They had lost their charm, they could no longer satisfy him. For at the hunt, in the rush of the horses, and the loud yelp of the dogs, he heard that solemn word re-echoed—“ *For all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*” At the dance, in the soft, swift gliding of footsteps, he heard it whispered. The sharp click of the billiard ball, resounded it. In the shuffle of the cards—*it was there*. And men and women, all unconsciously, looked it, as he caught their glance.

He could stand it no longer—it was unendurable. It burned down into his heart, so that sleeping and waking, he read it, as in letters of fire. He longed for rest, but could find none in the things around him. He was disappointed with them all, and not less with himself. What should he do ? “ I’ll run up to Dublin, and see La T——.” he thought.

He presented himself at the bank, where his friend cordially welcomed him—the more so truly when he told him his errand. He said, “ I am perfectly miserable ! I had no thought of the *end* of these things. I lived but for the present. I thought them perfectly harmless, as they may be *in themselves* ; but, I see, it is the evil they induce—the absence of God—the waste of time—their uselessness—their selfishness—all these, and many more besides, inseparably connected with such a life. Eternity looms like a cloud over my onward horizon, and I cannot pierce its darkness, nor catch one ray of light to give me hope. An awful doom, deserved and just, overhangs my soul. Tell me, my friend, how can I escape ? ”

His friend, seeing the real and deep concern he was under, that the Holy Spirit had convinced of sin, righteousness and judgment to come, and that he repented toward God, produced his pocket-Bible. Turning over its pages, he pointed him to the Word of God ; and showed him how Christ took the guilty sinner’s place by dying on Calvary, thus enduring the judgment of death deserved by us, “ But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us ” (Rom. 5. 8). “ For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God ” (1 Pet. 3. 18).

And now He can say, “ He that *heareth* My word, and *believeth* on Him that Sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but *is* passed from death unto life ” (John 5. 24).

Edward read, and believed—took God at His word—believed that, deserving of judgment and wrath himself, the Lord Jesus had taken his place on the Cross ; so that, on this ground he was free, and could go on his way rejoicing. So he did—rejoicing ! And he had need of resource of joy in the Lord, for trials, severe and sustained, awaited him on his new path.

His unflinching boldness in preaching the Gospel, and speaking to all—rich and poor—of Jesus and His love, is known far and near. This so enraged the servants of sin and Satan, that more than one attempt was made *even on his life* !

One night he was summoned from his house “ to speak to a dying man ”—so the messenger stated. ‘Twas but a ruse ! On the way he was fired at. The bullet, aimed with deadly accuracy at his heart, entered his coat. His cowardly assailants fled—leaving him for dead. But he rode on unharmed. His *pocket-Bible* had been his *life-preserver*.

Often has he shown me this tenderly preserved memento of a Father’s care. And reverently, when a child, has one gazed, as the course of the *bullet* was pointed out. There through Moses, and the Psalms, and the Prophets, through Matthew, and Mark, and Luke, and well-nigh John, it had ploughed its way, until *arrested* by the 11th verse of that hallowed 17th chapter—“ Holy Father, keep through Thine own Name those whom Thou hast given Me.”

The Strange Story of a Stanza

ONE Sunday evening Canon DYSON HAGUE was preaching in his old Church, St. Paul’s Halifax—the “ Westminster Abbey of Canada,” as the Governor of Nova Scotia used to call it—and towards the close of his sermon he told the following story :

“ Many years ago the great Dr. VALPY, an eminent English scholar, wrote a little verse of four lines as the longing of his heart and the confession of his faith. This was the simple stanza,

‘ In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see ;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.’

“ Some time afterwards he gave this verse to his friend, Dr. MARSH, a well-known Church of England clergyman, the father of Miss MARSH, the author of the ‘ Life of Captain HEDLEY VICARS,’ and the verse became a great blessing to him. Dr. Marsh gave the lines to his friend, the Earl of RODEN, who was so impressed with them that he had them written out and placed over the mantelpiece in his study.

"An old friend of his, GENERAL TAYLOR, one of the heroes of Waterloo, came to visit him at Tollymore Park, Ireland, and day after day the Earl found the old warrior standing by the mantelpiece with his eyes fixed upon the motto. 'Why, General,' said Lord Roden, 'you will soon know the verse by heart.' 'I know it now by heart,' replied the General, with great feeling, and the simple words were the means of bringing him to know the way of salvation.

"Some two years afterwards, the physician, who had been with the old General while he lay a-dying, wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace, and that the last words which fell from the old General's lips were the words which he had learned to love in his lifetime.

"Years afterwards, at the house of a neighbour, Lord Roden happened to tell the story of the old General and these lines, and among those who heard it was a young officer in the British Army who had recently returned from the Crimea; he carelessly heard this tale. Nothing was known about it at the time, but a few months later Lord Roden received a message from the officer, telling him that he wanted to see him, as he was in a rapid decline. As the Earl entered the sick-room the dying man extended both his hands to welcome him, repeating the lines :

'In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.'

"As I was telling this story in my sermon in old St. Paul's, I noticed that an old gentleman, who was sitting in a pew not far from the pulpit just in front of me, a representative of one of the oldest families in Nova Scotia, was being overcome with an extraordinary emotion. His whole frame seemed to quiver with some unwonted excitement, and his eyes looked bright with a strange light.

"The story ended the sermon, and after the singing of the hymn I went into the vestry. I had scarcely got there when a knock was heard at the door and the old gentleman, with emotion still evident, came and asked me, 'Where did you get that story?'

"I told him I had read it in the work of a modern author whose works are world-famed. He said: 'I do not know whether you saw that I was very much touched by it, but it almost overcame me.' And then, with tears streaming from his eyes, he told me this story.

"Years ago, when he was a young man, careless and indifferent in matters of religion, he sauntered one day in his walk into an old churchyard near Wolfville, Nova Scotia, in

the land of Evangeline, and seeing a fallen gravestone, he overturned it in pure curiosity. And there he read at the foot, engraved in the stone, a verse of four lines that took such hold upon him and so clearly explained to him the way of salvation that they were the means of his conversion. And from that day, nearly fifty years before, he had, by God's grace as a result of those four lines, led a consecrated life for Christ. The lines were :

' In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see ;
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.'

" ' You can imagine,' said he, ' my amazement as well as my delight when I heard you tell the story about the lines. You brought back to me the wonderful way in which God was pleased to save my soul.' "

The Sentry Caught Napping

IT was the eve of Waterloo, 17th June, 1815. The rain was coming down steadily and relentlessly, and round the farmhouse of Hougemont and La Haye Saint the sheaves of corn, grouped in " stooks," looked soddened and spoilt.

Napoleon had ordered Marshal Ney to place picked sentries to patrol these strategic farms, and so prevent Marshal Blucher and the German army from joining their British allies.

Now in the large cornfield outside the wall of La Haye Saint, a tall corporal of the Old Guard had been detailed for sentry duty. He did his beat, up and down, in the pitiless rain. On one side, in the far distance he could see the sullen glow of the British camp fires. On the other, no sign of the Prussian. Up and down, up and down ; he was getting weary, and he was feeling stiff and chilled. The corn stooks looked inviting ; underneath them it was dry : one big sheaf turned over would make a good mattress. The foe would not be abroad such a night as this ; not a sound anywhere but the swish and splash of the rain. Oh for twenty minutes rest and warmth, no officers likely to be about—no one would know ! He looked each way, nothing stirred but that monotonous swish of the steady rain. Bien ! He rolled up his greatcoat for a pillow, laid down the dry sheaf, and taking off his tall " shako," and placing his long musket with its fixed bayonet by his side, was soon comfortably ensconced and clear of the rain, and a few moments more and he was fast asleep.

That night Napoleon was restless, and was taking no chances, in spite of his orders to Ney. So, telling his orderly to bring out his favourite horse " Marengo," and muffled up in

his well-known long cloak, the two started to make a tour of the sentries round the farmhouses. All alert, challenged these riders till the great cornfield was reached. The rain had at last ceased, the clouds were breaking and scurrying away. Napoleon strained his shaded eyes to find a sentry there—and failed. So leaving Marengo with his orderly, he quietly went round the field. No sentry anywhere! What's that he sees? A fitful ray of light from a still fitful moon, shines on something bright in the middle of the field. Stealthily he makes for it, to find a musket and bayonet on the damp ground and a sentry asleep under a large stook! quietly the Emperor picks up the musket, and placing it inside his folded arms he stands there like a statue, keeping the guard, yet watching his man. Presently the moon comes full out, and shines on the sleeping sentry, who stirs fitfully, then, wakes—rubs his eyes—looks—misses his musket, rolls out on hands and knees, and looking up—meets the bent head and the stern eyes of his Emperor! Half rising in icy horror, his parched lips stammer out, "Mon Dieu! c'est l'Empereur!" My God! it's the Emperor himself! Springing to attention he stands shaking before Napoleon. Then falling on his knees he falters out "Sire! take my bayonet and kill me yourself." It is said that Napoleon replied, "Corporal! you know your fate to-morrow morning, but listen—I have kept your watch and guard—your life is spared! Resume guard!"

What would not that soldier do for his Emperor?

The Story of an Artist's Studio

MANY years ago, Stenburg, the artist, was commissioned by the vicar of St. Jerome to paint a large picture of the Crucifixion, the central point of which was to be the Cross of the Redeemer. With a desire to comprehend the various figures for his picture, a hunger had seized upon the artist's soul to leave Dusseldorf, and with his sketch book wander over the surrounding country. On the borders of the forest he came one day upon a gipsy girl plaiting straw baskets. Her face was beautiful, her coal-black hair fell in waving ripples to her waist, and her poor, tattered, red dress, faded and sunburnt to many hues, added to her picturesque appearance. But her eyes were the feature that caught the artist's regard—restless, limpid, black eyes, whose expression changed every moment: pain, joy, fun, and roguery were reflected in their depths as swiftly as the cloud shadows chase each other across a lake.

The girl noticed the artist, and, flinging her straw down, sprang up, raising her hands above her head, and snapping her

fingers to keep time, danced lightly and gracefully before him, showing her white teeth, and her glance sparkling with merriment. "Stand!" cried Stenburg; and rapidly sketched her. Quickly as he drew, it was a weary position for the girl to maintain; but she never flinched, though a sigh of relief as her arms dropped, and she stood at rest before him attested to the artist the strain the attitude had been. "She is not only beautiful, she is better—a capital model. I will paint her as a Spanish dancing-girl." So a bargain was struck. Pepita was to come thrice a week to Stenburg's house to be painted.

Duly at the appointed hour she arrived. She was full of wonder. Her great eyes roved round the studio, glancing on the pieces of armour, pottery, and carving. Presently she began examining the pictures, and soon the great picture, now nearing its completion, caught her attention. She gazed at it intently. In an awed voice she asked, "*Who is that?*" pointing to the most prominent figure, that of the Redeemer on the Cross. "The Christ," answered Stenburg, carelessly. "*What is being done to Him?*" "Being crucified," ejaculated the artist. "Turn a little to the right. There, that will do." Stenburg, with his brush in his fingers, was a man of few words. "*Who are these people about Him*—those with the bad faces?" "Now, look here," said the artist, "I cannot talk to you. You have nothing to do but stand as I tell you." The girl dare not speak again, but continued to gaze and speculate. Every time she came to the studio the fascination of the picture grew upon her. Sometimes she ventured an inquiry, for her curiosity consumed her. "*Why did they crucify Him? Was He bad, very bad?*" "No, very good," was the answer unwillingly given.

That was all she learnt at one interview, but she treasured each word, and every sentence was so much more known of the mystery. "Then, if He was good, why did they do so? Was it for a short time only? Did they let Him go?" "It was because——" The artist paused with his head on one side, stepped forward, and arranged her sash. "Because?" repeated Pepita, breathlessly. The artist went back to his easel; then, looking at her, the eager, questioning face moved his pity. "Listen. I will tell you once for all, and then ask no further questions." And he told her the story of the Cross—new to Pepita, though so old to the artist that it had ceased to touch him. He could paint that dying agony, and not a nerve of his quivered; but the thought of it wrung her heart. Her great black eyes swam in tears, which the fiery gipsy pride forbade to fall.

Pepita's last visit to the studio had come. She looked upon

the beautiful representation of herself without emotion, but turned and stood before the picture, unable to leave it. "Come," said the artist, "here is your money, and a gold piece over and above." The girl turned slowly. "Thanks, Signor!" but her eyes, full of emotion, were solemn. "You must love Him *very* much, Signor, *when He has done all that for you*, do you not?"

The face into which she looked flushed crimson. The artist was ashamed. The girl, in her poor, faded dress, passed from his studio, but her plaintive words rang in his heart. He tried to forget them, but impossible. He hastened to send the picture to its destination. Still he could not forget. "All that for you!" At last the pain was not to be borne. He would face it and conquer it. A liberal discount on his picture gave ease of mind for a week or two. But then up rose the old question, "You must love Him *very* much, do you not?" and would be answered. He grew restless, and could not settle to his work. So, wandering about, he heard of things which had not come under his notice before. One day he saw a group of persons hastening to a house near the walls, a poor place, and then he noticed others coming in the opposite direction, and they, too, passed into its low doorway. He asked what was happening there, but the man he questioned either would not or could not satisfy him. This roused his curiosity, so Stenborg went to observe, perhaps to inquire, but a man cannot approach fire and remain cold. He saw a man who spoke and looked as one who was walking the earth with Christ; yes, one to whom He was all. Stenborg found what he longed for—a *living faith*. His new friend lent him for a time a precious copy of the New Testament, but, hunted from Dusseldorf after a few weeks, the friend left, and had to take the Book with him; but its essence was left in Stenborg's heart.

Ah! no need to question now. He felt in his soul the fire of an ardent love. "*Did all that for me!* How can I ever tell men of that love, that boundless love, which can brighten their lives as it has mine? It is for them, too, but they do not see it as I did not. How can I preach it? I cannot speak. I am a man of few words. If I were to try, I could never speak it out. It burns in my heart, but I cannot express it—the *love of Christ!*" So thinking, the artist idly drew with a piece of charcoal in his fingers, a rough sketch of a thorn-crowned head. His eyes grew moist as he did so. Suddenly the thought flashed through his soul, "I can paint! My brush must proclaim it. Ah! in that picture His face was all agony, but was it not love unutterable, infinite compassion, and willing sacrifice!"

The artist fell on his knees and prayed to paint worthily, and thus speak. And then he wrought. The fire of genius blazed up—up to the highest fibre of his power ; nay, beyond it. The picture of the Crucifixion was a wonder—almost divine.

He would not sell it. He gave it a freewill offering to his native city. It was hung in the public gallery, and there the citizens flocked to see it, and voices were hushed and hearts melted as they stood before it, and the burghers returned to their homes knowing the love of God and repeating to themselves the words written beneath :

“ All this I did for thee ;

What hast thou done for Me ? ”

Stenburg also used to go there, and, watching far back from the corner in the gallery the people who gathered about the picture, he prayed God to bless his painted sermon. One day observing a poor girl standing alone before the picture weeping bitterly, he approached her and asked, “ What grieves thee, child ? ”

The girl turned ; she was Pepita. “ Oh, Signor, *if He had but loved me so,*” she said, pointing to the face of yearning love bending above them. “ I am only a poor gipsy. For *you* is the love, but not for such as *I* ; ” and her despairing tears fell unrestrained.

“ Pepita, *it was also all for thee.*” And then the artist told her all. Until the late hour at which the gallery closed they sat and talked. The painter did not weary now of answering her questions, for the subject was the one he loved best. He told the girl the story of that wondrous life, magnificent death, and crowning glory of resurrection, and explained the union that redeeming love effected. She listened, believed, and received.

Long years after, when both painter and gipsy girl had met in the land above, a gay young nobleman drove in his splendid equipage into Dusseldorf, and while his horses were baited, wandered into that famous gallery. He was rich, young, intelligent—the world bright and its treasures within his grasp. He stood before Stenburg’s picture arrested. He read and re-read the legend on the frame. He could not tear himself away—it grew into his heart. The love of Christ laid its powerful grasp on his soul. Hours passed ; the light faded ; the curator touched the weeping nobleman and told him it was time to close the gallery. Night had come—nay ! rather for the young man the dawn of eternal life. He was Zinzendorf. He returned to the inn and re-entered his carriage, but to turn his back on Paris and seek again his home. From that moment he threw life, fortune, fame at the feet of Him Who had whispered to his heart :

“ All this I did for thee ;
What hast thou done for Me ? ”

Stenburg's picture no longer hangs in the gallery of Dusseldorf, for when some years ago the gallery was destroyed by fire it perished, but it preached, and God used it to tell of His gift—Calvary's Substitute—of Whom Paul said : “ He loved me and gave Himself for me ” (Gal. 2. 20). Can you say, “ *and for me.* ”

Brave Joe, the London Fireman

I HAVE before me a small piece of canvas, scorched and blackened, which was once part of a fire-escape, worked by a fireman named JOE FORD, of whom the papers said : “ But for him the lives of six persons would have been sacrificed.”

The six were in danger from fire ; they were unable to help themselves, nor could any friends render them assistance. But a saviour came ! Tidings of the outbreak reached the fireman, and buckling on his helmet, he ran swiftly to the spot.

As the fireman entered the street, clouds of dense black smoke were rolling up from the lower parts of the house that was burning ; but with cool courage he fixed his machine, and threw up his ladders to where the poor terrified people were whom he had come to save. Then up to them he went, and they waited his approach.

In the meantime the flames within the building were spreading rapidly ; the smoke without was becoming blacker and hotter ; and the saving arm—unlike His whose hand “ is not shortened, that it cannot save ” (Isa. 59. 1)—was becoming weak and exhausted. Again the fireman mounted the ladder, and again he descended with another precious burden. He had saved four. Again he trod that narrow way of escape, and once more brought forth a rescued one. Five persons saved from the flames !

Now the crowd stood breathless—a woman appeared at the open window. There was one still left in peril. Had the fireman strength to reach her ? Why should he, exhausted as he now was, risk his life for a stranger ? He had undertaken the office, it was true, but had he reckoned upon such a sacrifice ? Was such a deed expected ? If Joe Ford would save yon shrieking woman, he must risk his own life.

Rallying his strength, the brave fireman mounted a sixth time, amidst ringing cheers from the crowd. He reached her ! Steadily, step by step, he bore her down the ladders to the opening into the canvas shoot. He placed her in it, and slid her to the ground. She was saved !

Now for the brave fireman. Where was he ? The flames

burst through the first floor window beneath him ; they set the canvas of the escape on fire. At the same instant Joe's axe became entangled in the wire netting, and he hung suspended in the very fire from which he had rescued the woman. While she stood in safety, beyond the reach of harm, he was consumed in the very flames from which he had saved her. With dying energy the poor fellow managed to break away from his terrible position, but only to fall, with a heavy crash, some twenty-five feet to the pavement, crushing his helmet almost into the brain. I shudder as I think of that awful moment.

Oh, if a London crowd could weep as a fellow man suffered, what tears ought we to weep as we remember how the gracious Saviour expired for sinners on the Cross ! He took the sinners' place in perfect love ; He bore the wrath of God due to us ; He was, as it were, consumed as a sacrifice in the fiery flames of Divine judgment on our account.

I remember how even strangers honoured that hero, as his body, carried upon a draped engine, passed through the London streets. Bells were tolling from the churches, shop-keepers put up shutters along the route, and not a few rough men and women did I see drop a tear as the long procession passed. The battered helmet placed among the wreaths upon the Union Jack covering the coffin touched many a heart.

A Lady Sold by Auction

THE celebrated ROWLAND HILL was preaching in the open-air in Moorfield, London, an immense assemblage was present, his text was the Song of Solomon, 1st chapter and 5th verse, "I am black but comely," The text he regarded as having application to the Church which in the estimation of the world was "black as the tents of Kedar," but in the estimation of her glorified Head comely—"Comely as the curtains of Solomon."

While discussing these themes with his accustomed earnestness, it so happened in the providence of God, that Lady Ann Erskine in an equipage corresponding with her high position in society passed that way. Seeing the immense multitude she asked one of her attendants the cause of that assemblage. She was told that the renowned Rowland Hill was preaching to the people. Lady Ann replied, she had often wished to hear that eccentric preacher, and she would avail herself of the present opportunity to gratify the cherished desire, and requested the charioteer to place her carriage as near to the preacher's stand as possible, so that she might hear every word that he uttered. Accordingly in a few moments she found herself accommodated immediately in the rear of the temporary

pulpit from which the preacher addressed the listening throng, that being the only unoccupied position in reach of his voice.

The splendour of her equipage, and the sparkling appearance of the illustrious personage that occupied it, soon attracted the attention of many of the people from the sermon to the gorgeous accession that had just been made by the advent of Lady Ann. The observant eye of Rowland Hill soon detected the diversion, and his inventive mind soon suggested a hazardous but effective remedy. Pausing in the discussion of his subject, and elevating his voice above its usual pitch he exclaimed, "My brethren, I am going to hold an auction, and I beseech your attention for a few moments. I have a Lady and her equipage to expose at public sale ; but the Lady is the principal and the only object, indeed, that I wish to dispose of at present, and there are already three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the *world*. Well, what will you give for her ? I will give riches, honour, pleasure. That will not do. She is worth more than that, for she will live when the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world have passed away like a snow-wreath beneath a vernal shower. The next bidder is the *Devil*. Well, what will you give for her ? I will give all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. That will not do, for she will continue to exist when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them have vanished like the shadows of the night before the orient beams. You cannot have her. But list! I hear the voice of another bidder, and who is that ? Why, the *Lord Jesus Christ*. Well, what will you give for her ? I will give her grace here and glory hereafter ; an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Well, well, blessed Jesus : it is just as I expected—just the noble generosity Thou art won't to display. I will place her at Thy disposal, "She is black but comely," and You shall be the purchaser."

Then turning to Lady Ann who had listened to the bold and adventurous digression with mingled emotions of wonder and alarm, he exclaimed, "Madam ! do you object to this bargain ? Remember, you are Jesus Christ's property from this time henceforth."

The arrow thus sped at a venture, under the guidance of the Spirit, found its way to the heart of Lady Ann, and she was submissively led to the Cross of Christ that the hand which was pierced for our sins might extract the barbed arrow and heal the wound which had been so unexpectedly inflicted. She was subsequently identified with Lady Huntingdon in many of her deeds of love and charity ; and after having served her day and generation, she like her illustrious associate, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

The Brigand's Bible

IN one of the deep dells of the Black Forest a band of brigands were dividing their spoil, the proceeds of the preceding night's robbery. According to their custom the stolen articles were being put up for auction among themselves. The last article held up for sale was found to be a New Testament. The man who acted as auctioneer introduced this "article" with some blasphemous remarks which made the cavern resound with laughter. One of the company suggested jokingly that a chapter should be read for their edification. This being unanimously applauded, the "auctioneer" turned up a page at random, and began reading in a voice of mock devotion, much to the amusement of the company.

It was not observed, however, that one of their number had become suddenly silent, and sat clasping his hands on his knees, as if in deep thought. He was a middle-aged man, was one of the oldest members of the gang, and had long been a leader in lawlessness and crime. The words, read in mockery though they were, had reached his heart. The passage of Scripture taken by the "auctioneer" had awakened some wonderful memories in the heart of the poor wanderer. He had heard that passage of God's Word before. Thirty years had passed since then. He was in the old homestead, a young man just entering into life. The influences were favourable. His parents feared God, and sought to lead him in the paths of righteousness, and set before him a Christian example. Yet it seemed as if all their efforts were to be fruitless. But there is a word in God's Book which says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. 11. 1), and truly it was "many days" ere the words were "found" again.

The young man fell upon evil courses, greatly to the grief of those who were watching for his soul. At length he committed a crime which made it imperative that he should flee without delay if he was to evade the hands of the police. It was morning, and his father, according to his usual custom, read a passage of Scripture, and commended the family to God in prayer. That day the young man fled from the parental dwelling, never to return again. And now in the brigand's cave in the Black Forest the whole scene of that bygone day rose up vividly before his imagination—the happy family circle, the reading of the Word of the Living God, and the voice of prayer.

Since leaving home he had never opened a Bible, never offered a prayer, or heard a single word that reminded him of God or eternity. But now a father and a mother's counsels

came rushing back to his memory. The long-forgotten passage of Scripture was carried with awakening power to his soul.

So absorbed was he in these hallowed recollections that he forgot all around him until awakened by a rude tap on the shoulder, accompanied by the question : " Now, old dreamer what will you give for that old Book ? You need it more than any of us, for you are undoubtedly the biggest sinner under the firmament." " So I am," he answered ; " give me that Book ; I will pay its full price."

The next day the brigands dispersed throughout the neighbourhood to turn their bargains into money. But the one that bought the Testament repaired to a lonely place, where he spent the whole day and night in the agonies of remorse. The Word of God revealed to him a Saviour, Jesus ; and the message of peace and reconciliation was brought home to his heart. The next morning he entered a village ; he told a servant of Christ his whole life's story, and then gave himself up to the hands of justice. This proof of his repentance saved his life, for his comrades were all captured and put to death. After an imprisonment of seven years he was set free on account of exemplary conduct. A Christian nobleman took him into his service, and he proved a blessing to his master's household till he died in peace, praising Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he confessed himself to be the chief.

Ten Men who Died for their Prince

PRINCE EMILE, of Hesse-Darmstadt, was a gallant young officer. Brave, bold, daring, and yet so careful of the comfort of his men. The prince attached himself to Napoleon Bonaparte in the mad invasion of Russia. Napoleon waited at Moscow expecting almost hourly the submission of the Northern Autocrat. He little knew the determined temper of the Czar, and of his enraged people. After waiting in vain for the submission of Russia for a period of thirty-five days, the haughty but now humbled and crest-fallen conqueror of so many battles prepared to retrace his steps. But the temper of the Russian people roused to fury inflicted an awful revenge. Fires broke out in various parts of the city. The sullen determination was taken to lay their capital in ruins, rather than it should afford a shelter for the French. The scene baffles description. Frantic efforts were made to subdue the flames, but in vain. Numbers perished. Napoleon himself escaped with difficulty. The whole city was soon a huge, blackened ruin : what was to be done ?

The rigours of a Russian winter were almost upon them,

There was no protection from the pitiless blasts which swept over the army, chilling the soldiers to the very bone. Food could scarcely be had even at the most exorbitant prices, while the surrounding country was drained of its stores of wheat and other food. Sadly Napoleon sounded the retreat, and the horrors of that march have never yet been told. Disease, hunger, and the sword of the Cossack who hung on the rear of the army rapidly thinned the ranks of the vast host which Napoleon considered invincible.

Prince Emile of Hesse, brave, alert, and watchful, led on his men sharing their privations and encouraging them by the force of his own splendid example. They got to the bridge of the river Berezina a month after the departure from Moscow. Now commenced an almost wholesale massacre of the French Army. The bridge was blocked, and men, so lately comrades in arms, wildly fought to cross. The weak were trampled down. Discipline ceased. Twenty-eight thousand men were either drowned in the river or slaughtered by the lances of the heartless Cossacks.

When the remnant of the army crossed, Prince Emile looked in vain for his gallant company of hussars, a thousand strong when they set foot on Russian soil. The brave and chivalrous prince was amongst the last to cross the river, and but ten men gathered round their beloved leader. Faint, weary, cold, and hungry the little band pressed on and on, till worn out and utterly exhausted, the prince told his band of heroes that he must rest where he was. To sleep on the cold ground was to be found stiff and frozen to death in the morning. Prince Emile lay down to rest and woke in the morning refreshed. The men had carried their beloved prince into a shed which afforded some protection from the falling snow and awful cold of that awful night. But more, they had actually stripped themselves of their coats and put them under him and over him. Then they lay down on the cold ground around the shed in which calmly slept their commander. In the morning the prince on awaking was astonished to find himself so comfortably placed, when all at once the thought flashed through his mind, "Are these the coats of my men?" He sprang to his feet, and there, outside the shed, lay his ten brave fellows, without their coats and frozen to death. They had sacrificed their lives for his. The love and devotedness of these ten men are beyond all praise.

Do you weep over the sufferings and admire the devotion of Prince Emile's ten loving followers who laid down their lives for their loved commander, and yet never wept over the awful agony of the Cross endured by Christ for His enemies, for sinners?

The Repeated Question

IN a stately old mansion, situated in one of the prettiest country villages in the West of Ireland, there lived, not many years ago, a widowed lady and her only son. Her husband had been an officer of high rank in the army, distinguished alike for his bravery and his noble character; and their only son, Trevor, seemed to have inherited his father's disposition, causing his mother at times much anxiety as to his future. She was a Christian, and had set her heart on her son becoming a clergyman; while he could think only of the glories of military service.

In reply to some spirited declaration of what he meant to do when an officer, she would sometimes say, gently, "I want my boy to enlist in God's army, and be a true soldier of Jesus Christ." To which he would answer, with characteristic candour, "I don't know the drill yet, mother."

Time passed on, and when he had finished school he tried to persuade his mother to allow him to enter a military college, with a view to his being trained as an officer. Seeing that he was determined to enter the army, she at last gave a reluctant consent to what seemed to her the blighting of her long-cherished hopes.

Trevor had not been many days at the college when walking one morning in the grounds he met an old man who had seen much active service, and who then held the position of drill-sergeant in the college. Looking very earnestly at young Trevor, he asked, quietly, "Are you saved?" Surprised and somewhat indignant at the straight question, he answered, not too courteously, "No, I'm not," and passed on, ruminating as to what the query meant. "Saved!" That pre-supposed a lost condition. This made him feel rather uneasy, and he determined not to think of it at all, and to avoid the old man as much as possible. That, however, was not very easy. Frequently he met him—sometimes two or three times a day, and then perhaps not again for several days. But the greeting was invariably the quiet question, "Are you saved?" At last his indignation was fully aroused, and he began to positively dislike the old man, who did not seem to mind the anger and abuse his interrogation called forth, and repeated it on every possible occasion, in spite of such answers as, "Mind your own business," "I'm not saved, and I hate the very sight of you," and so on.

But the Holy Spirit was working in young Trevor's heart, convicting him of sin, and showing him his need of salvation, until he became thoroughly miserable, and at last determined to leave that college and remove to one where he thought he

would see life, and forget all that was troubling him. Before he had quite decided on this course, he went to visit his sister, who had lately been married, and resided some little distance off.

He spent a very pleasant day until towards evening, when they were sitting together in the garden, and she remarked, "What do you think, Trevor? the clergyman here asked me the other day was I *saved*." She was not prepared for the effect her words produced on her brother. "*Bosh*," he exclaimed, angrily. "Is that rubbish to follow me everywhere?" rising, almost determined at once to depart. She saw the subject was not pleasant to him, and immediately changed it.

Soon after he had to take leave of them; but the subject haunted him in the train; and when he arrived at the college he at once wrote to arrange for his transfer. The day came on which he was to leave, and going up to the old man, he said, bitterly, "Look here, it is all your fault that I am leaving here, and if I go to the bad at B—— you will have to answer for it." "My Master wants you on His side," was the quite reply, "and I believe you soon will be." "Not I, indeed," was the only answer Trevor vouchsafed, as he strode away more incensed than ever. In this mood he got into the railway carriage, and tried to anticipate the fun he would have at B——, for he had made up his mind to drown his unwelcome conviction in every pleasure and amusement that came in his way.

It was a long journey, and his fellow-passengers changed and re-changed without his paying much attention to them, until at last he found himself alone with an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be observing him attentively. He was particularly fine-looking, and his noble face and manly bearing attracted young Trevor, when he suddenly leaned over, and looking him full in the face, said in a tone of earnest inquiry, "Young man, are you saved?" Those hated words again? Was he never to escape from them? Surprise and vexation were clearly depicted in his face and tone as he curtly answered "No," and turned all his attention to the passing scenery. But his companion was not to be silenced thus, and by a few questions drew from him the circumstances of his journey, and his intentions to seek forgetfulness of it all in sin. We need not record all their conversation; but the light shone into Trevor's heart, and in that railway carriage he passed "from death unto life." He saw his need of a righteousness outside himself, and how the Lord Jesus Christ had met that need, had borne his sins, and had made an atonement for them. Taking his place as a sinner, and believing in the work of Christ for him, he left the train a forgiven and justified soul, henceforth

to live, not unto himself, but "unto Him who died for him, and rose again."

A short time after he was struck with Mark 5. 19 : "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." It seemed a message to him. While waiting for guidance in the matter he received a pressing invitation to visit some relatives who lived not far from his home, and taking this as an answer to prayer he accepted it. A goodly number of guests were present on the evening of his arrival, among them his mother ; and after dinner she had the joy of hearing him tell them of God's dealings with him. God blessed this confession in a remarkable way. Many were awakened, and ere the close of his visit he had been the means of leading several to Jesus. He gave up his military ambitions, and is to-day an earnest and devoted servant of God, having been instrumental in the conversion of hundreds of souls.

Loved and Lost for Thirty Long Years

A TALL elderly lady, bent with care, has been a daily visitor at the railway station of Manchester, New Hampshire, for many years. Nearly every week day for thirty long years, in winter and summer, spring and autumn, has she appeared on the platform with travelling bag in hand. As the trains arrive she eagerly scans the features of all the male passengers as they pass before her, and then retires sad and dejected.

The key to the story is this, Thirty-five years previously she was one of the *belles* of Manchester, and had many suitors, but the man of her choice followed the sea.

One day he left her for a voyage, arranging that the marriage ceremony should be performed on his return. From that time till now she has neither seen nor heard anything of him.

The grief and disappointment thereby occasioned brought on a long and serious illness. On her recovery she expressed to her friends her firm belief in her lover's faithfulness, declaring that he was alive and would eventually return and make her his wife.

For thirty tedious years the lady waited for her lover, daily expecting his arrival at the railway station. If you are twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, or even seventy years of age, during all that time God has been seeking to have you for Himself, and longs to pardon and cleanse you from all your iniquities.

The Cross manifests God's hatred of sin and His love for the sinner. His love to us was so great that He gave His only begotten Son to be "made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him " (2 Cor. 5. 21).

The Tragedy of the Tay Bridge

WITH bated breath and cold horror the British nation read in the newspapers, on Monday morning, December the 29th, 1879, of the tragic event mentioned above. Hardly had people recovered from the numerous calamities of the year ; the Afghan, and Zulu wars ; the commercial depressions and the agricultural distress. And, during the festive Christmas season, pledging each other to a better state of affairs in the coming year, they strove to forget the evils of the past in the hilarity of the present ; when, suddenly, the news of this fatal accident came, falling like a thunderbolt on the hearths of our land, spreading gloom and dismay, where festivity and laughter had lately reigned.

Picture of life! Thus the eventful year 1879 was crowned, on the evening of Sunday, December the 28th, with this terrible disaster, the fall of the Tay Bridge—a bridge of which Scotland was justly proud—in all the freshness and beauty of its youth, as one might say, for it had been opened but a few months.

Quoting from published reports : “ It was a strange night ! From four o’clock in the afternoon portentous, ominous signs and sounds were seen and heard. Observers of the weather glass, as well as those who cursorily glanced from their windows, noticed alike the unmistakable symptoms of a gathering storm. As the sun set, and the brilliant moon began to take his place, the wind rose higher and higher, and became still fiercer in its power, until in terrific gusts, and with blasts that seemed to shake the very houses, loosening the slates from off many a roof, and overthrowing chimneys, felling trees, and tearing down stacks and fences, told of an intensity of force unnaturally and unusually felt. Above this raging storm, in a clear white sky, equally rare in its brilliancy, rose the moon. Her pure light shone over the stormy scene in a peaceful and serene majesty, which must have wrought in every mind, a sense of extraordinary contrast. It shone *through* the dark clouds that kept clustering across the sky, and *over* the tossing, foaming waters of the river Tay. On the estuary of this river stretched the bridge, a mile and three quarters long, one of the objects of the engineering pride of our country.

“ It was Sunday night ! and the church bells were ringing out their soft, sweet call to the house of God. Over the stormy waters, and through the raging wind sounded the voice of many tones, and from many churches. They had ceased ; for their work was done, the services to which they had invited the worshippers had begun.

"From Edinburgh a train had started. Dropping its freight of passengers, sometimes in smaller, sometimes in larger numbers, at length it reached the tiny station of St. Fort, which stands exactly at the south end of the Tay Bridge. Here the ticket-collectors were 'chaffed' by the passengers; 'Is your bridge safe!' 'Will the bridge stand this storm?' were the questions that met them from the different carriages, as they hurried along the platform in the performance of their duty.

"One strong man dressed as a sailor 'treated them to a few snatches of a merry sea song.' Two young ladies showed tickets taken at King's Cross station. A long, weary journey, no doubt, but now, so near the end. A father and his child; a young man who explained that he had nearly missed his train, but with an effort had happily caught it; young women and older women; young men and old men; men and women in the prime of life; all were represented there. The tickets taken, the train rushed on, slackening speed as it found itself fairly on the bridge. And then—IT WAS SEEN NO MORE.

"Hurled into the depths of that foaming water, dashed into fragments, and dragging with it the whole of the central portion of that great structure to which it was trusting, the train, bearing from seventy to eighty precious lives, was LOST! Can we conceive the moment? Can we imagine the instant of that most agonizing death? Fire, water, and force, all combining in one terrific instant to hurry souls from Time into Eternity! But so it was.

"At last the moon shone out from a great cloud that had for a few moments darkened her, and then the sad truth was revealed, in all its fatal horrors. The great gap, stretching over half a mile, showed the complete disappearance of the raised centre, through which at the time the train had been passing. Only twisted fragments of iron, and huge blocks of stone stood out black and dark in the silvery light. No vestige floated of timber fragments, nor of human form.

"The night passed, and now the terror-stricken crowds began to gather round the northern end of the pier. The esplanade of Dundee was lined with anxious, excited spectators. Some *feared* their relatives were lost; others alas! were positive—they knew the extent of their bereavement too well."

The time-tables of the North British Railway, neither contemplated, nor made provision for this disaster. *They* had no other safer way to offer. But God's Book warns of "one event which happeneth to *all*"; "it is appointed unto men once to die, but *after this the judgment*," and makes provision for escape now, "For God so loved the world, that He gave

His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should *not perish*, but have everlasting life " (John 3. 16).

One can see men to-day, just as in this train, going on to sure destruction. " The sailor," treating to " a few snatches of a merry sea song ; " " the two young ladies " ; " the father and his child " ; " the young man " ; and all the others, old and young, have their counterpart in one or other of us, if out of Christ. Which represents me ? Oh say, my soul, by which *way art thou BOOKED for eternity ?*

The last opportunity of leaving the train was made the occasion for joke and banter—dolefully ill-timed—yet more innocent, more excusable, more intelligible than the unconcern, and joviality of the unsaved now.

Oh, avail yourself at once of the present opportunity of escape, while the sound of this terrible warning is fresh in your ears ! Else will it pass away, as too many, alas ! have already done, to be arraigned as a witness against you, at the great white throne.

The General and the Negro

AN incident which happened in Georgia some years after the Civil War is related by the *Columbia State*.

A negro man, strong and healthy, but getting grey from years, was on trial for murder. He had killed another negro and had been lying in jail for some time awaiting his trial. The testimony against him was given by other negroes who witnessed the killing. When the case was called for trial by the presiding judge, an old man arose, and in a voice deep and low, but full of marked gentleness, said, " Will your honour please mark me for the defence."

It was Gen. ROBERT TOOMBS. His face was wrinkled with age, but it was large and strong, and the lines of intellect made deeper wrinkles than those of age. His white hair rolled back in curls from a splendid brow. His form was large and tall and straight, although his movements were slow with the years. His eyes still flashed as when he stood in the Senate Chamber at Washington. The witnesses all seemed unfriendly towards the prisoner. In his own statement he claimed that the killing was in self-defence.

General Toombs analysed the testimony of the eye-witnesses, and then concluded thus : " Your honour, and gentlemen of the jury, a few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of Gettysburg. He lay there bleeding to death with no friendly hand to help him. Shot and shell were sweeping the earth all about him. No friend could go near him ; no surgeon dared to approach him. My brother had a body

servant, a negro, who waited on him in camp. The negro saw his master's danger, and straight into that sheet of battle and flame and death he went. A piece of shell tore the flesh from his breast, but on he went, and gathering my brother in his arms, the blood of the man mingling with the blood of the master, he bore him to safety and life."

Then turning to the prisoner he said, "Jim, open your collar." The prisoner rose and opened his shirt in the front. On his breast the jury saw the long, jagged scars where the shell had torn its way. "Jim's skin may be black," the General continued; "he may be a negro, but the man who would do what he did has a soul too white ever to have killed a man except in defence of his own life." The jury agreed with him, and Jim was cleared.

What pathos must have been in the voice of that old warrior as he pleaded the cause of the negro! "Straight into that sheet of battle and flame and death he went." Was this not what the Lord Jesus did for the sinner when there was no eye to pity? He left the glory for the Cross, not saying, "If I perish I perish," but coming into the world to die. "Now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself" (Heb. 9. 26). "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15. 13). The negro slave risked his life for his master. The Son of God laid down His life for *you* and me, "while we were yet sinners" (Rom. 5. 8).

"The Deserter"

DARK and gloomy was the day towards the close of 1877. A pale young man sat writing wearily at his desk in a London office. The thick fog had penetrated within, and only by the help of gaslight was work possible. However, with its aid, the row of clerks toiled diligently on in dreary silence, until the one next to our friend, suddenly throwing down his pen, drew to his side and whispered, "I say, Joe, hand over half-a-crown; I'm hard up for one."

"A half-crown, indeed!" exclaimed Joe. "You know I've none to spare; you must go elsewhere for that."

"Not so fast," retorted the other, drawing still closer, until he could almost hiss in Joe's ear, "I know your secret, young man; it's worth your while to buy me off, before I hand you over to the authorities."

Joe's pale cheeks became ashen, as he endeavoured to reply, calmly, "You know nothing of me. What secret have I got?"

"Well, I should just like to know what business one of Her Majesty's soldiers has in this office?"

" I am not a soldier now," returned Joe, confusedly ; " my regiment was sent on foreign service while I lay ill. It was no fault of mine that I got left behind."

" No, no, no, that won't do ; you can't deceive me. You're nothing but a DESERTER, a craven, cowardly deserter," answered the other, tauntingly ; " and I'll take good care to let every one know, if you don't make it worth my while to keep silence."

" No more of this ; here's your half-crown," and the now trembling Joe threw the coin to his tormentor, who, with a fiendish laugh, pocketed it, and resumed his pen. Joe took up his, too, but the words swam before his eyes, as, with throbbing head and beating heart, he vainly strove to continue his task. The word " Deserter " seemed to burn into his very soul, as he pictured himself being marched back to barracks between soldiers with fixed bayonets, and as the humiliating consequences of his dishonourable act pressed upon him. Alas, for poor Joe ! He was proving that the " way of transgressors is hard." The cannon's mouth, on the battle-field, seemed now less terrible to him than the constant dread of the policeman's hand on his shoulder, or the taunts and threats of his fellow-clerk. From that time his life was one of utter misery.

Let us take another glimpse of Joe as he walks through the London streets, rather more than nine years later. His figure is slightly bent, not with age, for he still is a young man, but with the burden of a sin whose consequences he daily reaps, and which has made him prematurely old. He enters a post office, and, while waiting until one of the busy officials is at liberty to attend to him, stands leaning wearily against the wall, gazing vacantly before him. What is that which suddenly catches his eyes, and transforms his whole appearance ? It is but a large placard on the wall which arrests his gaze, that many others present have looked at idly or not looked at all. Why does it affect Joe so keenly ? Let us study it. The first words are :

BY THE QUEEN—A PROCLAMATION.

For extending Pardons to Soldiers who may
have deserted from our Land Forces.

Joe's heart beats so loudly that he can almost hear it, as he reads that Queen Victoria, to mark the completion of the fiftieth year of her reign, extends *her most gracious pardon* to all her soldiers who may have deserted before the issue of this royal proclamation, and who should report themselves within two months. It concluded with the words ;

" And we do hereby make further declaration that every offender herein referred to, who shall not avail himself of the pardon we now graciously offer, shall be held amenable to

all pains and penalties provided under the Army Act, Etc. Given at our Court at Windsor, the 17th day of June, 1887, in the fiftieth year of our reign."

"It is all very well," soliloquised Joe, as he wended his way back to his lodgings, "but it's far too good news to be true. No doubt it applies to less aggravated cases; Her Majesty's pardon would never be extended to a wretch like me." Thus Joe reasoned, and so he passed six miserable weeks of delay. At last came a night on which affairs reached their climax; it was the very worst Joe had spent—not a wink of sleep refreshed his fevered brain. At length, springing up, he exclaimed, "I'll do it! The die is cast! I'll trust Her Majesty's proclamation; and if she won't pardon me it's all up." His letter was short and to the point—a simple confession of his desertion from Her Majesty's forces, ten years previously, on his regiment being ordered abroad. Without venturing to read over what he had written, he closed the envelope, hurriedly seized his hat, and rushing out into the street, dropped his missive into the first letter-box he came across.

The hours dragged their weary length along, while Joe, sick at heart, waited for a reply to his letter. When, at length, one bearing the mark, "On Her Majesty's Service," was placed in his hand, he felt almost faint. A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he sank into a chair, before he dare venture to open the envelope which would decide his fate. "Of course, my application is refused, and I am a ruined man! What a fool I was to betray myself," he muttered, as with trembling hands he opened the letter. He could hardly believe his eyes, when he saw a *certificate for a full pardon*, drawn out in Her Majesty's name, and signed by the officer in command. Yes; he was pardoned! Joe placed the precious document in his bosom, and with a light step, and head erect, proceeded to the office.

"Joe's had some stroke of good luck, and no mistake," thought his tormentor, who, during those long years had made a rich harvest for himself by preying on the poor deserter; and, drawing nearer to him, he whispered, "Come, Joe, another half-crown; I've not had one lately, and you know it's worth your while to go on buying my silence."

"No more half-crowns you'll get from me," retorted Joe, firmly; "you've had your last, my man." And Joe drew out triumphantly Her Majesty's certificate.

"Oh! ah! what is this?" exclaimed the baffled persecutor ruefully. "Why, you're *pardoned*, Joe!"

"Yes," replied Joe, his eyes flashing brightly; "I have Queen Victoria's own gracious word for it that I am *pardoned*,

and never again can the crime of *desertion* be laid at my door."

Yes! Joe was pardoned by the free grace of another. The dreaded terrors of the law could not touch him more. How is it to be with you? Will you avail yourself of the infinitely more gracious offer of forgiveness which is so freely made to you? Once given, that pardon is for all eternity—how priceless its worth! "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin"—on the spot, and for ever. Mark that, by the terms of Her Majesty's proclamation, only those who reported themselves as *deserters* were eligible for protecting certificates; and in the more important question of eternal pardon, only those who own themselves *sinner*s can put in a claim for forgiveness.

The Devil's Challenge

"THAT settles it, I accept the threat as a challenge from the Devil, and so with your permission, sir, which I'm sure you won't refuse me now, I really must carry on!" There was no mistaking the speaker's earnestness as he stood on the deck of the American liner, a slightly built man with keen alert face and manner, and eyes which bespoke the latent energy behind them, for the moment fixed with intense expectancy upon the officer in charge who had just made known to him his reasons for not acceding to his request to hold a service on board. "Well," came back the reply, given rather grudgingly, as though the speaker were going against his better judgment, as indeed he was, "I'll allow you to go ahead on one condition, and that is that you take full responsibility for anything that happens, and do not blame me afterwards."

The promise was gladly given, and an amicable agreement having thus been arrived at, the two men separated, the one hurrying to the gangway below to call his two or three waiting friends on board from the quayside, the other sauntering along to a position overlooking the foredeck whence he could "see the fun."

And truly things pointed to there being an unusual happening on board on this bright morning, for the American crew, a very mixed, rough lot of down-easters who had been disturbed in their Sunday gambling by a previous visit of this same little band of workers, had vowed that if ever their leader attempted to hold another, that they'd put him head first into the refuse-tub outside their foc'sle door. Small wonder, therefore, if there had been some reluctance on the part of the one in charge to give his assent to what might so easily lead to a disturbance, and yet perhaps curiosity to see what would actually happen, combined with the undoubted

appeal which such assured confidence and utter fearlessness, made to his own manhood, had caused him to reverse his first decision, and now he found a strange fascination in watching the development of events in the scene below him.

The foredeck was absolutely deserted as the small group took their stand just abaft the closed doors of the foc'sle. Not at all disconcerted, however, they bowed their heads in prayer for the power they needed from on high, and started their opening hymn. The sound of the singing had the desired effect, faces were seen peering out, doors were opened, and a motley hard-looking throng of men streamed forth, some gathering round the singers, but another group evidently intending mischief, made their way across the deck to where the refuse-tub was standing. The Devil's challenge was a very real one, so thought the leader as with practised eye he took in all the signs of the gathering storm, specially marking its centre, the cluster of men across the way gathered round the refuse-tub; his own circle was a steadily increasing one as members of the crew, ever ready for a sing-song, began to crowd around joining in the hymns.

Then suddenly the climax was reached, and the storm burst, but the burst came from exactly the opposite quarter to that anticipated by the now anxiously expectant observer on the deck above. For the leader, guided by that instinct which God does give to those who look to Him, had quietly held up his hand and stopped the singing the crucial moment for action had arrived, the Devil's challenge was being accepted to the full !

Stepping quickly across the deck, a bundle of hymn-books under his arm, our friend was in the midst of the group around the tub before they had time to recover from their surprise at his daring manoeuvre. "Men," he cried, "you've planned to put me head-first in that tub, haven't you ? But I challenge you to do it. There's a power with me that won't let you, and you know it !"

"Come over," continued the insistent challenging voice. "Come over and join in this chorus with us, it tells of the One who died to give you freedom and victory over sin, and that life which is eternal !"

The effect was instantaneous, in some inscrutable manner the opposition began to melt away ; what kind of power was this, they asked themselves, which enabled a single unarmed man to defy and overcome the sort of characters they knew themselves to be ? It was in a changed mood that they accepted the proffered hymn books, with softened hearts that they moved over and joined their shipmates in the service. Is it therefore surprising that before its close several of the

crew had accepted another challenge and stepped out before their fellows in token of their surrender to a newly-found Lord and Master ?

As the joyous band of workers walked away, their morning's task ended, with hearty invitations to come again soon, following them, the officer called their leader up to him.

"How do you do it ?" was his mystified query. "Do what, sir ?" "Why, get those men to do just everything you want, when it takes us all our time to get anything at all out of them?"

The whole incident evidently appealed to him ; was indeed a challenge to his own soul, as any display of Divine power must be to those who witness it, and he proved a ready listener as the mystery of the source of this power, which flows from the death of our Lord Jesus Christ for us men, was expounded to him. One thing you must allow—that the chief actor in the little drama was no coward, that in fact only a truly courageous soul was who willing to risk all—disgrace, contempt, yea, perhaps life itself—could have forced such a situation and overcome the forces arrayed against him with the invincible faith which claimed the victory before the battle was formed. He was, you agree, a brave man ; he was also a Christian, and it needs little probing beneath the surface to see that it was because he was a Christian that he was also a brave man.

The Sinking of the "Stella"

THE long, dreary winter was past, the Easter vacation was at hand, the cheering hope borne on the wings of early spring made glad anticipations rise in the bosom of most of the 200 men, women, and children who boarded the *Stella* at Southampton in April, 1899, and who expected in a few hours' time to land in Jersey, in the Channel Isles.

A clear sky and calm sea gave rise to the hopes of a pleasant voyage, but ere long a dense fog settled down. Instead of slowing, the captain, trusting to long experience, and fearing to be late in arriving, seems to have kept the indicator at "Full steam ahead," with the result that the noble vessel rode straight on to the cruel granite peaks of the Casquets, eight miles from Alderney, and in twelve short minutes she sank to the bottom of the ocean.

Many noble tales of heroism and heart-rending stories of parting on that fatal day are on record, but none of these equal the tale of Mrs. Rogers, the stewardess. Tending the sick in the cabins below at the moment of impact, she calmed them with her assuring manner, quickly got them on deck

and hastily provided each with a lifebelt till all those available were used up, when to her horror on looking round she saw *one lady standing alone without a lifebelt!* Unstrapping her own, the devoted stewardess cried, "Quick, madam! You are my charge! There isn't a second to lose," and forcing the belt on the stranger, pushed her into the boat.

"Get in yourself, Mrs. Rogers; jump for your life!" shouted the sailors, though they scarcely could keep afloat. One look at the boat, one thought of loved ones on shore, one halting moment, and then she cried, "You are full enough. I shall sink you. Good-bye to you all—good-bye!"

As the lifeboat put off they heard Mrs. Roger's cry, "Lord, *take* me!" Not, "Lord, *save* me," for she was "ready" to go. What a comfort to be ready should the call come suddenly, as with the *Stella* passengers, or slowly on a bed of pain. "But can we be sure we are ready?" says one. Well, if you are able to say, "Being justified by faith, *we have peace with God*" (Rom. 5. 1), you will be ready.

Then on land or sea, with moments or with months to prepare, you will be able to say, "Good-bye to you all; I'm ready. Good-bye."

Yeddie's First and Last Communion

A POOR idiot, who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the High and Holy One, condescends to men of low estate.

YEDDIE, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him; and because he had been told in sport that, if he once rode over the hills to kirk in a donkey cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen-Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cottars, and always replied in the same words: "Na, na; ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart; so I'll aye gang on my ain feet up to the courts of the Lord's house, and be talking to Himsel' as I gang."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his course frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he

said, " Please, minister, let Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus." The good man was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came only quarterly in that thinly-settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together ; so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air.

He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded, " Oh, minister, *if ye but kenned how I love Him*, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table ! " This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near, and drove good horses.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor boy, and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully and whisper, " But I dinna see Him." At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and, looking in the minister's face, nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands, and buried it almost between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply, until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said, " Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day ! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile fro' His eye and a word fro' His tongue ; and he's afeared to speak, lest he lose memory o't ; for it's but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah ! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day, that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes *yon lovely Man*. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called " home," he dared not speak to the " granny " who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, " lose the bonny face." He left his " porritch and treacle " untasted ; and after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word " fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones : " Ay Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking ye ; and now we'll bide togither and never part more ! Oy, ay ! but this is a bonny loft, all goold. The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night ! "

And then his voice grew softer and softer, till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighbouring crony the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And beside all this," she said in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before, since the parish paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own portion and mine too, and then cried for more; such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live; I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him' "

"Noo, Molly," replied granny's guest, "doesna' that remind ye o' the words o' our Lord Himsel', when He tell'd them that bid Him eat, 'I ha' meat to eat that ye know not of'? Who'll dare to say that the blessed hand that fed the multitude when they were seated upon the grass, has na' been feeding the poor Yeddie as he sat at His table?

"Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face of yon lad as he cam' into the cot! It just shone, and at first, even afore he spoke a word, I thocht he was carrying a candle in his hand! I e'en hope he brocht the blessing hame wi' him, to 'bide on the widow. Aweel, aweel," continued granny, "if I get the reward it'll not be because I wrought for *that*. I seemed ne'er to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphaned lad, that I was mindin' one o' His little ones; I ken it better to-night."

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her pillow to perform his humble tasks herself. She brought peat from the sack, and water from the spring. She spread her humble table, and made the "porritch"; and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand on his head, but instantly recoiled. While she was sleeping, the crown of the ransomed, which fadeth not away had been put upon his brow. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, and as he slept—he had gone to be with Him.

The Good Black Doctor

IN the Franco-Prussian war there was then a great International Hospital in the town, at the head of which was a distinguished doctor from St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He died there from confluent smallpox caught from a patient, and was so much beloved that he was given a military funeral, which was followed by the troops of both armies and headed by the Mayor of Sedan.

This distinguished physician was Dr. Davis, generally known as the good black doctor. He came from Barbados, his father was a European, his mother a Barbadian, he himself was as black as ebony, though a tall and distinguished looking man. A few days before his death he sent me the following account of his last journey, one week before he succumbed to the fatal disease.

He had been staying with friends in Yorkshire, and came up to London to cross over by the tidal express from Folkestone harbour, there being then no pier. At Charing Cross he walked slowly along the platform looking for a seat, for the train was very full. At last he found one next the platform and facing the engine in a first-class carriage. Opposite to him sat a little old lady with very bright eyes, busily engaged in knitting. Next to her was her somewhat stolid and burly husband. In the far corner a gentleman sat reading *The Times*, while at Dr. Davis' side were two elderly and prim ladies.

The doctor, being tired with his long journey from the North, put his hat upon the rack, and donned a dark velvet smoking cap, whose blue tassel and gold embroidery gave him a striking appearance. He leaned back in the seat, and with closed eyes heard the following conversation, for the train had hardly cleared the platform when the little lady opposite began, turning to her husband :

"What a handsome man, John ! "

"Hush, my dear, he may hear what you say."

"And what if he does ? " retorted the lady, "He can't understand a single word."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"Oh, John, you are so foolish. Cannot you see who he is ? "

"Well, no, my dear ; I cannot say that I do." "Why, he's one of those African princes you read about that have come over to see the Queen. He's as black as coal."

"You can't be sure, my dear, who he is," said John feebly.

"I tell you he's an African Prince," said his little wife with decision. "Isn't it awful John, to think that that poor heathen is now leaving this country, and probably doesn't even know he's got a soul ? I call it disgraceful."

Just then the train was passing the Crystal Palace on the right. Its panes of glass were shining like diamonds in the rays of the afternoon sun.

The lady remarked, "These huge places of amusement do a lot of harm. Boys and girls do pretty much as they like now ; while as for *morality*, the less said the better."

Dr. Davis saw his opportunity, and in the purest English, said, as he slowly opened his eyes, and leaned forward, "Morality, ma'am ? "

The little lady nearly had a fit. She sprang right off her seat, and as she came down again, said faintly, "Oh, sir, I'm so sorry. I'd no idea you understood our language. I don't know what you must think of me ! " "I think you said 'morality,' ma'am ? " repeated Dr. Davis. "Yes, sir, I did." "And what is morality, ma'am ? " "Morality, sir, is a very good thing. We couldn't do without it. Could we, John ? " "Well, no, my dear, I don't think we could. At anyrate, sir, we are not going to try." "Morality, sir, is a very good thing for both worlds," added his wife.

"For *both* worlds ? " he inquired. "For both worlds, sir. There is another besides ours—indeed, there are two ; one is called Heaven, and the other is called Hell." "And what are they like, ma'am ? " "Heaven, sir," replied the woman, delighted that she had now actually got into conversation with "the African Prince," "Is where the angels are, and where all the good people go—all gold and glass, and harps and happiness ; and Hell, sir, is where the Devil is, and is a dreadful place, where all the bad and wicked people are—all flames and horrid darkness ; and we must go to one or the other when we die."

The "African Prince" leaned forward, full of interest "And how can we get to Heaven, ma'am ? "

"Well, sir," said the little lady, with a triumphant look at John, "it's quite easy. Of course, you must be good, and kind to all, and forgive every one their offences. And you must be baptised and sorry for your sins, and go to Church and take the sacrament, and love your enemies, and help the poor, and do as you would be done by, and—and that's the way to Heaven, isn't it, John ? "

"Quite right, my dear ; " and then in a low voice, "but if you go on with this conversation you're sure to get into a mess."

And then to Dr. Davis, who was still politely listening : "I might say, sir, if you wish any further information on these matters, we have a most excellent clergyman at Folkestone, who will tell you all you wish to know. I can give you his address."

"Sir," replied the black doctor, "we are travelling at fifty miles an hour, and I should like to be sure *now* of the way to Heaven."

"Well, sir," interposed the little lady, rather piqued, "haven't I just told you word for word, just as it's written in the Bible?" "The Bible, ma'am?" "The Bible, sir. The Bible is God's Book, written to tell us the way to Heaven. You'll find it all there exactly as I've said, and of course, as my husband told you, if you would like to see our clergyman, you will find he knows all about it as well."

"Oh, ma'am," said the doctor, "I should much like to see it in the Bible." "And so you shall, sir," replied the little lady, who proceeded to hunt in her bag. After she had rummaged it for some time without success, she turned to the unsympathetic John, "have you got a Bible anywhere?" "No, my dear, I haven't; and you had much better leave the gentleman alone."

Nothing, however, could daunt the lady's missionary zeal. "Excuse me, sir," addressing the gentleman in the corner, "Have you a Bible?" "No, I have not, ma'am; and I consider these religious conversations in railway carriages most improper."

"Have you a Bible?" pursued the little lady, nothing daunted, turning to the two spinster ladies in turn. "No," replied each one in succession, "I'm afraid we have not."

"Dear me," said the little lady, "I fear, sir, we haven't a Bible in the carriage. I'm so sorry. But I have told you word for word the way to Heaven; and as John, my husband, sir, says, our vicar will be most pleased to see you at Folkestone."

"I wish I could see the passage now," said Dr. Davis, with a sigh, as he leaned back again and closed his eyes.

The little lady gazed for a time earnestly at her hearer, and then she gave a little sigh, as she took up her knitting once more, and retired from the mission field. There was a silence once more in the carriage as the train roared through the dusk of the evening. After a while Dr. Davis, slowly felt in his coat pocket, and drew out a small book. Leaning forward once more, and holding it out, he said to the lady, "Was *that* what you were looking for?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir. Why, that's the Testament—the very book."

"The Testament, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir. The Bible has two Testaments; there is the Old Testament and the New."

"And which is this, ma'am?" "This, sir, is the New."

"And *which* tells us the way to Heaven?"

"Why, the New, sir; that's the very book."

"Would you kindly show me the passage you spoke of, ma'am?"

"With pleasure, sir," said the lady, bright again with missionary zeal, taking the book in her hand.

She then rapidly turned its pages, first one way and then the other. Then, after casting her gaze on the ceiling for inspiration, turned them over again; the doctor's eyes being fixed on her all the time.

After fumbling in vain for some minutes, and getting very red, she turned to her husband, "John!"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do you know where that passage is that tells us the way to Heaven?"

"No, I don't, Maria; and you see what a mess you've got into. I haven't the least idea where it is."

In despair, the lady rapidly turned over the pages once more, but all in vain. "I'm afraid, sir, I can't lay my hands on the exact passage. I know it's just about here. My poor head is not so young as it once was, and I can't think of the verse. But it's all there, sir, exactly as I told you, for I know it by heart."

"Would you allow me, ma'am?" said Dr. Davis, very politely, gently taking the Testament out of her hands, and turning the leaves over to the Gospel of St. John, chapter 3, verse 16, which he indicated with his finger. "Was that the passage?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir; why, they are the very words. Just as I said. Now, sir, you can read it for yourself, and see it's all true," and she lay back triumphantly.

"Would you allow me to read this passage aloud, ma'am?"

"Certainly, sir, do."

So Dr. Davis read: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"There, sir," said the lady, in high spirits and evidently without any suspicion of the storm about to burst, "the very words I told you. I'm so glad you've found it. I knew it was there."

"One moment, ma'am. I should first like to say a word to the gentleman in the corner. 'Sir, I don't know who you are, or what you call yourself, but of one thing I am sure. The man that says that a British railway carriage is not a place where a supposed heathen (which I thank God I am not) may learn the way to Heaven is unworthy of the name of Englishman!'"

The little lady quietly applauded.

"But as for you, ma'am," he continued, "you are ten times

worse. I came into this carriage and you believed me to be a heathen Prince, and seemed anxious to tell me the way to Heaven ; so I asked you, and you told me I had to do this, and that, and the other, and you have never opened your mouth to tell me *one word of what Christ has done for me*. Not one syllable of all you told me is to be found in this glorious text ; and no word that it contains has passed your lips. You have utterly misled me. Your religion is two letters short. It is ' D-O,' do ; and mine is ' D-O-N-E,' done ; and this makes all the difference."

The poor missionary collapsed, while the supposed heathen proclaimed the glorious Gospel of the Cross to a now attentive audience, until the train drew up at Folkestone Harbour Station.

On his way to the boat in his mackintosh, for a fine rain was falling, Dr. Davis felt a slight tug at his overcoat. Turning round, he found the two spinster ladies at his heels. " Oh, sir," said the one who had given the pull, " you will excuse us, but we could not let you go without thanking you for the blessing your words have been to us."

" We always thought we had to do our best to get to Heaven, and never understood that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ had done all the work of atonement for us, and that we can now *know* that we are saved."

" Sir," she continued, her eyes full of tears, " we shall have to thank God to all eternity for this afternoon."

In a week Dr. Davis himself had passed away to his eternal rest.

Two Sweeps at Yeovil Fair

THERE was held yearly in the town of Yeovil, in Somerset a pleasure fair, and while it lasted the inhabitants of the town and adjoining country were given up to scenes of sin and drunkenness. A few godly people living there invited a converted sweep, named WILLIAM CARTER, to preach.

Now, there was living in Yeovil at this time a notorious character, a sweep too, named BILL CATCHPOLE, who was proud to be considered the most drunken, the strongest, the boldest, the most blasphemous. One evening a number of Bill's bosom companions were met together in their favourite haunt. Presently in swaggered Bill, in full sweep's regimentals—sooty from curly head to hob-nailed boots. " Hallo-a ! " leered he, as he caught sight of the notice. " What have we 'e-ere ? Stuff of nonsense ! Can't they keep their preaching to themselves and their dismal churches and chapels, without interfering with a body's pleasure. Calls hisself a '*converted sweep*'—I'll sweep him. A disgracin' of our honourable purfession."

The fair week arrived. On Tuesday the preaching began. Singing through the streets, they collected to them some hundreds of people, and led the way to a field adjoining the fair. Mr. Carter had not long commenced his address when he observed a group of men sauntering up to the edge of the crowd. One who appeared to be their leader began to elbow his way through the people.

He relates, "I was struck with the appearance of this man. I could see he was a sweep; and evidently a well-known character. Something about the man told me he meant mischief. I sent a quick appeal to Heaven for aid—a word to arrest him. I expected nothing less than a thunderbolt of a message would be given to me. But nothing would recur to my mind, save that wondrous 16th verse of the 3rd of John. There was no time to lose waiting for another, so I fitted this arrow into my bow, and launched it fair at the intruder's heart. I called aloud, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' He faltered, stopped, and looked uneasily about him. Thought I, 'Praise God! I'll try another shaft like that.' I sounded again those precious words in his ears. He turned and walked out of the crowd another way.

"On Friday morning, as I was eating an early breakfast, before taking the first train to London, a knock came to the door. We heard the servant answer the door, and she came, pale and breathless, into the parlour, exclaiming, "Oh, master! if there bea'n't that terrible Bill Catchpole at the door. I'm sure he's come to do Mr. Carter some harm, for I heard tell in the town as how he'd threatened as much.' 'Well, Bill,' I said kindly, 'tell me what's wrong.' He burst into tears and sobbed—sobbed as only a strong man can. After a little I said, 'Don't despair, Bill. There's mercy for as great sinners as you and me.' He shrank back from my hand, and sobbed, 'Oh! sir, you would not touch me if you knew what a wretch I be. On last Tuesday I went to the preachin', my mind bent on pitchin' you out of the waggon, but those words—*those words* you spoke. Those words which told that God loved *me*—*loved* me so much, that He gave His only begotten Son. The *only* Son he had—ah! that's what touched my heart. For rough and hard as others think me, I love with all its strength my children, and would not give one of them—no, not to save the dearest friend, if friend I have on earth. Had you told me of Hell, I'd have laughed defiance. But His *love* has broken my heart." Foremost as he had been in the service of the Devil, Bill Catchpole the sweep now and henceforth became a standard-bearer of the Lord Jesus Christ,

The French Nobleman and the Physician

WHEN I was in London in 1867 I was told a story which made a very deep impression upon me. A young French nobleman, labouring under an extraordinary depression of spirits, came to consult an eminent physician, who devoted himself especially to diseases of the mind.

The Count was a man of wealth as well as of rank, and brought with him letters of introduction from the Emperor Napoleon III., who had a great regard for him. Beloved in his family and esteemed by his friends, his cup seemed to run over. But was he happy? No; for, strange as it may appear, a deep gloom hung over his spirits, which neither the charms of a happy family circle nor the important duties of public life could dispel.

Just at this juncture an intimate friend advised him to go to England and consult the above-mentioned physician. To this he willingly assented, and before many days had passed he was standing before the doctor in his study. Having put a number of questions to him, the doctor, after a most careful examination, saw there was something upon his mind, and said to him, "What is troubling you? You have something weighing upon your mind." "Oh," said he "there is nothing particular." "I know better," replied the doctor. "I must know what is on your mind; I must know what is troubling you. Perhaps an inordinate ambition may have to do with it." "No; I have no desire for great things. I am in the position just suited to my tastes and wishes." "Some family trouble or bereavement?" "No, doctor; peace and love reign in my family, and my circle is unbroken." "Have you any enemies?" "Not that I am aware of." "Have you lost any reputation in your country?" "No."

The doctor studied for a few minutes, and then said, "What subject most frequently occupies your thoughts?"

"You are approaching a matter which I hardly like to speak of, doctor. My father was an infidel; my grandfather was an infidel, and I was brought up an infidel. The ceremonies of religion are in my view as repugnant to common sense as its mysteries are to reason. I do not believe in revelation, and yet, I must confess, one of its dogmas haunts me like a spectre. I try to persuade myself that it is the result of a disordered state of the brain; but yet my mind is continually occupied with it." "Will you tell me what it is?" asked the physician. "For the last three years these words have haunted me, 'Eternity, where shall it find me?' A vision of the last judgment is constantly present to my mind. The end of all things seems to have come, and the great white throne is set

up. There is One seated on the throne, whose look of stern justice terrifies me. I try to escape from His penetrating glance, but Heaven and earth have disappeared, and I am left alone. Every moment I expect to hear the awful words, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' "

"What makes you fear such a sentence?" "Well, in the eyes of men my life is deemed irreproachable, and not without reason. I have less to accuse myself of than most of my acquaintances; but in the presence of such dazzling glory—such spotless purity—my very best actions appear black and hideous. I feel guilty and condemned, and long to find some spot where I can hide from His presence."

"Is that what causes the melancholy?" "I suppose so. I cannot get rid of this terrible vision." "Ah!" said the doctor, "I am afraid you have come to the wrong physician." "Is there no hope for me?" cried the young man. "I walk about in the daytime; I lie down at night, and it comes upon me continually, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?' This depression of spirits endangers my reason. Do, doctor, help me, if you can."

"Now, just sit down and be quiet. A few years ago I was an infidel. I did not believe in God, and was in the same condition in which you are now. I have by me an Old Book, which contains a remedy for your disease," said the doctor, as he took down his Bible, and turned to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and read, "'Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.' "

"Of whom do these verses speak?" asked the Count.

"Of the Lord Jesus Christ whom God sent into the world, that by His death He might make atonement for sin. 'He is despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.' "

"That is indeed true," asserted the Count.

"'But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' "

"What does that mean, doctor?"

"That the Son of God took the sinner's place, and bore the punishment due to the sinner."

"Is it possible, doctor? What divine beauty and simplicity! The guiltless dies for the guilty!"

The doctor read on through the chapter. When he had finished, the Count said, "Do you believe this, that He voluntarily left Heaven, came down to this earth, and suffered and died that *we* might be saved?" "Yes, I believe it. That brought me out of infidelity, out of darkness into light." And he preached Christ and His salvation to him, with the result that the Count was able to do what the doctor had done, put in "my" for "our," and say:

"He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my iniquities: the chastisement of my peace was upon Him; and by His stripes I am healed."

Some time after his return to France the young nobleman wrote to Dr. Whinston, in London, telling him that the question of "Eternity, and where he should spend it," was settled, and troubling him no more. He had found "joy and peace in believing."

"Herrings for Nothing"

THINK of a bitter east wind, a declining day, fast falling snow, and a short, muddy street in London, at the far east. Put these thoughts together, and add to them the picture of a tall, stout man, in a rough greatcoat, with a large comforter round his neck, buffeting through the wind and storm. The darkness is coming rapidly, as a man with a basket on his head turns the corner of the street, and there are two of us on opposite sides. He cries loudly as he goes:

"Herrings! three a penny! red herrings, good and cheap at three a penny!"

So crying he passes along the street, and crosses at its end, and comes to where I am standing at the corner. Here he pauses, evidently wishing to fraternise with somebody, as a relief from the dull time and disappointed hopes of trade. I presume I appear a suitable object, as he comes close to me, and commences conversation.

"Governor, what do you think of these 'ere herrings?"

As he speaks, I note that he has three in his hand, while the remaining stock are deftly balanced in the basket on his head.

"Don't you think they're good?" and he offers me the opportunity of testing them by scent, which I courteously but firmly decline: "and don't you think they're cheap as well?"

I assert my decided opinion that they are good and cheap. "Then look you, governor, why can't I sell 'em? Here have I

walked a mile and a half along this dismal place, offering these good and cheap 'uns ; and nobody don't buy none ! " " I do not at all wonder at that," I answer. " Tell us, why not, governor ; tell us, why not." " The people have no work at all to do, and they are starving ; there are plenty of houses round here that have not had a penny in them for many a day," was my convincing but unsatisfactory reply.

" Ah ! then, governor," he rejoined, " I've put my foot in it this time. I knew they were werry poor, but I thought three a penny 'ud tempt 'em. But if they haven't the ha'pence they can't spend 'em, sure enough ; so there's nothing for it but to carry 'em back, and try and sell 'em elsewhere. I thought by selling cheap arter buying cheap, I could do them good, and earn a trifle for myself. But I'm done this time."

" How much will you take for the lot ? " I inquired. First a keen look at me,—then down came the basket from his head—then a rapid calculation—then a grinning inquiry,—“ Do you mean profit an' all, governor ? ” “ Yes.” “ Then I'll take four shillin', and be glad to get 'em.”

I put my hand into my pocket, produced that amount, and transferred to it him. “ Right ! governor, thank'ee ! What'll I do with 'em ? ” he said, as he quickly transferred the coins to his own pocket. “ Go round this corner into the middle of the road, shout with all your might, ‘ Herrings for nothing ! ’ and give three to every man, woman, and child that comes to you, till the basket is emptied.”

On hearing these instructions he immediately reproduced the money, and carefully examined it piece by piece. Being satisfied of its genuineness, he again replaced it, and then looked very keenly and questioningly at me. “ Well,” I said, “ is it all right and good ? ” “ Yes,” said he.

“ Then the herrings are mine, and I can do as I like with them ; but if you don't like to do as I tell you, give me my money back.” “ All right, governor, an' they *are* yours ; so if you say it, here goes ! ”

Accordingly, he proceeded into the middle of the adjoining street, and went along shouting aloud, “ Herrings for nothing ! real good herrings for nothing ! ”

Out of sight myself, I stood at the corner to watch his progress ; and speedily he neared a house where a tall woman I knew stood at the first-floor window, looking out upon him. “ Here you are, missus,” he bawled, “ herrings for nothing ! a fine chance for yer ; come an' take 'em ! ”

The woman shook her head unbelievably, and left the window. “ Vot a fool ! ” said he ; “ but they won't be all so. Herrings for nothing ! ”

A little child came out to look at him ; and he called to her, " Yer, my dear, take these in to your mother, tell her how cheap they are—herrings for nothing "

But the child was afraid of him and them, and ran indoors. So down the street, in the snowy slush and mud, went the cheap fish, the vendor crying loudly as he went, " Herrings for nothing ! " and then added savagely, " O you fools ! "

Thus he reached the very end ; and then turning to retrace his steps, he continued his double cry, and as he came, " Herrings for nothing ! " and then in a lower but very audible key, " O you fools ! "

" Well ! " I said to him calmly, as he reached me at the corner. " Well ! " he repeated, " if yer think so ! When you gave the money for herrings as yer didn't want, I thought you was training for a lunatic 'sylum ! Now I thinks as all the people round here are fit company for yer. But what'll I do with the herrings, if yer don't want 'em and they won't have 'em ? " " We'll try again together," I replied ; " I will come with you this time, and we'll both shout."

Into the road we both went ; he shouted once more and for the last time, " Herrings for nothing ! "

Then I called out loudly also, " Will any one have some herrings for tea ? " They heard the voice, and they knew it well ; and they came out at once, in two's three's, and six's, men, women, and children ; all striving to reach the welcome food. As fast as I could take them from the basket, I handed three to each eager applicant, until all were speedily disposed of. When the basket was empty, the hungry crowd that had none was far greater than those that had been supplied ; but they were too late ; there were no more " herrings for nothing ! "

Foremost among the disappointed was a tall woman of a bitter tongue, who began vehemently, " Why haven't I got any ? ain't I as good as they ? ain't my children as hungry as theirs ? Why haven't I got any ? "

Before I had time to reply, the vendor stretched out his arm toward her, saying, " Why, governor, that's the very woman as I offered 'em to at first, and she turned up her nose at 'em."

" I didn't ! " she rejoined passionately, " I didn't believe you meant it ! "

" Yer goes without for your unbelief ! " he replied, " Good night ; and thank'ee governor ! "

Perhaps you cannot help laughing at the quaint story, which is strictly true. But are you sure you would not have done as they did ; been as unbelieving as they ? Nay, are you sure you are not ten thousand times worse than they ? Their

unbelief only cost them a hungry stomach a little longer ; but what may your unbelief cost you ?

God—not man—God has sent *His* messengers to you repeatedly for many years to offer pardon *for nothing* ! peace *for nothing* ! salvation *for nothing* ! He has sent to your houses, your homes, your hearts, the most loving and tender offers that even an Almighty God could frame ; and what have you replied ?

Have you taken the trouble to reply at all ? Have you not turned away in utter scornful unbelief, like the woman, or run away in fear, like the little child ?

Many have heard a voice they believed ; and they have received the gifts of God ; but you are still without a hope on earth, or a home in heaven, because you will not believe God's messengers when they offer you, by His commandment, all that you need for time and eternity—*for nothing*.

The Man that Died for Me

MANY years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and as years came and passed I went to live on the Pacific Coast. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived. I heard of a man who lived over the hills and was dying of consumption, and they said, "He is so vile no one can stand it to stay with him, so the boys place some food by him, and leave him for twenty-four hours. And added, they'll find him dead sometime, and the quicker the better, *never had a soul, I guess.*"

The pity of it haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him, and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me, "Why don't you go yourself ? Here's missionary work if you want it." It had not occurred to me before that I could go.

At last one day I went over the hills to the little cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up on one corner, on some straw and coloured blankets, I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move I should have retreated hastily. As my shadow fell over the floor, he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little, and there came another oath. "Don't speak so my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said. "Well, I am yours, and——" But the oaths came thicker as he said, "You ain't my friend. I never had any friends, and I don't want any now."

I reached out at arms length the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart ; but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said, " That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, " I knew it was no use." The next day I went back again, and I went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude a dog would have shown. At the end of that time, I said, " I am not going any more." That night when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it and said, " Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man." " No," I answered with a sigh. " Have you given him up, mamma ? " " Yes, I guess so." " Has God given him up, mamma ? Ought you to give him up before God does ? "

That night I could not sleep. The man dying, and so vile, with *no one to care*. I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I touched my knees, I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning, there had been to my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had *not really cared*, beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. *Oh, the shame, the sham* of my missionary zeal ! I fell on my face literally, as I cried, " Oh, Christ, give me a little *glimpse of the worth of a human soul*." I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never learned before, what it was to *travail for a human soul*. I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him before. I stayed there until the answer came.

As I went back to my room my husband said, " How about your miner ? " " He is going to be saved," I said. " How are you going to do it ? " he asked. " The Lord is going to save him, and I don't know as I shall do anything about it," I replied.

Next morning brought a lesson in Christian work never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon when my work being over I could change my dress, put on my gloves and take a walk while the shadows were on the hill-sides. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school, I left my work, and, without waiting for gloves or shadows, hurried over the hills, not to see " that vile wretch," but to *win a soul*. I thought the man *might die*. There was a human soul in the balance, and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on, a neighbour came out of her cabin and said, " I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

-I did not want her, but that was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin she said, "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath; but it did not hurt as it did before; for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note. "What's that?" said the man eagerly. "It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me." "Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door I beckoned to her, and then taking her by the hand, said, "Come in, and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back as she saw his face, and said, "I'm afraid;" but I assured her with, "Poor sick man, he can't get up and he wants to *see* you."

She looked like an angel; her face framed in golden curls and her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hand she held the flowers she had picked off the purple sage bush, and bending towards him she said, "I sorry for 'ou, sick man. Will you have a posy?"

He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came into his eyes as he said, "I had a little girl once, and *she died*. Her name was Mamie. *She cared for me*. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died." I knew I had the key to the man's heart, and the thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer service: "When I spoke of your mother and your wife you cursed them, and I know now that they were not good women or you could not have done it, for I never knew a man who could curse a good mother."

"Good women! Oh, *you* don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of women. You can't *think* what they was." "Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? Would you have liked to have her live for that?" He evidently had not thought of it, and his great eyes looked away for a full minute. As they came back to mine he cried, "Oh! God, no! I'd killed her first. I'm glad she died."

Reaching out and taking the poor hand I said, "The dear Lord didn't want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did. So He took her away where she could

be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. To-day she is waiting for you. Don't you want to see her again ? "

" Oh, I'd be willing to be burnt alive a thousand times over, if I could just see my little gal once more, my little Mamie."

Oh, friends, you know, what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that I could tell it in earnest ! The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing breath. Then clutching me he said, " What's that, woman, you said t'other day 'bout talkin' to somebody out o' sight ? " " It's praying. I tell Him what I want." " Pray now, pray quick. Tell Him I want my little gal again. Tell Him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child, and placed them on the trembling hand of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie and wanted to see her again. As nearly as I remember, this was Mamie's prayer :

" Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his 'ittle girl, and he feels bad about it. I's so sorry for him, and he's so sorry too. Won't You help him, and show him where to find his 'ittle girl ? Do please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood one with the prints of the nails in His hands and the wound in His side.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, " Tell Him more 'bout it, tell Him everything ; but oh, *you* don't know." Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it but for the One that was close to us that hour.

By and by the poor man grasped the strong hands. It was the third day when the poor tired soul turned from everything to Him, the Mighty to save, "*The man who died for me.*"

He lived on for weeks, as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting, and he said, " I'd like to go to a meetin' once. I never went to one of them things."

So we planned a meeting, and the boys came from the mills and the mines, and filled the room. " Now, boys," said he, " get down on your knees while she tells 'bout the Man that died for me."

I found myself talking, and I tried to tell the simple story of the Cross. After a while he said, " Oh, boys, you don't half belief it or you'd cry ; you couldn't help it. Boys raise me up. *I'd like to tell it once.*"

So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing, he told the story. He had to use the language he knew,

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes and carries off all the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well the Blood of that Man she tells about, went right over me just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. Oh, boys, *can't you love Him?*"

Some days after that there came a look into his face that told the end had come. I had to leave him, and I said, "What shall I say to-night, Jack?" "Just good night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say 'good morning,' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the boys sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the head, and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the "image of God."

"I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me about it," "Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight an' smilin' said, 'I'm goin' boys. Tell *her* I'm going to see Mamie. Tell *her* I'm going to see the *Man that died for me,*' an' he was gone."

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold ones, that had been stained with human blood, I asked to understand more and more *the worth* of a *human soul*, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "Not willing that *any* should perish."

The Loss of the "Birkenhead"

DURING the Kaffir War in South Africa in 1852, the "Birkenhead," conveying 500 soldiers of the 12th, 74th, and 91st Regiments, with a number of wives and little ones, was steaming about a league off the shore, bound for Algo Bay, not thinking of danger. About two o'clock in the morning the vessel with its precious freight crashed into a sunken reef, the sharp rocks of which penetrated the hull, and let in a flood of water which drowned a hundred men at once, startling all the sleepers from their slumbers, and causing consternation though not confusion, on board.

The captain, realising at once that his vessel was doomed, gave orders for the boats to be immediately lowered, the women and children first, no men but those absolutely necessary to enter the boats. The commanding officer issued his orders to the soldiers, who assembled on the poop as if on parade.

Amongst them was a converted soldier. As the last boat left the ship he handed his Bible to one of the men in charge, and said, "Find out my mother if ever you reach the old

country. She gave me this Bible when I left home. Tell her that I know how a fellow feels when there is joy in Heaven over his repentance." He was ready to go down with the ship, and ready to go up to Glory! Twenty minutes after striking the reef, the "Birkenhead" took her final plunge into the great deep, with the soldiers standing like statues on the poop. Four hundred and thirty-eight precious souls found a watery grave; but the women and children, a number of the soldiers, and a few of the crew, 192 in all, were saved.

One man gave a clear testimony: probably dozens more could have done so. One man did it. Have you a clear conversion testimony to give? Has there been joy in Heaven over your repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ? If not, the Word of God says, "If *thou* shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9).

The Three-Legged Stool

"YES, indeed! there could be no two opinions about it, the stool had seen its best days, and must soon come to the fire." So thought its owner, an old woman, little suspecting how important a part her old stool had yet to play in her history.

It was a very old stool, and she was a very old woman; and somehow there was a link in this very fact between them, so that though she had often threatened as above, she could never bring herself to accomplish the dire sentence.

It had been in her family for many a day; aye, long before she was born. As a little girl she had sat upon it by the fire. It had done its duty well. It had been scrubbed and sanded, and sanded and scrubbed, until it was quite worn, and showed furrows upon its surface, as if lined with age. But its old face shone again still, in keeping with the rest of that little cottage, for its owner was a thrifty old soul.

Yet, really she began to be ashamed of it. It was so worm-eaten, and began to be shaky on its legs too, that—and there it ended; for she had grown to look on the old thing as a sort of companion, so nothing came of her threat.

Mr. Pennefather of Mildmay, then the clergyman of the parish in which this old woman lived, was very much concerned about her. Not that she was a wicked old woman, with a loud tongue and meddling manner, for she was, on the contrary, a highly respectable and most religious creature. Blew it hot or cold, was it wet or dry, did it rain or snow, it mattered little; for sure as the church door was open, on ordinary or

extraordinary occasions, there old Betty was to be found. First in her seat she had said her prayers, smoothed her hair, composed her features, and was ready to look round patronisingly and self-approvingly on the congregation as it slowly filed in. And *then*, when service began, she was in her element! Her voice led in the responses. She stood or knelt with the nicest exactness, in accordance with rule. During the sermon, she was all attention—*she* never slept in church! Nodding approval at this, smiling complacently at that, deeply sighing as the sins of *others* were mentioned, for, in her opinion, hers was too blameless a life to have need of thought for herself in this respect.

But what about the stool, and the important part it has to play? Well, this is how it came to pass. The clergyman was sitting in his study one afternoon, conversing with a gentleman who was on a visit with him, a well-known servant of God, and one wise to win souls.

“Let us pray for her, and I will then go down and see her,” was his friend’s rejoinder.

He was shown the house; and he went in, just as Betty was putting away her tea things, for she was early in this respect also. She curtsied low. Would the gentleman take a seat, though it was a poor place enough for the likes of him to come into, looking contentedly round on her neat little room the while. He thanked her, begged she would be seated also, that he had just come from his friend, Mr. Pennefather, and would like to have a little talk with her, he had heard she liked good things. In short, he set her so entirely at her ease, that she launched forth at once on her favourite topic, and gave him a long account of her good life, her prayers, her works; reflecting on the difference between herself and others, who were not so particular. He listened quietly, not needing to say aught; waiting, like a wise man, until she had quite run the length of her cable.

When a pause in her flow of language seemed to ask for a word of approval, her visitor simply raised his hand suggestively, and pointed with his forefinger to the old, well-worn, worm-eaten, three-legged stool, sitting silently by the fireside. Following the direction indicated, and seeing the article he pointed out, she began a long apology. Indeed, the gentleman might well think it was good for nothing, a worn-out, worthless old stool. She had said, many’s the time, it should be broke up, and put behind the fire, it was “fit for nothing else.”

At this words, the gentleman raised his eyes, his finger still pointing to the stool; and looking into hers, said, deliberately and solemnly, “‘Fit for nothing else!’ My dear woman, *you are just like that three-legged stool.*”

I let the reader imagine what words would fail to depict the effect produced on that self-satisfied, self-righteous, old woman's mind and face, as she heard herself, and her condition, compared to "*that three-legged stool.*" She gasped for breath—surely her ears deceived her! She! "*Like—that—three-legged—stool!*" only fit for the fire! No! there was no mistake; that finger steadily pointing, that face looking calmly on hers, dispelled any doubt on the subject. Her pride was wounded. It was the reverse of what she had expected, and been prepared to hear. Were all her "good hopes," cherished for years, thus to totter and fall? Totter they did.

After he'd gone, she turned in her ire towards the innocent cause of it all—the three-legged stool. And her fury increased as she looked at it; sitting there so provokingly quiet, as if regarding her maliciously, and silently acquiescing in the words just uttered.

"From Death—unto Life." She could stand its silent preaching no longer; she must have some vent for her indignation. There was a Mrs. White living next door, a truly humble, converted Christian woman; and one who was ever ready to sympathise with, and help the troubled. In to her ran Betty crying like a spoilt child that has been robbed of its plaything. She told of her visitor. "*He* calls himself a *gentleman*, and a friend of the parson's! Like enough the parson didn't know what sort he was a comin' down there, and callin' of her all kinds of bad things. And Mrs. White knew what good woman she'd been, all'us attendin' church reg'lar and a doin' of the best she could to get to Heaven, like a proper Christian. For him to go for to say as how she was 'no better nor an old three-legged stool.' Oh dear! oh dear! she'd had such a turn; she didn't know how she'd get over it."

Her neighbour just let her run on; listening kindly and patiently to the oft-repeated and, by this time, well-known history of poor Betty's wonderful well-doing, praying unceasingly that indeed the Spirit of God would use this untoward event to show her the end of herself and her own righteousness.

She sat by her neighbour's fire until late; afraid to confront the three-legged stool; though not allowing to herself that this was her reason for stopping.

When she went in, she hurriedly lit her candle, and went upstairs, without permitting herself to glance in the direction of the stool. Poor thing! she was quite worn with the worry of her mind. She began to weep, and bitter, bitter tears, true tears of sorrow and remorse, now filled her eyes. Her loud sobs and cries for mercy aroused her neighbour from next door, who ran in to see what was the matter. "Matter! oh;

matter enough, neighbour. What a wicked sinner I be ! And I never to have seen it—never. A thinkin' I was so good and religious, me that has been so full of pride. And all the time turnin' my back on Christ, and thinkin' I didn't need to be converted, that was so good. Who would have thought it was to be all along of that old stool, a stout-hearted, self-righteous sinner like me, was to be broke down ! Oh, neighbour, tell me, is there mercy for me ? ”

Sitting up in her bed, she drank in the words her neighbour spoke ; and then and there, sinner as she was, she believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved. Early the next morning Betty wended her way to the vicarage, and told her rejoicing hearers how the Lord had had mercy on the old hypocrite.

“ John Three Sixteen ”

THERE was a little Irish boy, a wanderer in the streets of Dublin—a city Arab, homeless, houseless, friendless. From childhood to boyhood he had been sinking into lower depths of misery, and it was ending in his becoming the associate of thieves. Weariness and terror often made him long for something else ; but he was alone, hungry, and forlorn, and so he was becoming the slave of wicked men.

One dark cold night in November, he was awaiting his accomplices ; the hour had not yet struck when the evil deed should take place—they had planned to commit a burglary in a house where the boy kept watch. The moon gleamed forth at intervals from the heavy clouds, and the robbers must wait until all was dark before they could attain their wicked purpose.

Brighter and brighter the moon shone forth—so bright that it cast a dark shadow on the boy's path as he hid himself behind the portico of the house. Some one was there ! Was it one of the thieves, to see if he were there ? Was it the police aware of their evil intentions ? No ! A voice not unkind, but with command in its tone, inquired : “ Boy ! what are you doing here so late ? Go home, and go to bed ; lads like you have no business in the streets at such an hour as this ! Go home ! ” he repeated, as the boy did not move.

“ I have no home to go to—no bed,” replied the young Arab, and his voice trembled. “ Poor fellow,” said the stranger compassionately ; “ would you go to a home and a bed if I procured you one ? ” “ That I would, gladly,” replied the boy, as the cold north-east wind swept over his shivering frame, and carried the clouds away, so that the full light fell on the face of a gentleman, whose kindly smile shone brighter and warmer than moonlight, on the heart of the wanderer.

He gave the name of the street and the number, and the lad was hurrying off, when the gentleman recalled him. " But how are you going to get in, my boy ? You must have a pass-ticket as well as an invitation before you can be admitted. Take this ; this is for you. Can you read ? " " No," replied the lad sadly. " I never learned."

" Well, remember on this ticket is, ' John Three Sixteen.' Repeat it after me : ' John Three Sixteen.' " He eagerly repeated it. " Now do not forget that is to give you a home and a bed, and is to do you good."

Off ran the lad with his precious ticket, repeating his lesson without a moment's cessation, until he arrived breathlessly at the street door of the house indicated to him. He rang the bell fearlessly, for had not that kind friend told him that John Three Sixteen would procure him a home and a bed, and do him good ? The night-porter opened the door, and in a gruff voice inquired, " Who's there ? " " It's me, please," gasped the boy. " Please, sir, I'm *John Three Sixteen*." " All right," responded the porter ; " that's the pass for to-night. Come in."

The poor fellow soon found himself in a comfortable bed, his heart running over with gratitude for the shelter not only from the cold night wind, but from his evil companions, and again and again he repeated, " I'll always be John Three Sixteen—it be so lucky." He slept soundly until the morning, when he reluctantly left the place which had so wonderfully afforded him rest, food, and shelter solely on the strength of his new name.

He was again on the streets. Who knows how soon his evil associates would have enticed him to be again a partaker of their evil deeds, had not the Hand, " mighty to save," snatched him from the mouth of the pit. In crossing a crowded thoroughfare, he was run over by a cart, and carried to the nearest hospital. Before taking him into the ward he was asked, " Are you a Protestant, or Romanist ? " He did not understand anything about *that* ; he only knew he was *John Three Sixteen*.

" Well," said the warder, " he's very badly hurt ; carry him in—*John Three Sixteen*—or whatever his name is. Poor lad ! poor lad ! "

Men carried him into the accident ward, and laid him down tenderly, and watched him till the surgeon came, and often he whispered to himself as he lay there, " How lucky I am since I had my new name ; I'll always stick to it, that I am *John Three Sixteen*."

But soon everything was forgotten in his pain ; fever set in, and delirium followed ; but all the night long at inter-

vals he repeated : " John Three Sixteen ; John Three Sixteen ! It *was* to do me good, and so it has."

Time went on. Our little lad awoke to new life. He gazed about him as he seemed to awake from a long sleep. Many eyes were fixed on him. At last a patient from one of the beds nearest to him, said, "*John Three Sixteen* ! How are you ? " " How did you know my name ? " inquired the boy eagerly. " Know it, my lad ! Why you have never ceased telling us of it ; and I for one say, *Blessed John Three Sixteen*."

The boy marvelled how any one could call *him* blessed, the poor Arab of the city, for whom no one had ever cared, before he had this new name. And then, for the first time in his life, he heard those life-giving words that had brought Salvation to many, and were now ordained to bring life to him. " For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Yes ! he—the poor orphan boy, who had early learned the bitter wages of sin (for the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel), he, the companion of thieves, was saved—not condemned. " For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world ; but that the world through Him might be saved " (verse 17). Yes ! God so loved the poor city Arab, that He had given His own beloved Son to die for him, that he might be saved. He had gone before him to prepare a home for him, for " the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

" God so loved the world," repeated the happy boy : " Oh, but it is beautiful ! Not only a home for a night, or such kind folk when one is sick, but a home *always*. I'll learn every word of it. John 3. 16." And so he did, and fed upon the precious words that were set before him, often saying : " I have not only got a new name, but the ' something else ' that was to do me good."

His recovery was very slow ; for the Lord had not done without cause all that He had done ; and many occasions presented themselves, when the words he fed on were to feed others through his instrumentality.

An elderly man was brought into the same ward in a dying state, and many people came in and went out, and only his groans were heard. At last a nun addressed the new patient : " Well, Patrick ! how is it with you ? "

" Oh, badly, badly—I'm dying ! and what will become of me, big sinner that I am ? " " But hasn't the priest been to see you ? " inquired the lady. " What more do you want ? " " Aye, true," replied the dying man, " but it has only made me worse. He has anointed me with the holy oil."

"Look here," said the nun, "I'll put these beads round your neck." So the beads were hung round the neck of the poor man, but he continued to cry: "Ho! ho! what shall I do? I am a big sinner, and surely going to Hell."

"I'll just try my password," said our young Arab. "I found it lucky for a bed." Then in solemn tone and slow, with emphasis on every word, the boy repeated: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *who-soever* believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." There was deep silence in the ward while this young missionary gave forth the message of Salvation. Hope dawned on the face of the death-stricken man, who implored for it to be repeated again and again.

The Holy Spirit gave peace to the despairing soul, and the "big sinner," saved by grace at the eleventh hour, recognised a merciful High Priest in Jesus, ever living to make intercession for him, and he passed into the shadow of death, trusting in the merits of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

Won by a Mother's Love

AT a time when it was extremely difficult to secure a commission in the British army, owing to the excessive competition for the few vacancies which took place before the South African War, a young fellow, of whom I heard from a friend, had just succeeded. His father was much pleased with his son for having passed a stiff examination with credit, and of course the youth was also delighted with himself. It seemed as if splendid possibilities now lay before him in life, and that he was certain to get on. Alas for the fulfilment of the dreams of his ambition! He joined a distinguished regiment, and was posted to the Mediterranean.

Three years had hardly elapsed when, like a bolt from the blue, his father received a letter from the lieut.-colonel of the battalion, saying that his son had disgraced himself, and brought discredit on the corps, and must either resign at once or stand a court-martial, which would certainly sentence him to be cashiered.

It appears that during those three years he had got into a fast set and yielded to temptation, and had not only taken to drink, immorality, and gambling, but had accumulated heavy debts, which he tried to evade by dishonest means. The poor father and mother were heartbroken, as they had been so proud of their eldest son, and, like him, had also indulged in visions of the splendid possibilities that lay before him. Now, instead of being a credit to the family, he was a disgrace,

The father said, " I cannot have him at home, as I have other sons and daughters, and his example will corrupt and taint them, and our neighbours will soon hear of the real cause, and we shall be discredited in the neighbourhood." After much consultation, it was decided to send him out to South Africa.

The young fellow, however, pleaded very hard that he should be allowed to come home once more to see the old place, and to pack up certain things he wanted to take with him in his new career. The father consented, on condition that he arrived in the early morning before his brothers and sisters were up, and before the neighbours were about, so that no awkward questions should be asked.

He arrived very early on one of those lovely summer mornings, and saw his home again for the first time after nearly three years. Ah, how the sight of it recalled his leaving it, so full of bright hopes, and with such hopeful prospects before him, and now all seemed quite dark and hopeless ! He tried, however, to drive away such thoughts, and to pretend to himself that he did not care ; but it was all in vain. A certain door, he was told, would be found unlocked, and he went up to his old bedroom, and began packing his things. He looked around him to see if he had left anything behind that he might possibly want, and his eye caught sight of the bed in the corner of the room ; and sometimes these inanimate things have a way of speaking to us by unlocking the doors of our memories ! It was so with him, he could not help recalling how often, in his old happy and innocent days, he had knelt beside that cot with his mother's arms around his neck, engaged in prayer.

He did not know why he did it, but old associations are sometimes very strong, and so once more he went to the old familiar spot, and engaged in prayer, which he had not done for many a long day. While he was kneeling, the door quietly opened, and his mother peeped in, to see if her poor wandering boy had arrived. The very last thing she ever expected to see was her son kneeling in prayer. Can we not imagine the feelings of that poor devoted mother ?

That strange sight reminded her also of the old and happy days, but now, alas, passed for ever ! She quietly crept across the room, and once more knelt beside him, and again she put her arm around his neck, and prayed as in olden days. That one act of a loving mother proved to be the turning-point of that young fellow's life. Up to that time he had been shut up within himself, and was living in defiance of all the world. He had defied his commanding officer, he had set at naught the opinion of his brother officers, and was preparing to challenge

public opinion generally. There are, however, some things it is difficult to defy or challenge, and love is one of them. He now felt for the first time that there was some one who not only forgave him, *but loved him*. Life did not seem so dark to him as it had appeared. The old, old Story which he had so often heard but had forgotten, once more claimed a place in his heart.

He had to go out to South Africa, but what a difference ! Instead of going, as so many had done before him, a piece of moral wreckage tossed upon a distant coast, he went out as one who had decided to live for Christ. Then and there he decided to take his mother's God to be his, and to identify himself with his mother's Saviour, who alone could wash away the past, and, moreover, could give him a new power by which to obtain victory over "the world, the flesh, and the Devil." He was conscious that his past life had been a failure, but a living faith opened up for him new visions of a grander, a nobler, and a purer life, which lay before him.

Robbed of a Bible

THREE years have now passed since, whilst travelling in the omnibus, I fell in with a French professor who had some employment in Spain. After having insulted me before our travelling companions by telling them that I was connected with a secret society which, under cover of the mantle of Christian philanthropy, was engaged in smuggling into Spain what its agents designated the Word of God, but which he as a man of learning had detected to be simply a parody of the true Bible, he advised them, one and all, to turn a deaf ear to the offers of the seller of such a bad look.

As you may suppose, I did not long remain silent after such an attack, and I defended the cause of the Bible with some considerable amount of warmth. The discussion was continued during the whole journey, and judge of my surprise when, on getting out of the omnibus, the professor said to me : " Though we may entertain different views, I must ask you to sell me one of your little Bibles, for our conversation has made me desirous to read it," and thereupon we separated. But the most interesting part of my story has still to be told.

Some few days back I proceeded to an inn in a small town where I intended to sell Bibles. I had already been seated some time in the room where I was taking my meal when a gentleman, who had been intently watching me, and in such a manner as somewhat to annoy me, rose from his seat and came to the table where I was sitting, and without any preface exclaimed : " Were you not in such a year at Barcelona, and were you not then occupied in selling the Bible ? " " Yes,"

was my reply, and on examining his face narrowly I recognised the professor, who at that time was living in Spain. "Come into my room," he said, "for I have something astonishing to tell you about the Bible which you sold me on getting out of the omnibus." I did not need to be asked a second time, and I eagerly followed him. Oh being seated in his room he related to me the following :

"Some time after our meeting in the omnibus I went back to Spain to resume my duties as professor of the French language, and likewise to resume my life of dissipation in company with one whom I called my friend, though he was really one of the worst characters that the world ever saw ; but he had more money than myself, and he bore the brunt of our orgies. Very soon, owing to my bad conduct, I lost all my pupils, and whilst waiting for their return I set to smoking from morning to night, and in order to show my contempt for the Bible which you had sold me, and which I had taken good care not to open, I began tearing out leaf after leaf for no other purpose than to light my pipe or my cigars.

"One day, when I was wanting one of these leaves, I looked in vain for the remnant of the book of which perhaps one third was still left, but not finding it I thought no more about it. But occasionally I marked with surprise that my boon companion was becoming cool towards me. I no longer found him in the places of pleasure and amusement where we had been in the habit of spending a considerable portion of our time, and I became the more sensible in his absence from his being no longer at hand to pay what I had expended. Very soon my position became intolerable. Over head and ears in debt, and no longer able to obtain credit anywhere, I became aware of the dire fact that the moment was approaching when, if I wanted to live, I must beg in the streets. Before, however, getting to this point, I determined to apply for assistance to my old companion. I went and knocked at his door, which was opened to my intense delight as well as to my eternal welfare, as you will presently learn. As I saw that my former friend was not frowning at me I took courage, and after having explained to him my sad position, I exclaimed : ' Help me, or else I shall die of hunger, for I know no one else in Madrid, and though it is too true that I am a very sorry character, and as bad as you or anyone else can think me, I cannot turn thief.'

"On this my companion interrupted me, and smilingly said : ' I am the more bound to help you because it was I who robbed you.'

"Robbed, robbed !" I exclaimed. "What could you possibly have taken from a fellow who had not a farthing to help himself with ?" "Ah ! you had a treasure, and the

treasure of all treasures, and here it is.' Saying which he took out from a drawer a book, which, from its binding, I at once recognised as the Bible which I bought from you. 'Ah! for such a theft,' said I, laughing, 'you will never be sent to the galleys, and, moreover, the Book was well nigh torn in pieces.' 'That is true enough, but the portion which escaped destruction has been sufficient to lead me to that repentance which is not repented of; it has sufficed to change my heart.' 'Indeed, indeed! But are you really speaking seriously?' 'Most seriously, and never more so, and it is quite manifest to me that God in His love has worked a real miracle on my behalf. One day, on entering your room, and not finding you there, I was looking about when my eyes fell on your book, which was lying on the table. I opened it, intending to read it whilst awaiting your return, but seeing that it was so very much torn, I concluded that it must be a book of very little value. I, however, began to look into it, and my eyes fell upon this passage: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). Without troubling myself very much as to what might be the meaning of this verse, it made a deep impression on me. It is quite true that for some time previously I had become dissatisfied with myself, and with every one else, and this dissatisfaction haunted me wherever I was or whatever I was doing. I felt, in spite of myself, that the life I was leading could not make me happy, and that, cost what it might, I must make some change. However, my bad habits again got the upper hand with me; but in the end I could not but feel that the passage had struck home. I wished to know more about the Book, and fearing lest you should refuse to lend it to me, I took possession of it, and went away without further waiting for you. On my return home I devoured—yes, that is the right word—all the pages which had been left untorn, and the more I read the more was I led to acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Saviour of my soul.'

"Strange enough, what my friend thus told me suddenly brought into my mind all the particulars of our conversation on the journey to Barcelona, and what you told me about the change which was sure to be produced in the mind and in the heart of every one who diligently read the Bible, with prayer to God, in the Name of Jesus Christ, that by its means he might become enlightened, convinced, and changed. With this impression I listened with all the more attention and seriousness to my old companion, and before long the Lord granted to us the favour of being able to regard each other as companions, alike saved by sovereign grace and marching onward in His ways towards a blissful eternity."

Valentine Burke the Burglar

HIS name was Valentine Burke. He was an old-time burglar, with kit and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar, and none of your cheap amateurs. He had a courage born of many desperate "jobs." Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at sheriffs and jailers, who were his natural, born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood or a tender spot somewhere about him, you will say, or this story could hardly have happened, for it is a true one, just as Mr. Moody told me up in Brattleboro, Vt.

This interesting event happened when Mr. Moody was quite young, and not long preaching. He came down to St. Louis to conduct revival meetings, and the *Globe-Democrat* announced that it was going to print every word he said—sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up his mind that he "would weave in a lot of Scripture for the *Globe-Democrat* to print, and that might count if his own poor words should fail." He did it, and his printed addresses from day to day were packed with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons. Burke was in the St. Louis jail waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards or cursing the sheriff on his daily rounds. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff. Somebody threw a *Globe-Democrat* into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: "How the Jailer of Philippi got Caught." It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture.

"Philippi!" he said, "that's up in Illinois. I've been there."

Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. "What rot is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—'What must I do to be saved?' Has the *Globe-Democrat* got to printing such stuff?" He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell liked a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper, and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read

its strange story. It was then that a something, from whence he did not know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. "What does it mean?" he began asking. "Twenty years and more I've been a burglar and jail-bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved, anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out, if it kills me to do it."

Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers, the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for a day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God after reading Moody's sermon. "Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "You had better keep an eye on Burke; he's playing the pious dodge, and the first chance he gets he will be out of here." In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released.

Friendless, ex-burglar in a big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away. But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on, wanting much to find steady work. Burke went to New York, hoping, far from his old haunts, to find peace and honest labour. He did not succeed, and after six months came back to St. Louis much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the court-house, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

"Some old case they've got against me," he said; "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying." The sheriff greeted him kindly. "Where have you been, Burke?" "In New York." "What have you been doing there?" "Trying to find a decent job." "Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?" "Yes," answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye; "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my salvation." It was then the tide began to turn. "Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud; but I want to say to you that I know you have lived an honest, Christian life, and

I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily and with dogged faithfulness the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city, and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as "the man through whom he was converted." Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the court-house serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a bag containing £12,000 worth of diamonds in his lap and a gun on the table.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this. The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it!" Then he cried like a child as he held up the stones for Moody to see.

There is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle and faithful life and service in the city where he had been chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall, but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners, came to it; and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled. And now, by grace, Moody and Burke have met, no more to be separated.

How a case like this re-echoes the words: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, *of whom I am chief*" (1 Tim. 1. 15). "He is able also to save them *to the uttermost* that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25).

Tom and the Two Doctors

THE railway carriages were speedily filling in the train going east, when a young man entered, seating himself by my side. As the train moved off he began to quietly hum a hymn. I thought to myself, a young fellow who hums a Sankey tune in a train is probably not a bad sort. I wonder if he will hum the tune through as many times as there are verses in the hymn. If he does, I shall conclude he is following the words in his mind. I listened, and four times over he went through his tune, that being the length of the hymn.

A lady, who was a fellow-passenger, handed some tracts round, and the young man noting the title of one given him, said, "May I pass it on when done with?" "Certainly," was the reply. Observing the title, I said to him, "Do you

know the meaning of that ? ” “ Yes.” “ The *real* meaning in your *heart* and *experience* ? ” “ Yes, thank God, I do.” “ How did it all come about ? ”

“ Do you see that farm building away there through the gum trees ? That’s where I come from. Have been there for some time now. My first boss was a Christian man, who thought a good deal about us fellows, and was always trying to do us good. He had Gospel meetings every week for us ; but I couldn’t be bothered with the thing. I didn’t want to be a Christian, like some of my companions were. “ Yet I wasn’t a bad sort of fellow. I liked my glass of beer and a quiet game of cards ; but I just hated all that sort of thing as the boss was so keen about. So things went on until I found that a strange complaint was affecting me, so that I could not get through my day’s work as I used to do. I did my level best, but it was no good.

“ At last the boss saw that something was amiss. So one day he said, ‘ Tom, put the horse in the buggy, and drive down to see the doctor. Let him thoroughly overhaul you ; you are not right. You can’t get through your work as you used to do. When you come back, let me know what he says.’ ”

“ Now, I thought, it’s certainly all up. The doctor will examine me, and he will probably say, ‘ Young man, you haven’t long to live.’ The boss will turn me off, and then I’ll be—just done. So I put the horse in, and I drove off. The doctor lived ten miles away, and I didn’t hurry the old horse a bit the first five miles, I can tell you. I got turning things over a bit, and it seemed as if I were talking to myself in this sort of way : ‘ Look here, Tom, you are in a bad way. Probably you’ll get bad news from the doctor, that you haven’t got long to live ; and if you’ve got to die, you’ll just wish you were a Christian, and it will be awful mean to try and give yourself to Christ just because you are scared and have got to die. But then, Tom, if the doctor says you will be all right in six months, you won’t mind, and you won’t want to be a Christian then—now, will you ? ’

“ And so I got working it backwards and forwards in my mind till I saw that there was only one right thing to do—an honest thing ; and that was to give myself right up to the Lord Jesus Christ before I got to the doctor, and knew what my future might be.

“ So I pulled up by the road-side, and jumped out, and got down behind the buggy on the grass, and said, ‘ Lord Jesus, it’s no use my going on any longer like this. I am all wrong. I am a big sinner. I am lost, and I know it. I’ve got to go and see the doctor, and I don’t know what he’ll say to me ; but I want Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, to take me just *now* and

here, if Thou wilt, and forgive me, and change my life, and take away my sins, and keep me from sin. Oh, take me *as I am* ! ”

“ And the Lord just did it. And I just trusted in Him then and there as my own personal and loving Saviour.

“ I jumped back into the buggy, and didn't I go joyfully over the road the other five miles ! I didn't care what might happen now. Going along, the Lord seemed to talk to me just as distinctly as if He were sitting by my side. He seemed to say, ‘ Tom, you are Mine. ’ ‘ Yes, Lord. ’ ‘ All Mine—spirit, soul, and body ? ’ ‘ Yes, Lord. ’ ‘ Well, Tom, I want to send you on some errands for Me—to take some messages for Me ; but I want My messengers to be as much like Me as possible, and to be holy. ’ So the Voice seemed to whisper, ‘ I want you to give up taking any kind of strong drink, for I don't like My servants to touch it. It is not a good example to others ; and it ruins so many. ’ ‘ Lord, ’ said I, ‘ I'll never want to touch it again. ’ ‘ And then, Tom, I want My messengers to have sweet breath when they speak My messages ; and I do not want them to waste their money. ’ ‘ No, Lord, I can see that plainly enough now. ’ ‘ So, Tom, just *for My sake*, give up your smoking ! ’ Away went my pipe, pouch, and tobacco into the road. For I really felt that God was claiming me altogether.

“ I got to the doctor, and he examined me all over, and said, ‘ Young man, I can put you all right if you will attend to my instructions. You must give up all alcoholic drink ; it is bad for your complaint. ’ ‘ I've given it up already. ’ ‘ And then you must try and do without tobacco smoking. ’ ‘ Well, doctor, that's given up too ! ’ ‘ You'll be all right if you are careful, young man. ’

“ ‘ Thank you, doctor, but oh ! I seem all right now. I got put right on the way here. ’ ‘ Then why did you come to see me ? ’ ‘ Fact is, doctor, I met another physician on the way to you. ’ ‘ Another doctor—what do you mean ? There's no other doctor within forty miles of me. What's his name ? ’

“ Reverently, and with tears coursing down my cheeks, for I could not keep them back, I said : ‘ His name is the Lord Jesus Christ, doctor ; ’ and I up and told him all that happened. He took my hand, and said, ‘ Young man, I thank you for your honest and bold confession. I wish I could say the same as you can ; but I can't. Still, I feel you have helped me, and I thank you. God bless you. You'll be all right ere long in every way ! ’

“ That's how it all came about, and I've been praising the Lord ever since, and am glad to help on the Lord's work any way I can now at the farm.”

The "Nancy" and the Shark Papers

IN the month of September, 1799, a most interesting trial was in progress in the old Court-house of Kingston, Jamaica. A ship had been captured which was gravely suspected of piracy and other crimes calculated to harm the persons and property of the subjects of the King.

The trial had lasted some days, and the case seemed just about to fall through, as there was nothing at all amongst the ship's papers that could be used in evidence against her, except that they were perfectly new, and had not been handled at all, while the ship was said to have been sailing from port to port for two years. It seemed evident to all that the prosecution must lose the case, and the sharp grey eyes of the Yankee skipper shone with excitement and triumph as his lawyer wound up a good speech in his defence by demanding the dismissal of the ship and substantial damages for wrong detention.

Then rose the attorney for the Government. He held in his hands a bundle of papers, crumpled and soiled, which had but a few moments before been handed to him. His words, were few, but startling; for, turning to the judge, he said "May it please your honour, I am now in a position to prove to you on the most undeniable evidence, and by a most disinterested witness, that the vessel in court is none other than the pirate ship *Nancy*, and thus save you any further trouble in the case."

The face of the skipper flushed crimson. He was taken completely by surprise; and, turning fiercely upon his men, he demanded to know who had betrayed them. But none of them had. The witness which the Government proposed to bring forward to prove their guilt was not one of the crew, but the bundle of papers which the lawyer held in his hand.

A great hush of eagerness fell on all present as he went on to tell the story of the way in which they had been discovered. It was as follows: His Majesty's ship-of-war, *Abergavenny*, was cruising near the coast of San Domingo, when the commander, Michael Fitton, noticed the carcass of a bullock floating on the water, surrounded by sharks. One of these sharks was caught, and in its maw was found the true papers of the Brig *Nancy*, and these papers were the parcel that had just been produced in court.

When the ship was first pursued these had been thrown overboard, and the captain thought they—the evidences of his guilt—were buried in the depth of the sea for ever; but instead they had been swallowed by a shark, and now they had a

resurrection—a resurrection which proved to be to the confusion and condemnation of the captain and his crew.

This tale of the sunny Carribean seas shall teach us a lesson, and that lesson shall be that sins cannot be hidden away by the sinner.

The master of the *Nancy* gained nothing by pretending to be an honest man, nor will you gain anything in seeking to hide your sins from God : better by far for you to make a clean breast of all your guilt, and cry, like the conscience-stricken publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." You will be safe in taking this ground ; for it is here alone that you can find the Saviour. He did not come to call the righteous. It was for sinners. He came to seek and save the lost. He died for the ungodly. If you trust in this Saviour, His blood will cleanse away your sins ; then they will never come against you in judgment. Instead, God will bury them in the deep and fathomless sea of eternal forgetfulness, from which no hand can bring them (1 John 1. 7 ; John 5. 24 ; Micah 7. 19).

The Frozen Mother and Her Child

GREAT St. Bernard Pass, the easiest pass over the Pennine Alps, towering 8111 feet high, leads from Martigny in the Swiss canton of Valais to the Italian valley of Aosta, and has been the scene of many a stirring event. Despite the easier methods of travel afforded by the tunnelling of the Alps, considerable numbers still cross by the famous St. Bernard, and signal rescues from death continue to be recorded. One of the most touching of these Alpine tales was related to us by a personal friend who, in his extended tour of Europe, visited many of the monasteries and hospices situated mid eternal snows in the Alpine heights, including the famous St. Bernard, known to all since the reading in our boyhood days of the rescues by the noble St. Bernard dog Barry and his equally noble companions.

In one of the monasteries, after being conducted over most of the other parts of the building, he was led to a peculiar chamber down in the basement of the structure. It was the temporary graveyard of deceased monks, or persons found dead in the snow ! During certain months of the year the ground around the monastery is frozen as hard as the solid rock on which the building stands, and it is impossible to dig graves in the usual way, hence the bodies are laid in this vault till the summer's sun prepares the ground to receive the "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," till the resurrection morning.

After glancing round the lifeless bodies, his attention was

fixed on a remarkable object in a corner. What could it be ? A closer inspection revealed a poor mother almost naked, and clasped tightly in her arms a bundle of clothes from which there peeped the tiny face of her frozen child. The tragedy was self-evident. The family, consisting of father, mother, and child, had attempted to cross one of the steep and narrow Alpine passes and they lost their way, and were buried beneath one of the huge snow drifts.

Left alone to die, the mother's love had taken first one article of her clothing and then another, and wrapping it round her darling child, hoped that the little one would be rescued alive. When found by the noble St. Bernards the parents were frozen and dead ; the little one had evidently been still alive, but ere the monks reached the spot, and had the family removed to the hospice, they were all united in death. There lay the father, stiff and cold, and close beside him the naked mother and the bundle child, a touching tribute to the oft-repeated theme, the strength of a mother's love.

This noble mother died for her own child ; but the Lord Jesus Christ died for His enemies (Rom. 5. 6, 10), for sinners, for *you*. The mother died because she could not prevent it, but Jesus *voluntarily* gave Himself a ransom for all. He had power to lay down His life, and power to take it again. No man took it from Him (John 10. 18).

“ Give it Up, Mate; Give it Up ”

“ I TELL you again, mate, ‘ religion ’ may do finely for *women* and *children* ; but it will not do for *men*, ” said Jonathan Winter, a rough old miner, to one of his comrades, who had lately determined to follow Christ. “ And as for you, Roger, I’m sure you don’t need making more of a woman than you be already ; you be the softest, most chicken-hearted chap I know, and if you really are going to be pious and ‘ Bible-reading ’ into the bargain, you’ll turn so soft that a shadow will fright you ; give it up, mate ; give it up ; you’re only half a man as ’tis, but whatever will you become if you sticks to religion, I should like to know ? ”

“ Something better than I have been, ” replied Roger, in a low voice, which was scarcely heard amid the jests and laughter of his fellow-workers.

Roger and Jonathan, with about a hundred other men, were employed in a working of a coal mine. Roger Martin had been led to a knowledge of his sins, and to faith in pardon through the blood of Jesus. He was the only Christian among those rough men. Months went by, and Roger, though jeered at and annoyed, had never given up religion.

It was a bright day at noon, when Roger was let down in the bucket to the bottom of the mine. When he reached the bottom, he commenced handing some tools and stores to "Little Ben," a lad sometimes employed below. The bucket was soon emptied, and Roger was just stepping out, when, hark ! what sound was that which made his cheek pale ? It was the rushing of water. His long experience made him aware that the water from a neighbouring stream had forced its way into the mine. In a few minutes, his fellow-workmen might be overwhelmed and lost.

One foot was yet in the bucket—a jerk at the rope, and it would be raised, and he saved. It was a great temptation to his timid nature. Then he remembered his comrades, their unfitness to die, their wilful ignorance of Christ's love. The thought of the Saviour nerved his heart ; he would not save himself while they were unwarned. Quickly jumping out, he seized "Little Ben," placed him in the bucket, saying, as he jerked the rope, "Tell all the village that the water is coming in and that we are probably lost ; but we will seek refuge at the far end of the right gallery. Be quick. Good-bye." In a moment the bucket was raised, and "Little Ben" disappeared.

The mine was full of long narrow passages, from which the coal had been dug. Hurrying along these, Roger soon reached the miners, and told them their danger. It was a terrible moment, and each one would have rushed hither or thither, madly, in a vain effort to save himself. His noble purpose made the timid Roger firm and calm. He told them what he had done, and bade them follow him with their picks to the end of the right gallery. It was the highest portion of the mine, and with their picks the men succeeded in hollowing out a sort of chamber higher up still, which they trusted might be above the level which the fast rising water would reach. A few provisions had been saved, though little enough for even a day's need. Into this chamber the men hurried, there to wait a slow deliverance, or to perish by hunger, drowning, or suffocation. During the long, dismal hours that followed, Roger prayed and entreated, and after the first excitement had passed, they listened as men listen when face to face with death.

Meanwhile, the friends and villagers were doing their best for their relief. Guided by Roger's message, they sank a shaft above the right gallery, working days and nights. At length, on the morning of the fifth day, a muffled sound of blows from within met the ears of the workmen above. With new vigour they toiled, and soon the poor miners were reached. Several were dead ; but more than half, and among them Roger, were yet alive. Tenderly they were carried home and cared for, and soon recovered from the effects of that awful time ;

though with many, the impressions then made on their souls were *never* forgotten, but brought forth good fruit in their after lives as converted men.

Among these was Jonathan Winter, who had been the first to sneer at Roger's profession of Christianity. When he learnt how Roger might have saved himself and "Little Ben," leaving the others to their fate, he exclaimed, "I said that religion would make Roger more of a 'softy' than he was before; but it seems to me, mates, it has made him do what many of us would scarce have dared. The 'Bible-reading' that can make a timid chap like he risk life for the sake of telling us about a Saviour, must be good for us all, and I, for one, cast in my lot with Roger."

"The Best Man Lost!"

ONE Sunday morning, just as we were preparing for breakfast, a cry was raised in Inverallochy that a ship had run ashore, and hastening down to the beach sure enough there we saw her lying. She had been battling with the storm for a long time, but was at last driven close in to the coast of Scotland, and finding they could no longer keep her off shore they ran her head on. It was a rocky beach, but fortunately she turned into a cutting, made for the convenience of getting out the fishing boats, and was thus driven within about twenty-five fathoms of the shore.

In a few minutes every fisherman around had turned out, and finding it impossible to get the life-boats out, the Rocket apparatus was the only thing that could be used. It was a time of the greatest excitement and anxiety, as every sea that came over her threatened complete destruction. The oldest men there had never seen such a sea on the coast before.

The tide was rising fast, every moment was precious. Several attempts were made to get a line on board by means of the rockets, but the wind being so strong they were beaten down into the water before reaching the ship. They succeeded at last, however, by using an empty barrel, which was thrown overboard with a small cord attached, by which, after some hard work on the part of those in the ship, a large rope was hauled in and made fast to the foremast.

There were eleven men on board, but only four or five were able to do anything, the remainder being down below, entirely helpless from long exposure to the cold. As soon as the apparatus was in working order for the travelling cage, which was to be drawn along the rope, one young sailor was put into it, and a few minutes found him on shore in the hands of kind friends,

This first man was scarcely saved when, through the fast-rising tide and the strong wind beating upon the ship, her stern was suddenly raised up over a reef of rock which previously had kept her head on, and, swinging round broadside on to the beach, she settled down across another rock, her back broken and her mainmast splintered almost to pieces. The travelling apparatus becoming entangled across her bow it was rendered unmanageable, and it could no longer be used.

At this juncture we saw through the blinding surf a man descend from the vessel and try to save himself by coming along the rope hand over hand ; but alas, such an attempt was evidently useless. The waves were beating over him like falling houses, and the poor fellow had gone but a little distance from the ship when one heavy sea swept so completely over him that he was soon done, and when it was passed we saw that strong man hanging helplessly by the bend of one of his arms ; in a few more seconds he dropped into the surging waves.

When his body was picked up two days afterwards it was found that the sea which came over him while on the rope had dislocated both his shoulders.

A few moments after this man was lost the bow of the ship lifted again over the rocks which were keeping it, and in almost a moment she was once more Head on to the beach, the apparatus disentangled and again workable. No time was lost now, as the doomed vessel was fast breaking up, and in half an hour the men were all safely landed, the helpless ones being first of all put into the apparatus by those who had a little strength left.

One brave fellow who had helped to put the captain and all his shipmates out of the ill-fated ship into the hands of the friends on shore remained on board till the last, with a quiet fearlessness which astonished all who saw him. Almost the first question put to him when he came ashore was respecting the secret of his calmness ; he said, " I was converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings, and I knew that I was safe, the source of my confidence being, ' The Lord is *my* salvation, whom shall I fear ? ' " (Psa. 27. 1).

We then asked him about the poor lost man. " Ah," he said, " we tried to persuade him not to attempt such a useless task, as it would be impossible for him to reach the shore *in that way* ; but he would—he would, and would not listen to us." " A fine fellow he was," added the captain, with tears running down his face, " the best man in the crew ; but he was lost because he tried to save himself in his own way." Yes, all the rest were saved, but by other hands than their own.

If you try to save yourself as that fine sailor did, God then says to you, " To him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt,"

Wrapped in the Flags

MANY years ago an insurrection broke out in Cuba, and the Spanish Government sent troops to put it down. A seaman named Haskins, who was a native of America, but of British parentage, was apprehended on a charge of raising recruits against the Government, and thrust into prison. There was no positive proof that he was guilty, and those who knew him asserted that he was innocent, but the authorities condemned him to be shot.

Against this sentence the British Consul, Mr. Ramsden, and the American Vice-Consul, Mr. Loring, protested in the name of Great Britain and of America, declaring their conviction that the prisoner was innocent of the charge that had been made against him, and demanding his immediate release. They stated also that, if his life were thus taken, those who took it would be held guilty of murder by the British and American Governments.

The authorities would not yield. On the morning appointed for his death, the prisoner was marched out to the usual place of execution, in solemn military procession, and soldiers were selected to fire and take his life. But the Consuls were there also, and in the name of Great Britain and America read their protest in the face of the whole company, again demanding his release. A hurried consultation was then held by the officer in charge, after which Mr. Ramsden was told that the remonstrance had come too late ; the prisoner, they said, had already been sentenced to death for having taken up arms against Spain, and that sentence they must carry into effect. The order was given to the firing party to " present," but before they could fire a dramatic incident took place.

It was the work of an instant. Mr. Consul Ramsden and the American Consul rushed forward with the flags of their respective nations before the levelled rifles of the Spanish troops, and in front of the unfortunate man Mr. Ramsden shouted, " Hold ! " and snatching the Stars and Stripes from Mr. Loring he quickly folded the American flag round the doomed seaman and laid the Union Jack over it, then standing back a few paces, he faced the firing party and shouted defiantly : " Now, shoot, if you dare ! "

A hurried consultation took place between those in charge, it was decided that discretion was the better part of valour, the American citizen was taken back to prison, and quietly released later in the day.

Who can read this thrilling story without a feeling of deepest thankfulness to those brave men for their noble devotion in order to save a fellow-creature's life ? No wonder the sol-

diers could not fire, nor that the officers in command were unable to give the order to fire. There was a moral power and grandeur in the sight which overwhelmed. We cannot but admire brave Consul Ramsden, and Britain may well be proud of him, while America never had her Stars and Stripes more honoured than they were by her Consul on that occasion.

What did the British and American Consuls do to save the life of the poor sailor when they found their protest was not sufficient? They shielded him with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, and defied the power of Spain. "Now, shoot, if you dare!" for if you do so you defy the nations represented by these flags, and you will bring the powers of these two great countries upon you. There stood the man and before him the soldiers with levelled rifles; and though a single shot might have ended his life, he was perfectly safe.

"Let Go the Twig"

AT a meeting I once attended in Stafford Rooms, Titchbourne Street, London, one of the speakers recounted the following interesting story, entitled: "Let go the Twig," being an account of a lady in Scotland, and of the way in which her doubts and anguish were removed. It was during a revival, in which several known to this lady had been brought to Christ. Among the rest a particular friend of hers had been converted. Feeling some measure of concern herself she went to a devoted Christian who was preaching in the place and told him she was unhappy. He replied that he was glad to hear it.

Astonished at this, and somewhat offended also, she told another Christian what efforts she had made to obtain salvation; how she had read and prayed, but still seemed as far from peace as ever. He told her that it was not by anything she could do, but by what Christ had long since done and finished on the cross that she was to be saved. All seemed dark and mysterious to her, and she left resolving, however, to call on her friend who had been recently converted. She did so, and asked her what she had done to obtain the peace of which she spoke. "Done! I have done nothing! *It is by what* Christ has done that I have found peace with God." The lady replied that this was what she had just been told, but that she could not understand it.

She went home with her distress greatly increased, and shutting herself in her room she fell on her knees, resolving that she would never rise till her soul found rest and peace. How long her agony continued I cannot say, but nature became quite exhausted, and she sank to slumber.

While thus asleep she dreamed that she was falling over a

frightful precipice, but caught hold of a single twig which overhung the abyss beneath. By this she hung, crying aloud for help, when a voice from below, which she knew to be the voice of Jesus, bade her "Let go the twig," and He would receive and save her. "Lord, save me!" she cried; but the voice again answered, "Let go the twig." She felt as though she dare not leave hold, but continued crying, "Lord, save me!" At last the One below, whose voice she heard, but whom she did not see, said in the most tender, solemn tones, "*I cannot save you unless you let go the twig!*" Self-desperate she let it go, and fell right into the arms of the Lord Jesus.

The lesson taught by her dream was not lost upon her. She perceived that Jesus was worthy of all her trust, and that not only did she need no twig of self-dependence, but that it was holding to the twig that kept her from Christ. She let all go and found the Lord Jesus all-sufficient.

"Mary, I Love Thee Still"

A YOUNG woman left her home in the country to occupy a situation in a large town. Her widowed mother was very unwilling to part with her. She could not bear, the thought of her daughter separated from her, in the midst of strangers, surrounded by innumerable temptations, with no friends at hand to sympathise or advise. At last she consented, though with many misgivings and fears, and Mary left the home of her childhood and girlhood to enter upon her duties in her new sphere of labour.

In the course of time, sad tidings reached the mother's ears from the distant city—tidings which nearly broke her heart. She heard that her daughter had forgotten her loving words of warning and counsel, had forgotten her mother's God, and so far forgotten herself, that she had forsaken the paths of virtue and purity, and was leading a life of sin and shame.

On receipt of this mournful intelligence, she determined to seek her prodigal child and bring her back. She at once set out to the scene of her daughter's shame and degradation. On reaching it, she endeavoured to ascertain where she lived, but this was a difficult matter, as she had left her former lodgings.

After a number of days of fruitless search, she purposed returning, when a new thought flashed across her mind. She went to a photographer's and got her portrait taken. Having secured a number of copies, she went to the principal public-houses and asked permission to hang them on the walls. It was considered a very strange request, but seeing she was a respectable person, permission was granted.

Some time after, the daughter, with a dissolute companion,

walked into one of the public-houses. Her attention was attracted to the likeness. She said, "That looks like my mother." She went nearer, and examined it more closely. "It is just my mother," she exclaimed in amazement. At the foot of it she perceived that there was something written. She looked at it, and at once recognised the familiar hand-writing, but was not prepared for the thought expressed in the words, "*Mary, I love thee still!*"

She could not stand this. She was prepared for upbraidings and reproaches, and expected nothing else; but to think that her mother had actually been searching for her in her haunts of sin and folly, and was willing to receive her back to the home of her childhood, *just as she was!* She could not understand it; and as she thought over the words, "Mary, I love thee still," the days of her childhood and innocence came up before her, and the hallowed home associations; her mother's prayers, tears, and loving counsels.

As she reflected on the difference between what she then was, and what she now was, she completely broke down. The awful folly and sin of her evil ways was clearly and vividly brought before her, and she at once determined to leave her companions in sin and go back to her mother.

When she reached home, great was the joy of the widow at the unexpected arrival of the long lost daughter—and better far, there was "joy in the presence of the angels of God" (Luke 15. 10), for she became a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Clergyman and his Irish Gardener

"PA," said Minnie, clinging to her father's arm on his return from a visit, "in going into the hot-house this morning I heard the new gardener praying at the upper end behind those large geraniums. I just listened for a moment, and I'm sure he was praying about you."

"Well, Minnie," said her father, "what did Thomas say about me in his prayer?"

"Oh, I can't remember just what he said, but he seemed to be overcome with emotion, and mentioned something about 'The Galatian heresy' and 'keeping poor saints in bondage.'" During one of Mr. Murray's visits to Ireland he heard of Thos. Rainey, and engaged him as his gardener, paying his passage to England.

The day after Mr. Murray heard that Thomas prayed for him he was musing during his afternoon walk in the garden, and although he could not charge himself with departing one iota from orthodox doctrine, yet he felt rather annoyed to

think that a member of his congregation should entertain a contrary opinion, and moreover one in his own employ. He therefore resolved first of all to draw out Thomas in conversation, and then set *him* right.

After giving a few directions to Thomas concerning the underbed of the new gravel walk, and commending him for displaying taste and carefulness in trimming the box and laying out the flower-beds, he made an effort to introduce the subject of his late cogitations by asking Thomas what he thought of the new church. "Very much as a building, sir," said the humble gardener. "And how do you like the singing, Thomas; what do you think of the choir?" suggested the clergyman. "As to that, sir, I s'pose such singin' as *singin'* couldn't be beat at all." "Well, Thomas, what do you think—ahem"—he was going to add "of the preaching," but that would not exemplify sufficient humility on his part, and correcting himself, he enquired without forethought: "What is the 'Galatian heresy'?" This query startled him, but before he had time to speak the minister added, "My daughter heard you pray for me yesterday morning, as if I was in heresy—'Galatian heresy' I think you termed it, which kept 'poor saints in bondage.' Sit down in one of these garden chairs, Thomas, and tell me freely about it."

"Well, sir," commented Thomas, "as you have encouraged me to speak to you on these topics I will make bold and free, as I wish my Lord to be glorified. I confess, sir, I was grieved with your sermon last Sunday." (Here the minister looked up from the ground surprised, but nodded encouragingly for Thomas to resume). "Your text was a beauty, sir, for the saints of God, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' (Phil. 2. 12), but you applied it to everybody, saints and sinners alike. You forgot to add the motive and power for the saints in the rest of the passage—'For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' You perceive, sir, that the application of the text from the context is entirely for the children of God, to *work* because they have *life*. If I was lying dead on the walk there you would not read a paper over me, 'Thomas, work out for your daily bread,' but if there was a possibility of imparting *life*, you would aim at that first, and then say *work*. So on Sunday, instead of saying to dead sinners, 'There's life in Christ for you,' you sent them back to keeping the Sabbath, and serving the law of Moses for salvation. Sure, sir, you didn't even give them Jewish privileges, for in addition they had sacrifices, which served as shadows and pointed to Christ, the Atoner of sin; but you didn't give the people a sacrifice at all, neither a shadow nor a substance. You forgot to say

by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified,' and to add, 'Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us' (Gal. 3. 13). In fact, sir, your sermon was a curious contradiction of the passage, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness' (Rom. 4. 5).

Here Thomas Rainey paused, as the minister said in a respectful tone of voice, as if in the presence of a superior : "Is that what you term the 'Galatian heresy'?"

"No, sir," said Thomas, "but when you addressed the people, although you did not distinguish between the children of God and the children of the world, yet the Christians there would take a good part of the sermon to themselves, and if they acted on your advice they would fall from *grace*."

"Why, what do you mean, Thomas—do you think my sermon would tend to make them immoral? No, no, Thomas, no, no; I cannot accept *that*," said the minister.

"Pardon me, your reverence," said the gardener, "but I neither said nor implied in what I said that your sermon, if practised, would promote immorality; on the contrary, sir, it had a great tendency to elevate their morals, and they had great motives in becoming moral when you made their salvation hinge on it. They may be moral and fall from *grace*."

"What do you mean, then, Thomas, by falling from *grace*?"

"I mean just what the apostle meant. In the fifth chapter of Galatians you will perceive that the Galatian converts were going back to circumcision. They said Christ justified us, but we are to complete our salvation ourselves by observing circumcision and other Jewish ceremonies. This they imbibed from false teachers who said if they didn't obey the law of Moses they couldn't be saved. 'What,' says Paul, 'have ye begun in the Spirit, and are ye now made perfect by the flesh. O! foolish Galatians, who have bewitched you?' Now, sir, the 'Galatian heresy,' to my way of thinking, was this—having been brought into a *justified* position through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, they then in a very mean manner took the work out of the blessed Lord's hands into their own, and said, 'We will be circumcised and keep the law of Moses in order to attain unto final salvation.' You see, sir, they misconceived the object for which the law was given. It cannot save man. It may restrain him by its threats, but must condemn him when it is broken. Grace is a higher thing than law. One was given by Moses, the other came by Jesus Christ. To go from the high to the low is to fall. To go from Jerusalem to Jericho is to fall among thieves."

"Thomas," said the minister, as his eyes filled with tears, "let us give praise to God; I see now, as I have never seen

before, the boundlessness of God's grace. I am ashamed to confess that for years I have been directing anxious and indifferent persons, and troubled Christians 'to strive,' 'cry for mercy,' 'repent,' 'get religion,' 'reform,' 'join the church,' and a hundred like different things, and though I mentioned Christ's name, I have not set Him *alone* before them as their *only* object of trust and hope. Blessed, blessed Jesus ! Saviour from *all* sin ! Saviour in all stages of Christian experience ; Saviour to the end of the pilgrimage. Thou art mine *now*, mine for ever ! "

Next Sunday was a great day in that parish. The newly-awakened clergyman discoursed with eloquence and power on the passage of John 5. 24 : " He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall *not come into* condemnation ; but is passed from death unto life." The gardener detailed the narrative of his own conversion and joy in the Lord ; the whole produced a visible effect upon the congregation.

The Moderator's Story

" GOVAN CROSS to-night at 7.30." Such was the notice which attracted our attention as we emerged from the Subway Station at Govan on the 21st of October, 1902. Yes, right at the Cross there appeared two flaring lamps, some one standing on a platform, and surrounding him a composite though quiet crowd. What could it mean ? An election orator seeking the suffrages of the people ? a " quack doctor " proclaiming the virtues of his " cure-alls " ? a Socialist lecturer telling of the iniquities of the present " order of things," and of the long-looked-for idealistic age ?

No ! The bill invited passers-by to partake of none of these ordinary items of fare, but to hear a real, live Moderator, in the person of Dr. Robt. Howie, Moderator of the United Free Church, proclaiming with clear and certain sound the Gospel of God from that wondrous text, " God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us " (Rom. 5. 8).

The point at which we caught him up was, " While we were yet sinners." The " yet " he enforced by a striking story. Would you like to hear it ? Well, here it is, as near as we can reproduce it, although the pathos and earnestness of the veteran may be wanting.

Not long after he came to the city and commenced operations in the Wynd Church, famous for times of soul-saving in days gone by, an anonymous letter was handed to him. Being in clear, bold handwriting, betokening a good education, and

containing a thrilling narrative of sin, shame, sorrow, and salvation, it left a lasting impression on his mind, and created a desire to know the author and verify the statements.

Some time after, whilst visiting in Dobbie's Loan (a name which indicates the nature of the habitations there), the doctor came across a woman whose bearing and surroundings betokened one who had evidently occupied a much higher station in life. As she gradually unbosomed herself to him, he saw his cherished desire granted, and exclaimed, "Why, I received a letter from you not long ago, without name or address, but with the identical facts you describe."

This was the tale the letter told : Born in comparative affluence, she had little by little yielded to indwelling sin, and followed in the paths of vice until she found herself classed with "Rahab the harlot," not on the streets of Jericho, but going as certain to destruction as that city. After a "hard" life in Edinburgh she came to Glasgow, pursued the same path, served the same master, and made further progress on the *downward* road.

At this period of her wanderings she found a husband, and need it be wondered at if he turned out a drunken sinner. Husband and wife joined hand-in-hand in pursuing the drink fiend, and a drunkard's home, with its awful misery and woe, followed. What next ?

Drink, debt, death, destruction, damnation are usually linked together. It was nearly so in this case. The woman, driven to desperation, set out to drown herself in the Clyde. Courage failed ; she must stimulate her nerves, so went into a public-house, obtained some brandy, became half-dazed, and landed in her miserable home instead of in the muddy Clyde. In her drunken sleep she dreamed a wonderful dream. The days of childhood came back again, the house where she was born, the happy days of youth, the Sunday-school song, the words of a minister long ago who had pointed out that many who would never think of murdering others were murdering themselves and committing "soul suicide." She plunged into the river, her body sank beneath the waves, and her soul sank into "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. 21. 8). Her frame shook, the sweat broke on her fevered forehead, she awoke ! It was a dream, yet strange to relate, she dreamed the same dream three nights in succession. It awakened her to soul anxiety. Dying as she was living, she would be damned. Life became real, death became real, hell became real, the Heaven to which a mother had gone long ago became real.

Husband and wife, sobered up a little, turned over a new leaf, procured a Bible, and sought to obtain "peace" by

"doing, doing" on the weary soul treadmill of "doing."

At this juncture their only child little Georgie was called hence, leaving a void in the now reformed home, but causing two of the mother's heart-strings to be drawn by a loved mother and a precious babe "gone before."

Sitting lonely and sad the evening after the funeral, she missed the pattering feet of her darling boy, remembered the awful years of shame through which she had passed, felt the unsatisfactory nature of self-reformation, and knew the pangs of "soul-thirst." Retire to rest she could not, sleep she dared not; she was lost, and going to hell; she longed to meet her darling boy in Heaven. Oh, that she knew where she might find peace (Job 23. 3).

Her eye caught the Bible. Had it not brought comfort to thousands! Would it do so to her? She could try. Opening at random, her eye caught these words, "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "Yet sinners," "Yet sinners." Not by reformation, not by doing better, but "yet sinners." Just as she was in all her sorrow, and sin, and misery, Christ had died for her. Oh, wondrous love! Oh, precious death! Oh, glorious salvation! Down on her knees she went, and owned up all her life of sin, gave up all her futile efforts to establish a righteousness of her own, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as her own and only Saviour, and there and then found the truth of the words:

"The guilt of twice ten thousand years
One moment takes away."

As the good doctor again heralded forth the wondrous words, "But God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," we could only praise God for such a Gospel, pray God to bless all such Gospellers, and exclaim: "Hallelujah, what a Saviour!"

Von Winkelried's Heroism

THERE are some stories that should never be allowed to die, and this is one of them—for it is a story of self-sacrificing love that has been often used to illustrate the greater love of Him who for us men gave Himself to die.

On the shores of the beautiful lake of Lucerne lies the pretty little village of Stans. Visitors land there from the steamboats to ascend the Stauzerhore, one of the famous view-points of that district. A little above it on the hillside lies the village of Sempach, once the scene of a great decisive battle. It was fought on the 9th July, 1386, and a fine monument now stands in the village, not only to commemorate the victory, but specially the heroic deed it called forth.

The Austrians had for centuries been the oppressors of the Swiss, and many and fierce have been the battles fought before they could cast off the yoke and gain their longed-for freedom.

The Austrians were led that day by Duke Leopold, and came on in battle array with long spears, which they held in serried unbroken ranks as they advanced, thus forming a solid phalanx which it was difficult to break. Things looked desperate for the Confederate Swiss, when a man of Unterwalden, a brave and true man called Arnold von Winkelried, formed the resolution by a desperate act of self-denial to make a way through those fearful ranks for his friends. First, he commended his wife and little ones to the care of his comrades, and then bade them be ready to take advantage of the gap he was about to make in the enemy's line.

Then rushing towards the Austrians, he swept together and gathered in his arms as many spears as he could reach, only, of course, to be pierced by many of them. A mighty rush followed, as his comrades, taking full advantage of the grand heroism of their friend, broke the enemy's line and swept them before them.

Unable to re-form their ranks, they turned and fled. Their leader, Duke Leopold, was involved in the disaster, and was found at even dead upon the Battlefield. It was nobly done, and though 500 years and more have passed, his name and memory have not been allowed to die.

This story illustrates an aspect of that great triumph of Christ at Calvary. It helps us to see how one may take advantage of the death of Christ. In His death is a way of escape made from coming judgment (Heb. 2. 14). Have you yet taken advantage of it.

Cripple Tom and his Texts

IN one of the miserable East London homes, in a dark, wretched room at the top of the house, lay a cripple boy. He had lain there for over two years, greatly neglected and comparatively unknown. When quite young his parents had died, leaving him to the tender mercies of an aged relative.

Born a cripple, he had always been a sufferer ; but, as long as he was able, he had swept a crossing on his crutches, or gone short errands to earn a few pence. But soon after his parents' death the boy had to take to his bed. Very ungraciously the old woman allowed him to occupy the top room in her house, which room he never left again.

His mother had taught him to read and write ; but, not knowing the truth herself, she had never told him of " Jesus, and His love." Sometimes, however, on a snowy night when

the wind was blowing hard and cold, the lad had crept into the Mission Hall not far distant, merely for the sake of getting warm by the comfortable stove. Numb with cold, and weary in body, he took little heed of what he had heard on those nights ; but now, lying alone day after day, there came into his mind the memory of it, and by degrees he was possessed with a great longing to know more about the things of God, and to have a Bible of his own. He knew that it was from the Bible that the speakers had gathered their knowledge, but that was all. So, summoning up courage, he one day consulted Granny about it.

His only encouragement in that direction was a laugh. " Bibles weren't in her line ! What did a lad like him want with Bibles ? " So the matter dropped for a time, but the lad's desire to possess one did not grow less.

One day, however, up the creaking stairs came noisy, boisterous Jack Lee, the only friend the cripple had in the world.

" Hurrah ! hurrah ! Got a new berth ! Off north to-morrow ! Come to say good-bye, Tom," he cried, all excitement, seating himself on the bed, and wiping the perspiration from his brow. " But I've got a real beauty present for you, my lad," taking from his pocket something wrapped in a greasy bit of brown paper.

Tom raised himself on his elbows, not at all gladdened by the news he had heard. " A bright new shilling for you, Tom, lad. And you're not to spend it till yer wants suffin real particular." " Oh, Jack ! you're good, but I want something now very particular." " Yer do ? what's he ? " " I want a Bible." " A Bible ! Well, I never ! Spending all that on a Bible, when I had to scrape months and months to save it in coppers." " Don't be angry, Jack," said the cripple boy. " I do so want a Bible. Please get it, Jack—now—this very evening, at Fisher's, afore the shop closes. Granny never would ; she'd spend it in gin, if I let it get into her hands."

" What can yer want with a Bible, Tom, lad ? Only scholars understands them there things," he answered rather crossly. " Maybe so, Jack, but I'm hankering after one." " Very well, lad, then I'll go, but I knows nought about Bible buyin'." " Fisher has 'em at a shilling, for I saw 'em marked in the window when I used to go by."

Jack descended the stairs less rapidly than he had mounted them. But he got over his disappointment before he returned with a beautiful shilling Bible. " Fisher says I couldn't leave you a better friend, Tom, lad, the shilling couldn't be vested better ; and, says he, ' It may be worth a thousan' pounds to the lad.' So 'pears there's suffin as we ought to know about."

Tom's joy and gratitude were unbounded. "I know it, Jack. I know it!" hugging the Book to his breast. "I'm happy now. Oh! how kind you were to save that shilling." So Tom got his Bible, and valued it, and read it. He found out he was a sinner—lost and in need of a Saviour, and he found that Saviour in Jesus. He trusted Him, confessed Him, loved Him, and was filled with a great longing to do something for Him. But what could he do? Tied to a bed of sickness, it seemed as if he could do nothing but lie still and suffer. However love is quick to discover ways of serving its object, and so, looking to God for guidance and strength, the little helpless cripple said, "It won't do to keep all this blessed news to myself"; so he thought and thought, until at last a simple work was decided on for the Master. His bed stood close by the window sill, which was low, and somehow he got a pencil and paper, and wrote out different texts, which he would fold, pray over, and then drop into the noisy street below, directed: "To the Passer-by. Please read."

He hoped that by this means some one might hear of Jesus and His salvation.

Generally his texts were simple Gospel ones, but sometimes he wrote a text which had been given Him by the Lord for his own soul. This service of love, faithfully rendered, went on for some weeks, when one evening he heard a strange footstep, and immediately afterwards a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the room and took his seat by the lad's bedside. "So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he asked kindly. "Yes," said Tom, brightening up. "Have yer heard as some one has got hold of one?" "Plenty, lad, plenty! I picked up one last evening, and God blessed it to my soul. I have been a Christian for some years, but lately I got cold in soul, and God used your text, and spoke to me by it." "I can believe in God's Word doing anything, sir," said the lad humbly. "And I am come," said the gentleman, "to thank you personally." "Not me, sir! I only does the writin'; He does the blessin'." "And you are happy in this work for Christ?" said the visitor. "Couldn't be happier, sir. I don't think nothin' of the pain in my back, for shan't I be glad when I sees Him, to tell Him that as soon as I knowed about Him and His great love I did all as I could to serve Him? I suppose you get lots of chances, don't yer, sir?"

"Ah! lad, but I have neglected them; but, God helping me, I mean to begin afresh. At home in the country I have a sick lad dying. I came to town on pressing business. When I kissed him good-bye, he said, 'Father, I wish I had done some work for Jesus'; and the words stuck to me all day long, and the next day too, until the evening when I was

passing down this street your text fell on my hat. I opened it and read, 'I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day : the Night cometh, when no man can work (John 9. 4). It seemed like a command from Heaven.'

Tears of joy were rolling down the lad's face. "It's too much, sir," he said, "altogether too much." "Tell me how you managed to get the paper to start it, my lad." "That warn't hard, sir. I jest had a talk with Granny, and offered to give up my ha'porth of milk she gives me most days, if she would buy me paper instead. You know, sir, it can't last long. The parish doctor says a few months of cold weather may finish me off, and a drop of milk ain't much to give up for my blessed Jesus. Are people happy as have lots to give Him, sir?"

The visitor sighed. "Ah! lad, you are a great deal happier in this wretched room, making sacrifices for Jesus, than thousands who profess to belong to Him, and who have time, talents, and money, and yield little or nothing to Him."

The Tract in the Bottle

AN American gentleman was crossing in a steamer from Buffalo to Crystal Beach with some delicacies for a sick friend. Mrs. Luff, who is one of the most diligent tract distributors of my acquaintance, found ample opportunities of scattering Gospel seed. Some laughed, some scoffed, some refused, and some accepted her silent messengers.

As she stood by the side of the steamer gazing into the river, the Scripture, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. 11. 1), was vividly brought before her. She had read of messages received in bottles from ships in distress, why then should she not send a Gospel message in a similar way? Taking from her basket an empty bottle she folded a four-page Gospel leaflet, entitled, "I am not going to a Christless grave, are you?" and placed it in the bottle. After corking the bottle tightly she lifted up her heart to the Lord, asking Him to bless the seed about to be sown, and threw the bottle overboard. Some of the passengers looked on at the folly of the "religious crank," and passed jeering remarks.

Eighteen months passed, and Mrs. Luff was visited one morning by a gentleman, who, on seeing her, exclaimed, "Yes, you are the lady I saw on the five o'clock boat every evening that summer. One day I saw you do a very strange thing. You rolled up one of the little tracts, placed it in a bottle, corked it, and threw it overboard, much to the amusement of the onlookers."

And now for the gentleman's story. At that time he was in serious financial difficulties, and saw no way out of them. Not having the courage to face his creditors, he resolved to commit suicide. Several times he went to the beach with that object in view, but was mercifully prevented from accomplishing his purpose. Things grew more and more desperate. At last he determined to put an end to his misery. He took a boat and rowed out on the lake for some time, waiting till the darkness arrived. Pulling in the oars, he began to drift with the current, when he perceived an object in front of him. On getting nearer to it he found that it was a bottle, and the thought immediately suggested itself to his mind, "That is the bottle the lady threw into the river." Picking it up he knocked off the top, and read the suggestive title, "I am not going to a Christless grave, are you?"

He was stunned by the words that met his gaze. They were God's message to him. Where was he going? If he took the fatal leap, where would he spend eternity? Believing that there was something far worse than disgrace, he laid hold of the oars and pulled to the shore. Striking a light he read the tract, and there and then accepted of Christ as his Saviour, and found rest and peace in believing. With fresh courage and strength he called his creditors together, told them his difficulties, and promised to pay them in full if they would give him time. They accepted his offer, and he is paying them up gradually. He told Mrs. Luff that as soon as he had them settled honourably he would publicly confess his faith in Christ, who had thus so wonderfully saved him.

The tract that was blessed to the merchant, and numbers of others, written by Mrs. Luff, describes an incident that occurred several years ago. It reads thus:

**"I AM NOT GOING TO A CHRISTLESS GRAVE,
ARE YOU?"**

"I got into a street car in Buffalo, and when the conductor came for the fare I gave him the leaflet, 'Where hell is.' As I handed it to him he laughed, and said, 'You always give me one of these religious papers; I suppose you think me a very wicked fellow, but I am as good as they make them.' I held up my Bible, and asked, 'Do you see this Book? It tells me "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). That means your heart and mine. It does not sound so very good, does it?' 'Oh, well,' he said, 'there is plenty of time for me to think about these things; I am still young.' 'Yes,' I said, 'but if you go into any graveyard you will see graves of all sizes.' A little girl once asked her mother how old must one be before he dies. The wise mother gave her child a long piece of string and told her to go

into the grave-yard and measure the graves, and every time she measured to tie a knot. Soon after the child came back with the string full of knots. 'Look, mother, the graves are all sizes.' 'Yes, dear, that is when people die ; at all times and ages.' Again the young man laughed, and said, 'There is plenty of time for me.' On leaving the car, I said, 'Remember the time is short, and you need not go to a Christless grave and hell ; Jesus died for you.' This young man had only been a conductor six or eight weeks, but during that time I had often met him, and always gave him a tract. As this was not a busy line I often had a little talk with him and other conductors. Also, we have some who, like Epaphras, labour fervently in prayer (Col. 4. 12).

"The next morning I travelled by the same car, but a new conductor was there who told me that the one I had spoken to the day before had intended going for an afternoon's pleasure, but in jumping from one car to another had missed his footing, was run over by the car, and injured so that in a few hours he died. I felt very badly, thinking he had indeed found a Christless grave, but later in the day I was told that he had accepted the Saviour, and wished me to know that he was not going to a Christless grave. I went to his home, and as I looked on that young man's dead face I could not help thinking what an awful warning to any one who thinks there is plenty of time."

"Now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation " (2 Cor. 6. 2). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved " (Acts 16. 31).

Crooked Arm, the Indian Chief

WHAT reader is there who has not read with avidity stories of the American Indians, even to burning the midnight lamp when the rest of the family were asleep, then finding himself unable to sleep at the thought of the rushing horses, wild whoops, flashing spears, scalpings, and other tragedies and atrocities.

Among the many different tribes, the most famous were the "Cree Indians" and "Black Feet Indians." Among all the notorious chiefs, none excelled Maskepton, or Crooked Arm, of the Cree tribe, so named because his arm had been so cut and smashed in warfare that it had become "crooked." Yet his lust of blood and battle was not diminished and he fought on.

To this Cree tribe, as to several others, there arrived a white man bearing a white Message of Peace from the Great Spirit. He had a wonderful Book with him, and read them portions

telling how the Great Spirit—God—had loved them, and gave His Son—Jesus—to die for them, so that the Message of Peace and Goodwill might be brought to them.

Maskepton and his chiefs listened with wonder, some of the men "believed" and were made glad, but Crooked Arm remained unmoved. One day, however, as he stood with his warrior cloak wrapped around him, the missionary read the marvellous account of the death of Christ as detailed in Luke 23. 25-46 (read it). When he came to the cry of the Saviour: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" (ver. 34), the Spirit of God carried the words home to the heart of the cruel warrior. The reader pressed home the word by quoting the Saviour's own words: "If we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our Heavenly Father forgive our trespasses" (Matt. 6. 15). Crooked Arm was completely broken down, went home to his hut, and had dealings with God "who seeth in secret" (Matt. 6. 4), confessed his many, many sins, and sought and found forgiveness "for Christ's sake."

Next day a great muster of the tribe had been called to avenge the cruel death of the son of Maskepton. Months before he had sent his son, in charge of one of his most trusted warriors, to bring some horses from a distance. The vile man killed the son at a lonely place on the mountains, sold the horses, and returned with the tale that the son had fallen over some cliffs and been killed, and the horses had stampeded, so he had to return alone. Shady as the story seemed, the tribe had to accept it, till further evidence was forthcoming and the truth was known. The murderer having fled and gathered a band of wild men around him, was known to be in the district, hence the opportunity for this day of revenge.

The missionary accompanied the warrior band, and as the two forces were about to meet, saw Crooked Arm draw his tomahawk from his belt, and with all eyes fixed upon him, and all minds sure of a terrible scene of blood, he approached the murderer of his boy. But instead of striking the death blow, as in former days, he declared: "You killed my son, and by all the laws of Indian tribes I ought to have buried my tomahawk in your brains at this moment; but as the Great Spirit forgave me, and gave His Son to die for me, so I freely forgive you. But go away from me and from my people, and seek forgiveness for your treachery, murder, and lies from the Great Spirit himself."

After uttering these remarkable words his voice failed, his frame was bowed in grief, tears flowed freely, but his heart knew something of "peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 5. 1).

He lived to manifest how true had been his conversion to God, and was killed whilst seeking to make known the Grace of God to fellow-Indians of the Blackfeet. So ended a life marred by sin, changed by grace, and terminating in the Glory of God.

Whether you are classed as one of the number on the Continent of America, Europe, Asia, Africa, or Australasia, rest not till, like this noble chief, you know your sins forgiven and are sure of Heaven. Both are possible, and possible *now*, through simple faith in the Christ who loved you, died for you, and is waiting in grace for you to accept him as your own personal Saviour.

“The Old Colonel”

NEARLY all the policemen in New York know about the Water Street Mission and its work ; so also does every tough, bunco-steerer, professional sneak-thief, and others of this class.

One night an old man came in who was known as the “Old Colonel.” He was one of the worst tramps that ever came into the Mission, where the lost congregate in such numbers. No pen can adequately describe his condition, but I may be able to give a faint idea of how he looked. He was over six feet tall, and sixty years of age, but he looked a hundred. His dirty grey beard was a foot long, and his hair of the same colour hung a foot down his back. His eyes were bleared and full of matter, and the hue of his face showed that he and water had long been strangers. He had on an old, ragged overcoat, probably pulled out of some ash barrel, and fastened with a nail. An old coat and vest completed his wardrobe. His trousers were little more than holes with rags tied round them. He had no short or undershirt, and on his feet were a collection of dirty rags tied up with bits of string.

I had known him for years. He was a common beggar. In June, 1887, he came here to “see” me. It was Sunday night, and in the middle of the service he stood and peered forward, and said, “Mr. Hadley, are you there?” “Yes,” I said, “I am here.” “Will you pray for me? I am contrite.” At the invitation he came up, with probably twenty others, and prayed away like a man in dead earnest. When we arose from our knees he stood up, and said, “Well, I am saved. There is no doubt about it.” At the close of the service he came up on the platform and put his arms round my neck, and said, “Brother Hadley, what are you going to give me?” “Oh,” said I, “you will get a night’s lodging.” “Yes,” said he, “that’s right, but what else?” “I will give you a quarter for your breakfast,” said I. “That’s right,” said he; “I

always knew you were a Christian," and with his quarter and ticket for a bed he tottered off. As he left me he said, "I'll come every night." "Oh, don't," said I; "just come occasionally." But he said again, "Yes, brother Hadley, I'll come every night."

Who was this specimen of the devil's cruel power and handiwork? He was from one of Ohio's oldest and best families; from a wealthy, prosperous Christian home. After going through college he studied law in the office of E. M. Stanton, the great War Secretary, under the immortal Lincoln. He married, and began to practise law. But, alas! in college he began to drink whisky, and everywhere he was a failure. He entered the army at the outbreak of the Civil War, and served through that fearful struggle with credit, and was mustered out a colonel in an Illinois cavalry regiment, a confirmed drunkard. He tried to struggle against that deadly habit which had so securely fastened itself upon him, but it was useless. At last, when home, wife, and children were gone, he became utterly discouraged. He gave up in despair, and coming to New York took an assumed name.

He never went near the post office, and ultimately came to be a street beggar. For over a quarter of a century he had been a confirmed drunkard. This was the man who came up for prayers that night.

He was on hand early the following evening, as he promised. He came forward for prayer when the invitation was given, and prayed away like a good fellow. After we arose from our knees he stood up, and with much emotion said he was saved sure enough this time. He tried to put his arms around me again, but I repelled him this time with much more vigour than grace, I fear. I pointed him to the door. "Do you mean it?" he said. "If you linger much longer," I said, "you will see if I mean it."

Two weeks from that day Jerry H. Griffen, a saved drunkard, came across him in Battery Park, and told him I was praying for him. I hastened to the elevated road and came down to Water Street, and there on the back bench sat the Old Colonel. I got him a beefsteak, some potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee. He ate like a famished animal. I got a tub of hot water, a bar of soap, and plenty of towels, and with the hands that pen these lines I washed this poor outcast. I threw his vermin-infested rags into the furnace. I dressed him in clean clothes from head to foot. I then took him across the street to the barber's shop and told them to put the clippers on him. His long hair and beard soon disappeared, but the moustache was left. He stayed to the meeting, and then came forward for prayer, but, oh, how

changed ! His whole frame trembled with emotion, and tears fell from his eyes as he cried :

" Oh, Lord, if it is not too late, forgive this poor, lost sinner ! " For six nights this was repeated, and at the close of our service on Saturday night he arose and said, with Heaven in his face, " Oh, brother Hadley, I am saved." I said, " I believe you." With all my heart I believed that God had accepted and saved this " chief of sinners," and so it proved (1 Tim. 1. 15).

From that instant the old beggar tramp was changed into a child of God. He fairly loathed drink and all its works. God restored his intellect, which was so badly impaired. His youth returned, and he became transfigured. Thousands have heard him during the thirteen years he was amongst us tell of the wonderful love of the Lord Jesus Christ, in that " He is able also to save them to the *uttermost* that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth " (Heb. 7. 25).

The Last Match

MANY years ago a young man was in the territory of Kansas when the excitement occasioned by the discovery of gold at Pipe's Peak broke over the country. Fired with a desire to be early in the field of the new Eldorado, he bought an Indian pony, got together a few things, and slung them in a little bag behind him. After two days he came to a long stretch of barrens—about forty miles—which he must cross. It was not a very hard day's ride, though it was in the short November days. Heedless of any thought of danger, early with the rising of the sun he started across the sterile desert. It was a beautiful day, clear and cold, the path through the tall grass was well marked and easily followed, and for hours the ride was made with pleasure and good speed.

A little past noon the sky became overcast with dull grey and flying clouds. Nothing for a time was thought of this—the journey was more than half over, and the settlement on the other side would soon be reached. Presently the snow began to fall—at first a few stray flakes, then faster and thicker ; then it grew darker, and snowed faster and thicker still. The first thought of anxiety began to creep into the young man's heart.

The darkness gathered rapidly in the thick and now fast-falling snow. For a while all attention was given to keeping the body warm by beating the arms about the body, hallooing, and slinging the legs against the side of the patient pony. But now another horror came. How or when he knew not, he had suffered the pony to step aside from the fast-filling path.

But he could easily find it again. A pull of the bridle to the right, a hundred yards in that direction, but no path ; then a pull to the left, a hundred yards or more in that direction, but still no path. Now a standstill. Where was he ? No sun in the sky to show the direction, no path under foot, no compass—for that had not been thought of ; darkness like prison walls, gathering about ; blinding snow falling, clinging to him like a winding sheet ; the cold now piercing to the bones ; the conviction now fastening upon him, " I am lost in the snowstorm on a trackless prairie." Then thoughts of death came and pressed him hard—thoughts of mother on the old homestead in the far-away Southern States ; even the fantastic thought, " Would his body ever be found ? Should anybody ever know the story ? "

Then the mental scenery was shifted, and eternity opened up before his vision. The great white throne was set. Heaven and Hell were in view. There was the rejected Son of God seated as Judge. The thoughts of a lifetime of sins—how he had revelled in them, mocked and made light of them ; how he had scoffed at religion, turned away from many kindly-meant words of warning ; and now he was to die and go—where ? Not to Heaven ; he knew he was not fit for Heaven. He had rejected Christ, and His loving offer of mercy. To Hell. Alas ! where else ?

Now he deplored his sins, and almost cursed his folly in not having spent a different life ; now wondered if God would forgive ; now wondered what many things he had heard in days gone by meant. All this time the cold seemed to abate. The pony was wandering aimlessly about. Then came the fatal sense of drowsiness. This awakened him to fear. He had been dreaming and freezing. Now terror seized him. Leaping from the pony, or rather tumbling off, he gathered his numb limbs under him as best he could, and began to stamp on the snow, and beat about with his arms until circulation was again felt.

Then with the instinct of self-preservation the thought of a fire occurred. Instantly falling down on hands and knees, groping in the now darkness and snow, he began to pull up large handfuls of grass, and, beating the snow off, lay it in a pile. Then, as Providence would have it, his hands fell on a little low brush growth—a kind of hazel bush. Quickly breaking its brittle branches, and laying them on the pile of grass, the thought came, now a fire, and all will be well. A piece of newspaper for kindling, and then a match. A match ! The heart almost stopped beating. Had he a match ? Many had he used carelessly that day in lighting his pipe ; but had he any left ? Instantly finger and thumb went into vest pocket. For a

moment hope died, and then revived. Yes, there was a match, but just one. One little sulphur match—only one.

The young man's life and his salvation, too, were wrapped up in that match ; for should it fail him, he must die in his sins. One match. What offer do you suppose would have induced him to sell that solitary match ? One hundred of them could be bought in the next settlement for a cent, and yet if Pike's Peak, with all its stored wealth, could have been crumbled into diamonds, and laid at his feet as the price of that match he would have laughed the offer to scorn. Why ? Because it was a match ? No ; but because it was the only match he had. If that failed him, he was a dead and lost soul.

Do you wonder that when he drew that match across his sleeve his heart well-nigh stopped beating ? Do you wonder that his eyes almost started from their sockets as he watched with a great lump in his throat that little pale blue flame, as it seemed now to die out and then struggle for life, until at last—oh, thank God !—it reddened into fire, and kindled the paper waiting to receive it, and the fire was built that saved his life.

I relate the incident to show you the value there is in an *only* Saviour. If I had the charred stump of that match now I would frame it and hang it in my study. I would write this legend under it, "His only match ; it saved him."

Now what shall I say to you ? The Blood of Jesus Christ is precious because it is the sinner's *only* salvation. Jesus Christ the Crucified stands between you and eternal woe. If you miss Him, if you reject Him, oh, then God pity you ! You are a hopeless lost one, and in Hell you will soon lift up your eyes, being in torment. "For without the shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. 9. 22).

"If I Only Had"

CRIES echoed through the corridor of a large lunatic asylum in America : "Oh, if I only had." A doctor was taking a friend round, and he had passed through several of the wards when he came to one in which there was an unfortunate madman who seemed in terrible distress. The poor man was occupied walking up and down his cell, wringing his hands in agony, and wailing out over and over again, "Oh, if I only had ! Oh, if I only had !" "What is his history ?" He was the keeper of a railway bridge over one of the great rivers down south. His business was to open it for ships to pass, and then to close it before the train came by. One day a heavy excursion train was scheduled for the afternoon, and strict orders were given not to open the bridge for any one

between the hours of three and four as a precaution against any accident. Several people came to him, asking him to let their boats down channel, but he refused ; one man offered him five pounds if he would do it, but he wouldn't. At last a few minutes before four, the train hadn't been signalled, and he began to think, perhaps it wasn't coming after all. Just then a great friend of his came up and implored him to open the bridge. He told him half his fortune depended on his being able to catch the tide that evening ; and at last the keeper, who had resisted the bribe, gave way to his friend's entreaties. He let the vessel through, and was just going to close the bridge when he heard the shriek of the engine right ahead of him. He threw up his hands in hopes of signalling to the driver to stop. But, of course, it wasn't any good. The train ran right on, down into the river with an awful crash. When they went to look for the bridgekeeper they found him standing wringing his hands and shrieking, “ Oh, if I only had ! ” just as he is doing now, sir ; that is eight years ago next September.”

“ Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. . . . If ye be *willing* and *obedient*, ye shall eat the good of the land ; BUT if ye *refuse* and *rebel*, ye shall be devoured with the sword ” (Isa. 1. 18-20). Through endless ages, as you sink deeper in despair, you will echo the cry, “ If I only had accepted Christ and been saved ! ” Ere it is too late, accept Him NOW.

“ Take the Gold who will ”

I SHALL never forget the effect produced upon my own mind, when I read, some years ago, of that fearful shipwreck, the loss of the *Central America*—the great steamer that was lost on the voyage from Havannah to New York. Do you remember what happened then ? That steamer was bringing home from California three or four hundred gold-diggers. They had all “ made their pile,” as they said. They had all got their gold, and were coming back, proposing to spend their latter days in ease in their own country. But “ man proposes, and God disposes.”

About four-and-twenty hours after the *Central America* left Havannah, a mighty storm arose. Three or four waves struck the ship. Her engines broke. She sprang a leak, and fell off into the trough of the sea. And after a while, when they had pumped and baled, and baled and pumped, and no good was done, it appeared perfectly plain that the *Central America* with her three or four hundred passengers, and all her crew,

was likely to go down into the deep, deep sea, and carry all on board with her. They launched the only boats they had. They placed the women on board—all honour be to them for their kind feeling to the weak and defenceless at a time like that! The boats put off from the vessel; but there were left behind two or three hundred people, most of them gold-diggers, when the *Central America* went down.

One who left the ship in one of the boats that took the women, described what he saw with his own eyes in the great cabin of that steamer, when all hope was over, and the great ship was about to sink. Men took out their gold. One man said, holding his leather bag, containing his long-toiled for accumulation, “ Here, take it who will—take it who will. It is no more use to me; the ship is going down. Take it who will.” Others took out their gold dust, and scattered it broadcast over the cabin. “ There,” they said, “ take it, take it who will; we are all going down; there is no more chance for us; the gold will do us no good.” Oh, what a comment that was on the truly valueless nature of riches when a man draws near to eternity! “ Riches profit not in the day of wrath; but righteousness delivereth from death ” (Prov. 11. 4).

A Glorious Victory

“ **A** VICTORY, a glorious victory!” shouted Horace Fleming. “ Did not I tell you, uncle, that Old England never would be beaten? Though Frank is at the front he will be all right, you may be sure.”

Frank Conyers was an only son of Mr. and Mrs. Conyers, heir to a considerable property. He had been educated carefully; and his parents had hoped he would eventually take his place as owner of a large inheritance. But Frank was filled with thoughts of military glory, and gave his parents no peace until they consented to his entering the army. His military career had been a short one; but now, amid the stirring scenes of the war, he was seeing the realities of a soldier's life, also its hardships. He had been wounded, and his parents fondly hoped that he would be satisfied now, and they had been anxiously looking for a letter announcing his speedy return home “ invalided,” when Horace Fleming rushed in, with the news of a glorious victory.

Mr. and Mrs. Conyers were so well acquainted with the courageous and daring spirit of their son, that they knew he would be an actor in the scene again, if able to mount his horse. But his wound had been so recent, they hoped he was still too unwell to make any such attempt.

Slowly passed the hours of suspense until the full informa-

tion anxiously looked for, yet dreaded, was received ; and then the shock was none the less when a letter from the War Office was received, in which these words were read : “ I am truly sorry to inform you, that on the 6th instant, in the desperate charge of the cavalry your gallant son, Lieutenant Conyers, fell while bravely cheering on his men.”

They seemed to burn like letters of fire before their horror-stricken gaze. Thus the worst of their fears came upon them in all its sudden horror, and the bereaved parents were utterly prostrated beneath the blow. In vain well-meaning friends spoke comfort, but they sorrowed as those who have lost their all.

The first transport of sorrow was succeeded by a sullen despair ; when their affliction was re-awakened by the arrival of the baggage and effects of an only son cruelly torn from them. In the agonies of her grief, the mother clasped the garments of their son which spoke to her so plainly of him. At last, as poor Frank's desk was lifted out of the packing case, Mr. Conyers seized it with a sudden hope that some last word from their son might be found within it.

As his trembling fingers sought for the key, and fitted it to the lock, how well he remembered the day on which he had given the desk to Frank for a birthday present, made after his own directions, with a secret drawer. After a moment's delay, caused by his shaking hands, the private drawer revealed to view a thick letter, addressed :

“ To my beloved Father and Mother.” With a cry Mr. Conyers summoned his wife, and with straining eyes they read together

“ DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,—I am once more out of the doctor's hands and pronounced ‘ fit for duty ’ ; and as I may now be called into action at a moment's warning, I write you a letter which will, should I fall, tell you my whole heart. I have often thought since I was wounded that if I had been killed instead of only wounded, you would not have had a last word from me to speak comfort to you. But, could I have written then, how different would it have been : I should have told you that I died for the honour of my country, and tried to soothe your sorrow for my loss, by the thought that I had fallen gloriously on the battle-field. But now ! oh, my loved ones, should I fall in the impending engagement, I shall die a victor through the Blood of the Lamb, even Christ my Lord,—not an earthly victor, but victorious over death and the grave, my soul going with joy to meet the great Captain of my salvation (Rev. 12. 11)—I think I see your astonishment, dear parents, as these words meet your eyes ; and I hasten to tell you how I came to have such views and feelings—those hopes,

nay, certainties, which fill me with a joy that is not of earth, even in expectation of a violent death.

"While I lay in the hospital, wounded, a brother officer, quite a young fellow, whom we used laughingly to call 'Praying Fred,' was brought in badly wounded, and placed in the next bed to mine; he had to undergo a painful operation, which he bore like a hero—not a murmur then, or after, escaping from his lips—although he suffered torturing pain. This showed me that he practised what he preached, and that there must be reality in the religion he professed. Some such thoughts were going through my mind, when I met his eyes suddenly raised to mine as I looked at him, the day after the operation had been performed, and though, thinking he was asleep I could not forbear expressing them aloud, as he gazed at me in wonder at my earnest look.

" 'Oh, yes,' he said. 'My religion is a reality—a support and comfort under every trial. I know that nothing can occur to me without the eye of my heavenly Father taking notice of it; and whatever He orders is right, and just what I would choose, if I could order things for myself, for I know that all things work together for good to those who love Him.'

" 'Why, what good can it do you to be laid there in torture deprived of a limb?' I asked in surprise.

"My companion was silent for a moment,—and then he replied: 'One good result is, that it has given me an opportunity to speak to you, friend, of the hope that is in me; and if you are brought to know the blessedness of that hope, how joyful will it have been for me that I was laid here. How small a price would my lost limb and pain be, for the joy of knowing that I was instrumental in bringing you to a knowledge of my Lord and my Saviour. If (as we are told) one soul is worth more than the whole world, how trifling comparatively my sufferings, to the bliss of carrying the good news of salvation to you.'

" 'You must not value me at so high a price as the "whole world," even though I am an only son,' I said, laughing.

" 'Oh, Conyers!' he replied, 'you mistake; it was not I who set that value upon you; the Creator of us all showed that He did so value you, when He gave "His only Son" to die for you, that you might live for ever.'

"Dear parents, when Fred Singleton spoke those words, a veil seemed to fall from before my eyes. I thought of you and of your indulgent love for me. I knew that you would give up your lives, before you would suffer me to fall. And then I thought of God giving *His* Son to die for me. In a moment I saw, as by a sudden revelation, how dreadful must be my state as a sinner, to require such sacrifice;—and how wonderful

must be the love of God to me, to give His only Son to die in my stead. All the sermons I had ever heard,—‘to come to Jesus and be saved,’—seemed to rise up in array before me, as I lay stunned by the suddenness of the revelation that swept through my brain. At length, as though compelled to speak, I said, ‘Singleton, you have struck me to the heart; if God has so valued my soul,—(as I now see and feel He has,)—what a fool I have been not to value it more myself! I never saw it in that light; in fact (to be sincere) I never thought about my soul at all.’

“‘That is it; that is the danger,’ said Singleton. ‘We forget that we have within these bodies, spirits that can never die; and yet, how awful to think that at any moment the body may cease to exist, and its immortal tenant go on its eternal journey, unsaved, to everlasting misery. Oh! why do we go on facing such a doom, when Christ shed His blood for us?’

“‘God must be very angry with us for neglecting to seek Him,’ I said, thinking aloud.

“‘He pities us and entreats us to believe and be saved,’ said Singleton, tenderly. ‘You believe that Jesus died for you; do you not?’

“‘Yes; oh, yes,’ I replied. ‘Then, my friend, God asks no more from you.’

“‘How do you mean? O, Singleton, explain this to me more fully,’ I exclaimed.

“‘I have heard it explained in this way, Conyers; it is simple, but I think perfect,’ said Singleton. ‘If a man was drowning and a rope was thrown to him, his seeing the rope and that it was intended he should grasp it and be saved, would not of itself save him,—he might perish in sight of the means of safety; but if he grasped the rope and clung to it for life, then he would be safe; don’t you see? You must take the salvation Christ has secured for you, over eighteen hundred years ago; it is for you, only believe it; accept this salvation, and you have done your part. God has given His Son, the Saviour, Christ has given Himself for you, and you have only to believe that He did so, and that God has accepted that sacrifice,—in your place.’

“‘Oh! I see it—I see it all now, and I felt compelled to cry out, “It is marvellous, but it is true. I feel it; I know it. I do believe that Christ has died for me, and that I am thus saved—yes, saved for ever!”’

“‘Bless the Lord for this great salvation!’ cried Singleton, as well as his feeble voice would permit. ‘Did I not say right, that all things work together for our good if we love Him? How little I thought when I was laid here what a blessing was

in store for me ! '—His voice became exhausted, and I begged him not to weaken himself by speaking any more just then.

" The next day he was very faint, only exchanging an occasional word or look with me, but they were truly words and looks from the borders of the Heavenly land to which he was hastening. Not even the painful amputation could save his life ; and the doctors at last reluctantly admitted the fact, when he asked them calmly if it was not so. After they had left him, he turned to me and said, ' Here is a leaflet which has been my motto since I knew the Saviour ; let it be yours. Never forget it.'

" The next day it was plain that my dear—yes doubly dear, friend was sinking ; but still he met my gaze with a bright smile and an upward look, as he said repeatedly, ' I am going Home.' Towards evening he said, ' All things work together for good to those who love Him. See, the loss of this limb is sending me home to that Home. I might have passed many years of suffering on earth, but my gracious Father wills it otherwise ; He is taking me Home to be with Himself.' (Phil. 1. 23). Those were his last words, as he sank into a sleep, and awoke no more.

" Dear parents, since I have left the hospital I have boldly taken my stand as a soldier of the Cross ; and should I die upon the field of battle, without a moment's warning, remember that to me sudden death will be sudden glory, for I shall be with my Saviour, and with Singleton once more. When you read these lines, believe that it is I, your son, your loving son, speaking ; and even from Heaven let my voice reach you, for it is my voice, not the silent pen. I am not dead ; I live ! Because my Saviour lives, I live ;—and I implore of you, beloved ones, hear me, that you also may with me enjoy the blessings of His kingdom. Never think of me as if dead,—only having gone before you, called away by God in His mercy, that you may be led to see His love, and to believe in Him as I believed when Singleton spoke to me. Remember how much greater a love must God have had for His ' only and well-beloved Son ' than even you, dear parents, could possibly have felt for me. And then think how much He must have loved us, when He gave His only Son to suffer for our sins. Take Him for *your* Saviour ; and we shall be for ever together. Come to Him now, is the prayer of your devoted son, FRANK."

Had a voice indeed sounded in their ears from the eternal world, the awe, mingled with rapture (that fell upon Mr. and Mrs. Conyers, as they read these lines) could not have been surpassed. With one consent, they sank upon their knees together and accepted the Saviour of their son to be their Saviour—A Glorious Victory !

“ Wild Kate ”

THE neighbours called her Wild Kate, so fierce and masculine was she, both in figure and manners. I was told I need not trouble to call on her, as she would neither welcome me nor come to the meetings. But I remembered the words of Him, Who said, “ I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ” (Matt. 9. 13), and I resolved to go.

Accordingly I went to her cottage. Just as I approached it, an old man said to me, “ Are you going in there, sir ? ” glancing with significance at Kate’s door. “ Yes,” I replied. He said, “ Weel, weel, it’s a needless fash, an’ I wish ye safe out, sir ; for she is an awful woman.” I replied, “ I have a message of peace for her, and I am not afraid of her.”

I knocked at the door, and a strong, harsh voice said, “ Come in.” When I entered she started, and exclaimed, “ Oh, you’ve made a mistake.” I said, “ No, I have made no mistake. You are the person I want to see, Kate.” “ Do you ? ” said she, and I saw at once that God had been preparing her for my visit. “ Well, you are the first Gospel preacher who ever came to see Kate Douglas. Sit down.”

I readily did so, and entered into conversation with her, concluding by asking her to the meeting in the evening. Strange to say, she came. That night an arrow from God’s quiver entered her heart and brought her low—the strong, daring woman was humbled.

Some time after, on a wild, stormy, wet night, as I sat alone in my study, the servant came to say that some one wanted to see me. “ Show him in here ; it must be something very urgent that would bring any man out in such a night as this.” “ It is a woman, sir, and she has come a long distance, and though I wanted her to warm and dry herself at the fire, she insisted that I should come at once and ask you to see her.”

The door was again opened, and Kate Douglas entered the room.

“ What ! ” I exclaimed, as I arose to receive her, “ you here ? This is a rough night for you to be out ; you are cold and wet.” And placing a chair for her, I begged her to sit down ; but there she stood erect, unable for a moment to speak.

“ Well, Kate, hear what God says of His remedy for our fallen state, ‘ In due time Christ died for the ungodly.’ Christ’s own words are, ‘ I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.’ ”

Kate listened to the reading of these Scriptures with an intensity of eagerness, such as I never before witnessed. “ Well, sir, what must I do ? ”

I turned and read Rom. 10. 9, 10. "' Confess,' said I, ' and ' believe ' Jesus as your Saviour."

" Now, Kate," I said, " you know all." " Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief." " I am that one," burst from her lips. " Can it be that He will take me ; be a Refuge to me ? " " God, in Christ, says : ' Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.' ' Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest ' (Matt. 11. 28)."

The light began to dawn into her soul. " Ah, sir, I see now what you mean by God being a Refuge ! Jesus, the God—man, man, making peace between God and man ; how wonderful ! Oh, how wonderful ! and that I never should have known it before ! " We knelt to pray, and I believe in that quiet hour that tempest-tossed soul found a Haven of rest. She arose to depart—the storm without had ceased, and all was peace without. " What a calm ! " I exclaimed. " Oh, yes," she said. " A calm *within*—I am a changed woman since I entered this room. I have found Jesus, my weary, sinful soul's refuge. Jesus, the God-man, took my place and died for me. God bless you, sir, for leading me to Him."

Kate's example had an amazing influence among her neighbours. Naturally of a powerful, earnest temperament, the whole force of her renewed nature was thrown into her Christian life, and she was decidedly " A living epistle, known and read of all." Her person and her home were clean, neat, and tidy, as every true Christian's should be.

The Quarryman's Testimony

IT was clear, concise, convincing, yet told out to his mates with many a pause, and often a sob. Said he, " Some of you knew me when I was dead enough in sins. There's Barley there, if he liked to tell on a fellow, could make your hair stand up ; but it has all changed."

" You see, mates, it was just this way. My poor wife must well nigh have hated me. I had the Devil on my side ; there was nothing bad he didn't help me to, and my three helpless children, they never knew when they dare come near me. I was a brute ; God only knows what would have been the end of it.

" I swore, I drank, I fought—I didn't care what became of me. One night I got a cut over my eyes in a row, and they took me home earlier than usual. My little Kittie was ill. She was turned four, and a delicate girl, but many a blow she had from my wicked hand——"

Here James paused a moment, and a sudden cough seemed

to trouble him. "I was a bit better an hour later, and I heard her say, 'Mother, I don't want to leave you, 'cos father's so unkind'; and I saw my wife crying when she came out of the room, and I asked her what was up. 'Kittie's dying,' she said, looking straight at me: 'You've killed her.' I said, 'No, no, the child ain't dying. I'll speak to her.' In I went, and there lay the poor mite, her eyes staring, and her breath coming sharp. I said, 'What's the the matter, Kit?' I never felt so queer as I did then. I felt like a murderer, somehow. She said, 'Don't shake me to-night, father; I am so ill; let me be.'

"I sat down beside her, for I was sober for once, and she seemed to think I was different, for she said, 'Has God done what mother keeps asking Him for?' 'What do you mean, Kittie?' I asked, and I took her wee hand in mine.

" 'Don't you know, father, she asks God that Jesus would make you all *new* (2 Cor. 5. 17), and save you from the drink, then we wouldn't be hungry and mother have to cry so, and we'd be ever so happy.' I turned all cold like, and her face looked as I'd never seen it. I felt ashamed for the first time.

"It's hard work telling it all," said James, "but I'll make it short. I saw my wife was dead beat, and I sat on, waiting for her to get better and come to the child, when all of a sudden Kittie said, 'Father, my Sunday School teacher said Jesus died to save us from our sins, and went back to Heaven to get a beautiful home ready for us. If I die I shall go there.'

"I said, 'I should think so, Kittie, but I don't know much about such things.' She seemed sleepy, and I watched her precious little face for an hour. Then she started and said, 'I thought Some one so bright and beautiful stood here, father, and said, "My little lamb, I died to have you. You shall soon come where you will never be cold or hungry any more," and I was just saying, "Jesus, may mother come, when I awoke." ' I said, 'Kittie, don't you want me ever to come?' and she said, 'Oh, father, teacher said the Bible says they don't have any drunkards, or swearers, or unkind people there, 'cos it's Heaven' (1 Cor. 6. 10).

"All at once I felt I was an awful sinner, and I seemed crushed. All next day I was just groaning inwardly and nearly wild. My wife couldn't make me out. I went home in the afternoon to see how Kittie was, and her teacher was kneeling beside her. I listened, and she was talking to that child so beautiful like, and then she prayed, and oh, fellows, that's what did it, for if she didn't pray for me!—She just pleaded with God to save my wicked soul, that I might live for Him here and with Him in Heaven, too.

"I was all over confusion when she came out of that room,

and I said, 'Miss, whatever made you pray for me?' and she said, 'Mr. Thornton, the Lord Jesus came all the way from Heaven to save you, and your darling child has trusted Him and is going Home to Him. May she tell Him you've been saved to-day?' and she took my rough hand in hers, and, if you can believe it, I said, 'Yes,' and there was poor, wicked me, kneeling and crying like a child, and she praying for me.

"My little Kitty put her thin arms around my neck when I said I would be pleased to read her verses to her, and she whispered in her simple way, 'Does you know about Jesus now, does you trust Him, father?' I said, 'Yes, Kitty, great sinner as I am, I trust He is my Saviour, too.' Two days after her spirit went away from this rough world to a brighter Home; and when she gave me her last kiss, she said, 'Come soon, father.'

"Now, mates, that's my story; and now I am seeking to live for God and my Saviour. He has changed my heart, changed my life, and what Christ has done for me He can do for each of you, and will if you trust Him (John 1. 12)."

The man ceased. Day by day he lived among them—a rough, godless crew—but his life spoke, and his testimony was used in the salvation of many from sin and impiety.

A Harley Street Doctor's Story

I AM well aware that the experience I am about to relate is in no way uncommon. I was in my fifteenth year, in 1860, when I had this experience.

I will endeavour at any rate with accuracy and brevity to describe what actually occurred in my "Heavenly Vision."

The setting of the scene was sufficiently prosaic. At fifteen, one summer's evening, I arrived at Mr. Charles Hanmer's Private Academy at 23 West Parade, Rhyl. As a new school-boy I went upstairs to get ready for dinner, and found my bedroom.

There were two beds, and the boy who was to occupy one, and who afterwards became the well-known head of one of our most popular missions, was busy dressing. Hearing me enter, he turned round, and having asked me if I was the new boy, said, with no further preamble, "Are you a Christian?" I think I should explain, to account for such a greeting from a strange boy, that at this time there was all over England a great wave of religious revival, so that questions which at other times might appear out of place were just then quite natural.

I answered without hesitation, "No, I am not," for I knew well that he did not refer to my social or church position, but

to my real state before God, regarding which, being religiously brought up, I was quite clear nothing good could be said, and with whatever envious eyes I might regard those who had truly trusted their Saviour, I knew well I was not amongst the number. For though my father and mother had done the best, so far their religious teaching had fallen on deaf ears, and the seed on stony ground.

The boy stared at me. "But would you not like to be one?" he asked, timidly. "It's no use liking," I said, scornfully; "I know well I never shall be a Christian." "There's a prayer meeting to-night," he said; "would you not like to be prayed for?" "As to that," I replied, in an airy manner, "they can just please themselves, for it will do me no atom of good. I've been prayed for often enough."

As I had a slight cold I went to bed early while they were all at this meeting. When my young mentor returned I shammed sleep, for I wanted no more of his talk, so saying his prayers first, he soon turned in, and off he went to sleep. "That's all very well, my fine fellow," I said, glaring at him; "you can go to sleep, and I cannot, for you're all right and I'm all wrong."

So I lay and tossed, thinking it a strange thing that God should look down, as I truly believe He did, into that room and see two boys on two beds, one all *right* and the other all *wrong*. I tossed about with uneasy snatches of sleep until nearly 2 a.m., asking myself why I couldn't quietly rest like that boy.

Suddenly there came to my consciousness rather than to my mind the words, "Because you won't take it," and then came my Heavenly Vision, which after all was rather prosaic. "Take what?" I said.

And as I lay in my bed, lo, I saw in my mind that I was very sick of a mortal disease, and that by the bedside was a table, and upon it a bottle of medicine, which I was perfectly sure would cure me. And there was I asking "Why am I not cured?" And the answer was, "Because you won't take it." This seemed to me absolutely ridiculous. "My word," I said, "if that's all, I'll soon be well, for take it I will, and now!"

And then I saw that my sickness meant my state, and that this alone was the cause of my sleeplessness. The remedy clearly was belief, true, personal belief in Christ my Saviour. "Well, if that's all," I said, "I won't wait another moment." But how was I to do it?

Of course, I had known the Gospel story since I could speak, but it had never seemed to do me the least good. I could not "take it" as I could medicine, but I saw that "taking it" meant the act of "believing."

Then to my horror I saw that to believe in the medicine could do me no good, and could never cure me ; I must do more than believe in its value—I must “*take it.*” So here I was at fifteen plunged at 2 a.m. into divine metaphysics. But the Spirit of God was hovering over that young boy, for I thought, “I cannot do better than to settle it now.”

So I knelt up in my bed, and solemnly and from my heart said aloud : “O God ! I *take* Thy Son, Jesus Christ, to be my Saviour this night,” and feeling I could do no more, I dropped asleep. The crisis was over.

When I came down to breakfast I still felt pretty much as usual, though conscious that I had undoubtedly taken an irrevocable step in the night. Still, I was surprised I did not feel as happy as I supposed I ought to feel.

The other boys had left the table, and the master came and sat by my side. “We were praying for you last night,” he said ; “I’m so sorry you are not a Christian.”

Now, then, what on earth was I to do ? I didn’t feel particularly like a Christian ; but, then, I had told God something in the night that I was determined not to go back on. I was in a terrible dilemma ; when in a moment the Holy Spirit flashed into my mind the words : “If thou shalt *confess with thy mouth* and believe in thy heart, thou shalt be saved ” (Rom. 10. 9). I had clearly done the first ; it only remained with me to do the second. So without one particle of feeling I said, “*But I am one !*”

“You, a Christian !” the master said, incredulously, “but you told us you were not !” “No more I was last night,” I said. “But when did you become one ?” he said, completely puzzled. “About 2 o’clock this morning,” I replied. “But who spoke to you ?” he asked. “No one,” I said, and then after a pause, “unless it was God.”

“But what happened ?” So I told him all, and then demanded if that made me a Christian. “It does,” he said, and immediately I was filled and flooded with a wave of joy perfectly indescribable. I rushed out of the house, threw my cap into the air, and ran round and round the playground to let off, as it were, some of the steam.

I then stood still, and looked at myself critically. “What *you,*” I said “a Christian ! It can’t be you !” Yes, indeed it was myself, incredible as it appeared, but now the *ego* was a new self. I don’t know that I felt either pious or good. But one thing was certain : whereas I was blind, now I could see ; I was lost, now I was saved. And now I must hurry up and get others saved, too. Such were my first thoughts.

No doubt all this seems very childish to the superior person, but it really was not. It was supernatural and divine, and its

after effects on two lives—my brother's and my own—through long years of stress and trouble *proved its divine origin and character.*

Accomplished in a moment, it has endured a lifetime, and I feel sure the more thoughtful of my readers will not dismiss a true record of an experience which has changed a man's entire life as unworthy of serious consideration.

“He was Drowned—I was Saved”

THE magnificent steamship, *Cyprian*, left Liverpool on the 13th of October, 1881, bound for the Mediterranean. It was blowing half a gale at starting, but it takes a good deal to hinder one of these huge vessels from starting at her appointed time. However, in but a few hours the wind increased to a hurricane, and the decks began to be swept by huge seas. Disaster followed : first the fore-steering gear gave way ; then a tube in one of the boilers burst, putting out the fire it was over ; again, the aft wheel-house was smashed in, and the remaining steering apparatus rendered useless ; more of the boiler tubes gave way, and in a disabled state the vessel laboured heavily until early next morning.

Heavy seas now swept the decks, wave after wave broke into the engine-room, until the last of her fires was extinguished. Powerless, rudderless, and unmanageable, the fine steamer was now at the mercy of storm and waves. These proved foes indeed, for she was drifted swiftly towards the Welsh coast. Captain and crew had done their best to save the ship, but all hope was past ; the black rocks were soon reached, and they were driven with violence on to them. Summoning all on to the bridge, the skipper told them it was now a case of every one for himself.

It happened that a runaway youth had secreted himself on board as a stowaway, unknown to any, before the ship left Liverpool. Such passengers are rarely treated with favour by either master or mate. This wretched young waif had got on board in the dock unseen, and had cleverly concealed himself until the ship was at sea ; indeed, until the storm brought him from his hiding-place. All were too busy and anxious about their own safety to notice the lad. He stood with white face on the deck, terrified at the gale and watching the grand but solemn scene, when the ship struck upon the rock and the billows truly spent their foaming fury upon her, until at last one crash spoke out her utter ruin.

“ *Every one for himself!* ” again shouted the captain. Seizing lifebelts, oars, barrels, spars, one after another the crew were obliged to leap from her deck and cast themselves

overboard, many with but faint hope of reaching the shore. At last there but remained upon the wreck, the captain and the stowaway. The former had just finished putting on his life belt, and was about to jump into the sea as the others had done, when he espied near by the white face of the terror-stricken boy, that " little sinner of a stowaway," but a human being to be saved if possible.

If any one had a right to his own life-belt, it was the captain ; and if any one deserved to go without, it would be the young rascal beside him. Without pausing to consider whether deserving or undeserving, the noble man unbuckled his belt and strapped it upon the urchin, and bidding him save himself, he added, " I can swim ; you take this belt, my boy ! "

Overboard went the life-belted boy, and even through the heavy surf was kept up, until at last on the top of one huge sea, he was rolled over on to the rocks, sadly bruised, but able to tell the story of his noble friend's heroism. *Saved ! only just, but saved !*

But what about the captain ? Did he reach the coast too ? *No, never !* He had struck out boldly, but the foaming surf was too much for him, and he sank—lost his life through saving another ! Every heart on shore was indeed moved as they heard the stowaway's account : " He gave himself for me ! *He gave himself for me !* "

" But," you say, " this ragamuffin was no friend of the noble captain ; all he deserved was a rope's end, and yet the master died for him."

Such is the love of Jesus to *you*. No better than the stowaway, guilty, having sinned against the God of Heaven, and yet *Christ had died for you*, " the Just for the unjust," for *you*.

That captain need not have died ; he owed nothing to the young stranger for whom he gave his life, the friendless boy had no claim upon him—none.

" Why did he do it ? " you ask. " Why did he give his life for one not a tenth the value ? Why, indeed ? and why did the Son of God lay down His life for *you* ? He upon whom you had no claim, and but for whom you *must* have inevitably perished.

Sinner, whether you will or no, as you are under the sentence of death, you must take your stand on the platform of hopeless ruin ; but there is One, who, seeing you there, left His throne above to come down and take your place : " He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust," and now He offers you eternal life. God does not overlook your sin, but He has spent the full punishment that was due to it on an innocent One Who has suffered in your stead.

His Mother's Substitute

IN the middle of last century there was a military and religious leader in the Caucasus named Schamyl, who was opposed to Russian aggression. At one time bribery was so prevalent among his followers that he determined on taking drastic measures for its suppression. He enacted a law that in every case discovered a penalty of a hundred lashes was to be imposed. His own mother was the first convicted offender. On being informed of it Schamyl was overwhelmed with grief. For several days he shut himself up in his tent, and gave himself to fasting and prayer. On emerging from his retirement he assembled his followers, and gave instructions to the executioner to inflict the penalty. The offender was bound, and the lash was applied to the quivering flesh. As the fifth stroke fell Schamyl ordered the executioner to stop, and his mother was released. Baring his own back, he commanded the executioner to administer the remainder of the penalty—ninety-five lashes—on himself, which was accordingly done.

If Schamyl had allowed his mother to escape without any satisfaction being rendered to the broken law, his followers would have had good reason to complain. They would doubtless have said that though a loving son Schamyl was an unrighteous ruler, being partial in his dealings. Through the expedient introduced by Schamyl a fraction of the penalty of the broken law was endured by his mother—five lashes, and the remainder, ninety-five lashes, by himself. One can easily understand how that Schamyl's followers would after this be slow to commit the offence.

In this incident we have a faint and feeble illustration of Christ's atonement for us. All of us have sinned. Times without number we have broken the holy law of God and trampled His commands under our feet. The law declares that death is sin's penalty (Ezek. 18. 14). "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James 2. 10). What, then, was to become of us? Was there no way of deliverance? Whilst hating sin with a perfect hatred, God loved, and loves with matchless love, the sinner. It was, and is, His desire that "all men should be saved" (1 Tim. 2. 4). How could He *righteously* pardon those who had broken His laws? "Had sin been pardoned without an atonement (to use the words of another), its exceeding evil would not have been displayed; the law which forbids it would not have been magnified; the holiness of God which abominates it would not have been cleared; the glory of God which has been insulted by it would not have been vindicated."

Fifty Years A Convict

“ **W**ELL, my friend, you have not much longer to serve ! What will you do when you leave here ? ” The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered policeman, with a pleasant, open face, and a winning, though somewhat-authoritative, manner.

A very striking contrast was presented by the person addressed. It would be difficult to find a more ungainly face, or a more repellent manner. He wore the unmistakable dress of a convict, and the experienced eye of the policeman could see by his clothes that his term of imprisonment had nearly expired. The convict was standing by the edge of the water preparing the boat which was to take his fellow convicts to their daily toil on the other side of the harbour.

The sea rippled and sparkled in the early morning sunshine, gently rocking the boat to and fro ; and as the policeman stood and watched the hard set face of the man bending doggedly over his work, his heart was moved with a tender, yearning pity. If this old man knew the love of God, how it would alter that hard, unyielding face. Perhaps something of his feeling found expression in his voice as he repeated his question, for the old man looked up and gruffly asked, “ What ? ”

“ You are getting an old man now, and it is not every one who would employ you. What do you think of doing when you leave here ? ”

The old man straightened himself up, and his face took on, if possible, a more defiant expression as he answered, looking his questioner full in the face, “ The first thing I shall do when I leave here will be to murder a policeman.”

“ Oh ! the first thing you will do when you leave here will be to murder a policeman ? ”

The man's own words were repeated slowly and questioningly. “ Yes,” replied the convict, “ that will be my first work. He gave false evidence against me ; that is, he told more than the truth, and he will pay for it with his life. I had a letter from a chum of mine the other day, and he told me that ‘ Bess ’ (his gun) was all right at home, and plenty to eat and drink ” (his ammunition).

“ Well, and after you have murdered the policeman, what then ? ” “ Then I shall be caught and locked up. You know I can't get far away from the cloth.” He spoke recklessly, and with a bitter half laugh. “ Yes ; and after you are caught and locked up, what then ? ” “ Then I shall be tried and sentenced.” “ Yes ; and after you are tried and sentenced, what then ? ” “ Then I shall be hanged.” “ Yes, and after you are hanged, what then ? ”

There was no answer. The man's thoughts had apparently never travelled beyond death. He was evidently startled.

"Have you a Bible in your cell?" the policeman asked presently.

"Yes, and I have read it through hundreds of times to kill time."

"Well, have you ever read, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' ? (John 3. 16)." The living words were spoken slowly.

"No, that ain't in *my* Bible! I have read it through over and over, and that ain't there. 'God so loved the world'—and the man was thoughtful—"no, that ain't in *my* Bible."

"Well, when you go back to-night you look in John 3. 16, and you will find those words."

"John 3. 16," the man repeated. "Yes, I'll look! And you are the only man that ever spoke kindly to me, except once. I'll look but *it ain't there*; not in *my* Bible."

There was no time for more conversation now, but the good seed had been sown, and the policeman prayed earnestly that it might take root in the hard, unlikely soil.

There was an indescribable difference in the appearance of the old man as he walked down to the side of the water the next morning, where the policeman was watching anxiously for him. "Well, my friend," he said in his pleasant, cheery way, as the old man stepped into the boat, "did you read John 3. 16?"

"Aye, I've read it," he answered, "and *I didn't know it was there*, although I've read it over and over. But do you mean to tell me," he continued, with intense earnestness, "that it means *me*! *Me*! a convict of fifty years' standing?"

The heart of the policeman burned within him as he answered, "Yes; oh, yes; it means *you*. It is God's Word, you know, and God always means what He says. You are one of the world, aren't you? And 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

The old man stood up in the boat, and stretched out his arms, "Sir," he said, "they might have burned my finger-joints off, they might have burned my hands off; and I would not have given in, but such love as this breaks my heart" (John 3. 1). And he sank down in the boat, and sobbed aloud.

The policeman stood silently by. His heart was filled with exceeding joy. He had asked that this soul might be saved, but that he should see it was more than he had asked or thought.

Presently the old man looked up, "Oh, sir," he said, while

the tears still ran down his cheeks, "if you knew my past life you would not be surprised that this wonderful love of God breaks my heart. I have never known what love is since my mother died. I was only five years old then, and my father kicked me out of doors, telling me to go and get my own living, as he had kept me long enough. And since then I've knocked about the world, and every man's hand has been against me. Sometimes I begged—at least, when I was a little chap—and when I couldn't get enough I stole.

"Fifty years of my life I've spent in goal, so you may guess I was not out long at a time. Only one man in the world was ever kind to me, and he was the master of a prison. I had picked up a good knowledge of gardening here and there, and the master gave me his garden to tend for him. 'My man,' he says, 'I trust you with my garden. I want you to dress it and keep it, and what seed you want, ask for, and if you don't know what you want, ask me, and I will give you what I think best.'

"Oh, sir, do you think I ever let a weed grow in that garden? No, I was true to his trust. They tried to get me out of it. They told him I was lazy, and they had caught me sitting down. But he bade them leave me to him, and he told me his garden had never looked so well. But the time soon passed, and I was moved on. Since then I have never had a kind word spoken to me. Ten years ago I was charged with setting fire to a farm, but the policeman told much more than the truth about it; and yesterday, when you spoke to me, I had murder in my heart (1 John 3. 18). But, oh, sir, I shan't murder the policeman now; God, in His great and wonderful love, has stopped me."

The policeman was deeply touched. God, who knoweth the end from the beginning, had given him a message from His own never-changing Word for the convict, and the Holy Spirit, true to His office, had convinced him of sin. Here he was, clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. He was eager to hear more of His words; so the policeman quoted different passages, telling him where to find them, and the man scratched the numbers of the chapters and verses on the side of the boat, longing for the time to come when he might be able to read them in his cell.

For several days afterwards the policeman watched by the side of the water, hoping and longing to see the old convict once more, but another had taken his place in looking after the boat. Upon making inquiries it was found that he had been discharged, having served his time.

Needless to say, on his release, he did not murder the policeman, but for years sought "by all means to save some."

Skipper Coutts puts his Name in

A SERIOUS accident had befallen Skipper Coutts while at sea, and now he lay on the deck of the fishing smack fatally injured, with little prospect of reaching port alive. He shrunk back in the presence of the "King of terrors," and as Williams, the first hand, was tenderly doing what he could for him, he said, "Williams, get down on your knees and pray for a fellow. I have been very wicked, as you know, and I expect I shall go this time." "I am not a praying man, you know, skipper, so I can't pray. I would if I could." "Well, then, bring a Bible and read me a bit, for my rope is about run out." "I have no Bible; you know I am not a religious man," sadly replied Williams. "Then ask Thomas, the second hand, perhaps he can pray a bit when it comes to a time like this."

The second hand was soon in the presence of his dying skipper who pathetically said, "I say, Thomas, I am afraid I am bound for Eternity this trip. Get down and pray for me. Ask God to have mercy upon my poor soul." "I'd gladly do it to oblige you, if I could; but I have not prayed since I was a lad," just as sadly replied Thomas. "Have you a Bible, then, to read to me?" asked the skipper.

"No, you know I have no Bible." "Is there not, by chance, one in some odd corner?" "No." Then it was that Thomas remembered he had seen little Willie Platt, the ship's boy, reading what looked like a Bible one quiet Sunday afternoon when they were in port. At once he approached the boy, saying, "Sonny, have you still got your Bible?" "Yes, but I do not often read it, only when I get a quiet time in port." "Well, the skipper, as you know, is very badly injured. He thinks he is going to die, and I am sure he is. He wants you to read something out of your Bible to him. Take your book, and do whatever he wants, and hurry up about it."

Willie Platt got his precious book out of his locker, and took it to the skipper. "Have you got your Bible, my boy?" said the dying man. "Yes, skipper." "Oh, I am glad. Now, just sit down beside me and find something in your Bible that will help me, for I am afraid I am going to die. Find something about God having mercy on a sinner like me; and read it to me."

Poor boy! he did not know where to read, but he remembered that as a lad at the Sunday School he had learned by heart the 53rd chapter of the book of Isaiah, and, in fact, that was the very chapter he had been reading when last he had had a few moments to quietly read a chapter to himself. Telling the skipper of this, he said, "If you like I will read

that chapter to you now." "Do so, my boy; do so."

Willie turned to that blessed chapter that so fully sets forth the love and mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ in dying for poor sinners such as John Coutts, and commenced to read. When Willie got to the fifth verse, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed," the skipper, who was listening for his very life, realising that he was surely having his last chance of being saved, said, "Stop, my lad! that sounds like it; read it again."

Once more the boy read over the blessed words: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." "Aye, my lad, that's good—that's it, sure enough."

These words from the skipper encouraged Willie, and he said: "Skipper, when I was learning that verse at home, mother made me put *my name* in it. May I put it in now just where mother told me?" "Certainly, sonny; put your name in just where-your mother told you, and read it to me again."

Reverently and slowly the boy read the verse: "He (Jesus) was wounded for Willie Platt's transgressions, He was bruised for Willie Platt's iniquities; the chastisement of Willie Platt's peace was upon Him, and with His stripes Willie Platt is healed."

When Willie had finished, the skipper reached toward the lad, and, taking the lad's hand in his, said, "My boy, put your skipper's name in the verse and read it again—John Coutts, John Coutts."

Then the lad slowly read the verse again: "He was wounded for John Coutts' transgressions, He was bruised for John Coutts' iniquities; the chastisement of John Coutts' peace was upon Him, and with His stripes John Coutts is healed."

When the boy had finished the skipper said: "That will do my lad; that will do." Then he lay back on the rough pillow that had been made for him by hands made tender with sorrow, and repeated over and over again those precious words of Isaiah 53. 5, putting in his own name each time, and as he did so the joy of Heaven filled his soul. He was saved? Yes, praise the Lord, he was saved! Another poor sinner for whom Christ died had "received Him" (John 1. 12).

Before John Coutts fell asleep in Jesus he had witnessed to those on his vessel that the Christ of God, the Man of Calvary, was wounded for *his* transgressions, bruised for *his* iniquities, that the chastisement that he rightly deserved had fallen on

his blessed Substitute, and with His stripes—the stripes that fell on Jesus—*he* had been healed !

Do you know anything about this salvation ? Have you taken your true place as a poor “ ungodly sinner ” before God, and trusted in Christ for pardon ? Blessed be His Name, He is the same “ *yesterday, to-day, and for ever* ” (Heb. 13. 8). Put your name in thus : “ He was wounded for..... transgressions, He was bruised for.....iniquities ; the chastisement of.....peace was upon Him, and with His stripes.....is healed.” What He did for John Coutts He waits to do for you. Will you let Him ? Will you let Him now ?

“A Thousand Guineas if you’ll take me in!”

THE steamship “ London,” Captain Martin, sailed for Melbourne on Saturday, the 6th of January, 1866. On the 7th and 8th it blew fiercely ; on the 9th the ship lost foretopmast and royal-mast. The large spars were swinging to and fro with such violence that the crew were wholly unable to secure them ; but as yet no person felt much anxiety.

About 3 p.m. a tremendous sea struck the ship, and carried the port lifeboat clean away from the davits. All that evening and through the succeeding night, the wind blew a very heavy gale, and the sea ran high, but the screw was still kept steaming easy ahead. At 3 a.m. on Wednesday, the 10th, Captain Martin sent for Mr. Greenhill, the second engineer (the chief engineer being ill), and informed him of his intention to change the course, and ordered full steam to be got up directly. This was immediately done.

Half an hour after the ship’s course had been altered, she was again struck by a tremendous sea, which carried away the starboard lifeboat, and the same sea stove in another of the boats. At noon on this day the ship’s position was lat. 46.48 N., long. 8.7 W. A very heavy sea was running, which caused her to roll heavily. But no danger was even now anticipated ; and all through the evening of Wednesday, and long after midnight, the ship continued to steam slowly ahead, the captain and his officers remaining steadily at their posts, and the passengers appearing to have full reliance in Captain Martin.

At 10.30 p.m., on Wednesday, the ship still rolling deeply in a heavy cross sea, and the wind blowing a full gale, a huge wave suddenly fell heavily into the waist or middle of the ship, falling right upon the main engine-room hatch, measuring 12 ft. by 9 ft., which it completely demolished, letting tons of

water down into this portion of the ship. Instant endeavours to repair the hatch were made with promptitude and vigour. Every spare sail, and even blankets and mattresses from all parts of the ship, were thrown over the aperture ; but the sea soon tore away the frail structure, and poured down the hatchway, and in ten minutes the water had risen above the furnaces and up to the waists of the engineers and firemen below. The lower decks were also soon flooded. The engineer remained at his post until the water had risen above his waist, when he went on deck, and reported that his fires were out, and his engines useless. Captain Martin, with calm conviction, remarked that he was not surprised ; on the contrary, he had expected such a result.

Finding his noble ship at length little more than a log on the water, Captain Martin ordered his maintopsail to be set. This had scarcely been accomplished when the force of the wind tore the sail into ribbons, with the exception of one corner, under which the ship lay to throughout the remainder of the night. The donkey engine was supplied with steam by a boiler from deck, and all the deck pumps were kept going throughout the night, and the passengers of all classes, now roused to a sense of their imminent danger, shared with the crew their arduous labours. Notwithstanding every effort, the water still gained upon the pumps, and the gale continuing at its height, cross seas with tremendous force were constantly breaking over the vessel. At a quarter after four o'clock on Thursday morning, she was struck by a stern sea, which carried away four of her stern ports, and admitted a flood of water at that end of the ship also.

From this time all efforts were useless, and at day-break Captain Martin, whose cool intrepidity had never for a moment forsaken him, entered the saloon, where all classes of the passengers had now taken refuge, and, responding to an universal appeal, announced that “ all hope was gone.” This was solemnly received—a resigned silence prevailing throughout the assembly, broken only at brief intervals by the well-timed exhortations of Mr. Draper, a devoted Wesleyan minister, whose spiritual services had been incessant during the previous twenty-four hours. There was no good screaming or shrieking or rushing on deck. Dismay was present in every heart. Mothers were weeping sadly over the little ones, with them about to be engulfed ; and the children, ignorant of their coming death, were pitifully inquiring the cause of so much woe. Friends were taking leave of friends, as if preparing for a long journey ; others were crouching down with Bibles in their hands, endeavouring to snatch consolation from passages long known or long neglected. At this crisis

the port pinnace was got over the ship's side, and Captain Martin, always at hand, addressing Mr. Greenhill, under whose command this particular boat was placed, said, " There is not much chance for the boat ; there is none for the ship. Your duty is done ; mine is to remain here. Get in and take command of the few it will hold." Thus prompted, Mr. Greenhill, with his fellow engineers, and some few others, numbering only nineteen men and passengers, quitted the ship, with only a few biscuits in the shape of provisions. The men shouted for the captain to come with them, but with that strong sense of duty which was his chief characteristic, he declined to go with them, saying, " No, I will go down with the passengers ; but I wish you God-speed and safe to land."

Some heroic sacrifices were made. One of the passengers in the boat, Mr. John Wilson, went down into the cabin the last thing, and endeavoured to persuade a friend, Mr. John Hickman, from Ballarat, to attempt to save his life by going into the boat. " No," he said ; " I promised my wife and children to stay by them, and I will do so. Good-bye, Jack," and so they parted.

When the boat was about full, one of the seamen cried, " There may still be room : fetch a lady." Mr. Wilson then sprang on to the deck in search of a lady whom he knew ; but not seeing her, and knowing that every instant was precious, he said to a young girl, " Will you go ? " Seizing her, he took her to the bulwarks ; but when she looked over the rails and saw the distance which she must spring, she said in despair, " Oh, I cannot." There was no time for persuasion, and Mr. Wilson was obliged to drop the girl and jump from the steamer to the boat, into which he got safely. The ship was being carried over on to the boat, towards which it lurched heavily.

The Captain, who continued to walk calmly up and down the poop, just before the boat put off, gave those in the boat their " course." He told them that it lay E.N.E. to Brest. Before the boat could be got off, it was in great danger of being sucked down with the ship, which was rapidly settling beneath the water. The swirl of water round the stern that preceded the foundering had already begun, so the boat was hastily cut away.

Just at that moment those in the boat were piteously called upon by a lady, who, with a face livid with horror, shrieked out, " A thousand guineas if you will take me in ! " An awful scene, never to be forgotten. But in that solemn hour millions of money were accounted valueless. It was too late ! One lost through rejecting the offer, and another could not buy it (John 3. 36).

Many times a thousand guineas would have been offered

before this, if dying breath could have brought salvation. Yes, " Without money and without price," (Isa. 55. 1) you may be saved, and saved now. It's so simple, and yet only God-given. He, the sinless One, gave Himself for you, the sinner. Through His Holy Spirit may your eyes this moment be opened to recognise in Him your Substitute, and from your heart may you just thank Him who thus gave Himself for you.

The Heroine of the Boro'

ALICE AYRES was the daughter of a man in humble circumstances ; he was a bricklayer's labourer. She was servant maid with a family living above an oil shop in Union Street, Borough, near the south end of the famous London Bridge. On the morning of April 24, 1885, she was awakened at 2 o'clock by a peculiar smell and a choking sensation. Fearing fire, she rushed out of her room, to find the house ablaze. Her first thought was to awaken her master and mistress, sleeping with one child, in an adjoining room. Then she rushed back to her own room, where three elder children were sleeping in her charge.

Opening the window she screamed "*Fire ! Fire !*" which at once sent odd passers by to call the Fire Brigade. Others gathered to see what would take place.

Looking out of the window, and seeing no firemen there Alice wondered what she could do. Quick as thought she tied two sheets together, meaning to lower the children one by one. Fearing that the sheets would break under the weight of the children, she took the feather bed, and with masculine effort squeezed it through the window frame, meaning to drop the children thereon.

Willing hands held out the bed to its fullest extent, expecting the maid to jump ; instead, she appeared at the window with the youngest charge in her arms. Holding her as far as she could out of the window, she dropped the little bundle in white safely into the feather bed. A roaring cheer from the increasing numbers now gathering greeted this heroic deed.

Next she picked up her second charge, but being older, she had more difficulty. Thinking she was going to be thrown out into the street, she clasped her would-be saviour around the neck, thus nearly causing the death of both.

At last Alice managed to unloose the grasp of the child, and let her fall safely into the bed on the street. Another outburst of cheers indicated two lives saved.

Smoke issuing in mighty volumes, flames now visible, and time passing, it was thought that Alice Ayres would follow next. Instead, she appeared with her third charge, and man-

aged to drop her also into the improvised life-saver. A third and mightier cheer rang out from the augmented crowd, whilst many in their excitement yelled : " Jump, jump for your own life ! "

This at last she attempted to do, but weakened by her herculean efforts, almost choked by the smoke, and dazed after such a task, she managed to crawl through the window, and tumbled rather than jumped down.

In her fall she struck a projection above the signboard of the shop, causing her to topple over, miss the bed held out, and land head foremost on the pavement, with numerous arms stretched out to clutch her. The sad thud caused by the fall caused many women to shriek and men to hold their breaths.

Instead of a fourth cheer, there was the silence of death, as sorrowing men and women gathered around, fearing that she who had saved three lives had lost her own.

Carried into a neighbouring shop, restoratives were applied, and all that could be done was done by the firemen who had now arrived, and who had not lost a minute from receiving the call. Alas, they were too late, for the inflammable nature of the contents had caused house and shop to be quickly gutted, and father and mother, who, dazed by the fumes, had evidently made little or no attempt to escape, as well as the fourth child, had perished in the flames.

As soon as possible Alice was conveyed to Guy's Hospital near at hand, where it was found that she had seriously injured her spine, and hope of recovery was impossible. She died on Sunday, 26th April, 1885, at the early age of 25.

At the inquest the Coroner highly commended her efforts. At the burial the coffin was covered with wreaths from sympathising hearts near and far. Among humble heroes her name will never perish. The tablet to her memory in the Postmen's Park, adjoining the G.P.O., London, bears the following words :

" ALICE AYRES, daughter of a bricklayer's labourer, who by intrepid conduct saved three children from a burning house in Union St., Borough, at the cost of her own young life. April 24, 1885."

How similar, and yet what a contrast ! Alice Ayres for three children left in her charge, voluntarily gave her young life. The Lord Jesus Christ, for those who were " aliens—enemies—far off " (Eph. 2. 12, 13), willingly laid down His life on Calvary's Cross.

" For scarcely for a *righteous* man will one die ; yet peradventure for a *good* man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet *sinner*s Christ died for us " (Rom. 5. 7, 8).

The Dying Soldier

AFTER one of the terrible battles in the American Civil War—I was in the army tending soldiers—and I had just lain down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier wanted to see me. I went to the dying man. He said, “I want you to help me to die.” I said, “I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the Kingdom of God if I could. I cannot, but I can tell you of One that can.” And I told him of Christ being willing to save him, and how Christ left Heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of eternal death were gathering around his soul.

I could not leave him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him, “Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to Him when he was in your state of mind and inquired what he had to do to be saved.”

I read that conversation to the dying man, and he lay there with his eyes riveted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came to the verse where it says, “As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up : that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life,” the dying man cried, “Stop, sir ; is that there ? ” “ Yes, it is all here.” Then he said, “ Won’t you please read it to me again ? ” I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together, and he said, “ Bless God for that. Won’t you please read it to me again ? ”

I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter, and when I got through it his arms were folded on his breast, he had a sweet smile on his face, and remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leant over him, and heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips, “ As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up : that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.” He opened his eyes, and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and he said, “ Oh, that is enough ; that is all I want ! ” and in a few hours he pillowed his dying head upon the truth of those two verses John 3. 14, 15, and rode away on one of the Saviour’s chariots and took his seat in the Kingdom of God.

Old John is Dead—I am New John

OLD John the fish-seller was a remarkable character, but remarkably bad ; in fact so bad that neither God nor man could repair him, he must be made *new*, or be useless, worse than useless, lost for ever. He was known as "drunken John the fish-seller." One night he stumbled into a Hall where the Gospel was being preached. In bewilderment there he sat, with his big Kilmarnock bonnet on his head.

Before long, he was surprised to see the speaker come along to where he was sitting ; and putting his hand on his shoulder, he began to speak to him kindly. John shrank back, and pushed the hand off his shoulder—not that he was displeased, but thought it was a little too much for a clean hand to touch his shoulder, which was covered with little more than black rags. But the man of God, with all the love of his Master, looked John full in the face ; seeing his misery, wretchedness, and sin, his whole soul was moved with compassion for him. Putting his hand on his shoulder again, he just said, "God so loved the *world*, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The truth went right home to John's dark heart. "God," he thought, "God—God so loved the *world* ; then God must have loved poor drunken John, for drunken and guilty as I am, still I am part of the world ; there is no mistake about that."

His eyes were opened ; he saw the wide arms of God's love embracing a lost world—embracing *him*. His heart was melted, large hot tears washed white gutters down his blackened face. He saw it all—how that God had loved him, and when the broken law demanded John's life, and for John to be punished God's Son was punished, and died in his stead. Poor old John thus received that Son, whom God had given. He was *saved*. For "as many as *received* Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name" (John 1. 12).

John went away a *new* man. For God says, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Full of joy and peace, he went home, at least to the miserable cellar which he called home. Such a home ! We need not describe it.

On entering the wretched place, his wife and only son were in. Addressing her : "Sal, lass," he said, "*I have been converted.*" They knew as little about conversion as he had known until that night, and so only muttered, "Drunk, as usual !" After a little time, his wife remarked that it was bed-time. "Oh ! but Sal, lass," said John, "I've been converted, and before we go to bed we must pray." "Well" thought Sal and

her son, "this is a new thing," but they at last agreed to kneel with John, if he would do the praying. Down on their knees they went, but now John was completely stumped. He never tried to pray before in his life. *He* knew nothing of prayer, but his heart was *full* with a new joy which struggled for expression. He soon remembered how he used to express his worldly joy, if ever he had any ; so taking off his Kilmarnock bonnet, he gave it a swing round his head, and shouted, "*Hurrah for Jesus.*" Another swing, and "*Hurrah for Jesus*"—a third, and again came, "*Hurrah for Jesus.*"

That was all John's first prayer. It went from his overflowing heart. Jesus was beginning, middle and end of it, and through Him it went right to the throne of God with acceptance indeed.

The news spread abroad that John was converted, and the women gathered round him in the street, some to buy his fish, but more to see what like John was, now that he was converted.

"Sure enough, there *is* a great change in him," said one. "He is not drunk," remarked another. "Not swearing as before," said a third. There was old John, with his face shining with joy, selling his fish, and telling all around, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." He could not stop it coming from heart and tongue. Thought many, "We'll watch him and see how long this will last." But it soon became too evident, for any to doubt, that John was a *new* man.

"Father," said his son one day, "father, if you are to keep on converted, it would be as well if we could get a better house." John said little, but shortly after, seeing a nice house to let in a respectable street, he went to the landlord, and said, "You have a house to let in such a street, sir." "Yes, I have, who wants it?" "I want it." "*You* want it?" "Yes, I want it." "Do you think I would let one of my respectable houses to *you*!" "You do not know who I am, sir." "Oh! yes, I know you too well." "I think you are mistaken." "Oh! no, I am not mistaken, you are old drunken John the fish-seller." "Ah! sir, I thought you were mistaken. *Old* John is dead. I am *new* John, 'for God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I have believed God, and have that everlasting life." Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out some sovereigns, and said, "If you're afraid, sir, about your rent, I'll pay in advance." This was too much for the landlord. John's words and actions went together. He got the house, and lived in it for long, telling to all around what great things the Lord had done for his soul.

“Two Died for Me”

THE morning had broken bright and clear and beautiful, after a wild night of fierce howling wind and driving rain. The wind had seemed to us like a hurricane sweeping by, relentlessly uprooting trees, hurling down chimney pots, breaking or bending everything that opposed its mad career ; and our hearts had ached, as above the noise of the raging storm had come to us sounds of distress over the foaming waters, and we had known too surely that some vessel or vessels were battling with the waves, and that men, and perhaps women and little children, were facing the dread realities of eternity ; and that alone in the darkness, terror-stricken and despairing, many a one might be finding a watery grave.

As I thought this, I became conscious that a sailor had come up close to where I stood. I turned and asked him somewhat of the events of the night. He told me of the brave attempts at rescue, of their partial success ; and then, as sorrowfully I spoke of the lost, he said to me very earnestly :

“ Beg pardon, ma’am, you’ll forgive a plain, blunt question. Are you saved or lost yourself ? I mean,” he added, “ do you know Jesus ? ”

Very sweet the question was, for I could assure the questioner that his Saviour was my Saviour too. And as we spoke a little of the One dear to both our hearts, and shook hands heartily, I asked him how long he had known this blessed Saviour, and what had brought him to Him.

“ It is nigh on to five years since He saved my body from a watery grave, and my soul from the Lake of Fire,” he said. “ Never will I forget it, for *two* died for me.” “ Two ? ” I questioned in astonishment. “ Ay, ma’am, two,” he answered. “ My Saviour died for me on Calvary’s Cross (Gal. 2. 20), and my mate died for me just five years since, and that brought me to know my Saviour.”

Seeing I was interested, he continued : “ It was just such a night as last night that our vessel was driven on to a rock. We hoisted signals of distress, and fired guns ; and by and by brave men on shore manned the life-boat and put out. We hardly thought it could live in such a sea, but they tried it, and God helped them to succeed. With difficulty we got our women and children in, and she put back to shore. Once more, manned with another crew, she put out, and this time the passengers were got on board. Then we knew some of us must die, for if the lifeboat could put out again, she would not hold all that were left, and the vessel must sink ere a fourth journey could be accomplished. So we drew lots who should

stay. My lot was to stay in the sinking ship. What a horror of darkness came over me ! ' Doomed to die and be lost,' I muttered to myself, and all the sins of my life came before me. Still I was no coward. I made no outward sign, but oh, ma'am, between my soul and God it was awful !

" I had a mate who loved the Lord. Often he had spoken to me of my soul's welfare, and I had laughed, and told him I meant to enjoy life. Now, though he stood by my side, I could not even ask him to pray for me, though even then there was a moment's wonder that he did not speak to me of the Saviour. I understood it afterwards. His face, when I once caught a glimpse of it, was calm and peaceful, and lighted up with a strange light. I thought bitterly, ' It is well for him to smile ; his lot is to go in the lifeboat, to be saved.'

" Dear old Jim, how could I ever have so mistaken you. Well, ma'am, the lifeboat neared us again : one by one the men, whose lot was to go, got in. It was Jim's turn, but instead of going he pushed me forward. ' Go you in the lifeboat in my place, Tom,' he said, ' and *meet me in Heaven* man. You mustn't die and be lost ; it is all right for me.' I would not have let him do it, but I was carried forward. The next one, eager to come, pressed me on. Jim knew it would be like that, so he had never told me what he was going to do. a few seconds, and I was in the lifeboat. We had barely cleared the ship when she went down, and Jim, dear old Jim ! with her. I know he went to Jesus (Phil. 1. 23) ; but, ma'am, *he died for me* ! he died for me ! Did I not tell you true, *two died for me* ? "

For a moment he paused, his eyes filled with tears. He did not attempt to disguise them. They were a tribute to the love that had gone into death for him. Presently, when I could speak, I just said, " Well ? "

" Well, ma'am," he said, " as I saw that ship go down, I said to God in my heart, ' If I get safe to land Jim shall not have died in vain. Please God, I *will meet* him in Heaven. Jim's God must be worth knowing, when Jim died for me that I might get another chance of knowing Him.' "

" Was it long," I asked, " before you found the Saviour ? "

" It was not long, though it seemed so to me then. I did not know where to begin. The thing always before me was Jim going down in that sinking ship, with the quiet smile of peace I had seen on his face ; waking or sleeping it was before me. At first I thought more of Jim than of the Lord, and when the men wanted me to go back to my old ways and to the drink, I said outright to them, ' I could not do it, mates. Jim died that I might get another chance of going to Heaven. I know I cannot get there that way, and I vowed poor old Jim should

not die for nothing.' So when the men saw I meant it, they left off asking me, and so I got left to myself. Then I thought I would get a Bible, because I had seen Jim reading it, and he loved it so, and before I began to read it, I just said a bit of a prayer. I was very ignorant, and I told the Lord so, and that I did not know the way to get to Heaven, and meet Jim, and I asked Him to show me the way."

"And He did?"

"Ay, ay, ma'am, that He did. I did not know where to begin to read in the Bible, so I thought I would just begin the New Testament and read straight on, till I found out how I was to be saved. But oh! I had an awful time of it at first. When I came to the fifth, and sixth, and seventh chapters, every line seemed to condemn me, and I said to myself 'It is no use, Tom; there is no chance for you. You have been too bad,' and I shut up the book. Then Jim's last words came over me again, 'Meet me in Heaven, man.' So I thought Jim must have thought there was a chance for me, and he knew about God and his Bible, and about my life, too. So I opened it again and read on, and on, and on. I was always at it whenever I could get a few minutes.

"At last I came to that part about the two thieves, and the Lord saving the one, and I thought, 'Here is a man almost as bad as I am.' So I dropped my Bible and fell down on my knees, and said, 'Lord, I am as bad as that thief; will you save me just like you did him?' My Bible had dropped down open, and as I opened my eyes, after praying this, they fell on these words: 'Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise' (Luke 23. 43). I took them as my answer. I did not think I was going to die: I almost wished I was; but I thought Jesus had sent these words to tell me He had forgiven me. So I went down on my knees again and thanked Him. Of course I was very ignorant, but, bit by bit, I saw just the way of salvation. At first I had only *come* to the Saviour. I never doubted He had saved me, even before I saw the way.

"You will wonder, perhaps, how I could be so ignorant, but I had had no pious parents. I was an orphan, and went to sea very young, and never read my Bible; so I thought people got to Heaven by turning over a new leaf and being good, and saying long prayers; and some day I meant to begin to be good. Then Jim died for me, and that set me thinking in earnest:

"Well, ma'am, it was not long after this day I have been telling you about, that I discovered all about the way—how Jesus had died instead of me, and taken away all my sins by His precious blood; and how His blood was on me instead of

my sins, and that was how I could be brought to God now, and taken to Heaven by and by, for ' the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin ' (1 John 1. 7). And it is only sin that keeps us away from God. At first, ma'am, it was Jim's watery grave that stood between me and my old sins, and since then, ma'am, it is another death—it is the blessed Lord's own death that comes between, for He died for those very sins ; and so I feel as if I did not belong to myself at all. My earthly life has been bought by blood, and my eternal life has been bought for me by Blood ; and next to seeing the Lord Himself, I do long to see Jim shine up there."

The Lighthouse Heroine

ABOVE the swirling waters of the North Sea, off the coast of Northumberland rise the Farne Islands. Gaunt and desolate, and almost uninhabited, they are anything but inviting in themselves, and yet they possess a great interest, for it was from the lighthouse of one of them—the Longstone—that Grace Darling started forth on the morning of the 6th September, 1838, to save the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the steamship *Forfarshire*.

Grace Darling had lived for years with her parents in the Longstone Lighthouse, and had doubtless become used to the fierce storms which raged about her sea-girt home ; but rarely had she seen one so terrible as that which she braved on that memorable morning.

All through the preceding night the inhabitants of the lighthouse had been unable to rest, for before the sun went down they had seen an ill-fated vessel battling with the gale, and they thought they heard above the noise of the sea some cries of distress. They were not mistaken, for at four o'clock in the morning the vessel had struck a rock about one mile away. At daybreak the lighthouse keeper descried the wreck, and could also see that the crew were still clinging to the mast, and in constant danger of being overwhelmed by the great waves that were beating about them.

So madly ran the sea as William Darling watched the struggles of those sailors, that he judged it impossible to save them, and so also thought the people on the mainland, for the boatmen of Bamborough refused to run the risk of an attempt. But Grace Darling had taken the glasses, and she watched with pitying eyes the perishing sailors. Her pity nerved her to urge her father to attempt a rescue, and to her joy he yielded to her entreaties. The father, mother, and daughter launched the boat, and father and daughter each taking an oar, began to row that tempest-tossed mile.

The task that Darling and his daughter had undertaken was an almost impossible one. At every instant during that fearful journey they were in danger of being swamped by the sea, and yet they kept on until at length they reached the wreck.

There were only nine survivors, and they were so numbed by the cold, weak, and exhausted, that it was with difficulty they were got into the boat ; but God's mercy was over them, and at length they were all safely housed in the lighthouse. Grace Darling had accomplished her desire. She proved that she was not only willing to save them, but able also.

On a tablet to Grace Darling's memory is inscribed :

" Out of her silent grave
She bids us this lesson prove :
The greatest power for good below
Is the might of unselfish love."

An epitaph well fitting her self-forgetting act on that terrible September morning. But if you would see unselfish love in all its perfection, you must look to the Cross of Jesus. And how mighty is His unselfish love. It has subdued the hearts of millions ; it has taken more hearts captive than tongue of men can count. Heaven will be filled to its utmost bounds with a multitude from earth, and every soul there will have been won and saved by the exceeding might of the Saviour's unselfish love (Rev. 7. 14). May you be amongst the number.

The Trusty Weather-Glass

MANY years ago several sailing vessels left a port in China laden with " new season's " tea, and it was an understood thing that the vessel which arrived first for the London market should receive a sum of money to be divided proportionately among the captain, officers, and crew.

As one only of these vessels specially concerns the story, we shall now proceed to give a faithful narration of what transpired upon it. For a few days everything went well, the weather was all that could be desired, and a prosperous voyage seemed to be before them. But one morning the captain, who had been on deck, returned to his cabin, and as he was about to seat himself for a rest, his eye caught the weather-glass. To his surprise it indicated a storm, and he hurried on deck to scan the horizon. Carefully and patiently he watched the sky, but failed to observe the slightest confirmation of the warning he had received. No clouds were apparent, and the sea was calm. What should he do ? " Perhaps," he thought, " something has happened to the glass. I can see no symptoms of a storm, and I can't afford to waste

time." Thus musing to himself, he made up his mind to wait a little, which he did.

An hour or so afterwards he returned to the cabin, and this time the glass spoke more significantly than before—*storm*. More perplexed than ever, again he went on deck and narrowly watched the sky. Still no signs there; nothing to indicate the disturbing elements which assuredly existed. The captain hesitated; a conflict began in his mind—should he be guided by the old glass and prepare for the storm, or trust to mere appearances?

The gold awaiting the first arrival was surely tempting at this moment, and a spirit of covetousness said, "Never mind the glass; it's not to be relied upon to-day. Is not everything bright and fair?" On the other hand, his better judgment whispered, "Be careful; that old glass has never been wrong in the past. You had better trust it now; it's the safe course."

Immediately afterwards he shouted out, "Take every stitch of canvas in; there's a storm coming!" In an instant every eye on board was turned upward, and the men, like their captain previously, looked in vain to see any sign of a storm. Surprised at the absence of any warning where they most expected it, and regarding the captain's orders as unreasonable, the sailors began to murmur and rebel. The captain, fearing an open mutiny, pleaded with the men: and, partly by expostulation and partly by his authority, they, reluctantly enough, proceeded to obey his commands.

Scarcely were the sails taken down, when quite suddenly the heavens became overcast with the densest clouds, the wind blew a hurricane, and they experienced a storm concerning which the captain afterwards remarked, "I never witnessed the like of it, either before or after, in all my experience." Had he not heeded the warning, in all human probability, all would have perished. In fact, strange and unaccountably as it is, his was the only vessel which ever reached England out of those which had left China on the occasion to which we have referred.

We do not linger to draw any inferences as to the probable reasons explaining the loss of these vessels, but we pass on at once to remark that the lessons which may be derived from this incident are both obvious and striking. If the reader of this book is unsaved, we would entreat him to remember that he is sailing upon the great sea of time to a boundless eternity.

The old Book, the trusty Word of God, predicts a storm—an awful, eternal storm; it draws closer, closer. Away to Christ ere destruction overtakes thee, and your precious soul experiences the woes of those who bring upon themselves the vengeance of Almighty God.

The Last Three Pages of an Officer's Diary

OCTOBER 4th.—A fine morning, luckily, as it promises to be a busy day. After breakfast must go and see Dr. Tintern at half-past ten, as I appointed. Hope he will not keep me long. Then to the City to see my broker about the investing of that two thousand, and then back in a cab, as hard as I can come, to Tattersall's, to have a bid for the two horses I liked so much yesterday afternoon. What a capital place Tattersall's is for a Sunday afternoon lounge! The first one will be on about twelve. At four in the afternoon I have to see about that new gun, it was to be ready then, and at eight I am due for dinner at the Rag with Joe Punton, and that horrid dance in Grosvenor Place afterwards.

Four p.m.—A regular facer. . . . Is it any use keeping a diary longer? After doing it for twenty years may as well finish it out. What a fool I was to go and see Tintern! Why could I not let matters alone? If I have lost a couple of stone, many a man would have given his eyes to do the same. It began in June, and here we are in October, and I can't say I feel bad. Tire perhaps a bit easier than I did. However, it is just like my luck. I never thought for a moment there was anything serious the matter, till Tintern asked me if I had any near relatives—after my telling him I was a widower without children—and when I said, "Not a soul," I half began from his face to guess. *But a month!* If he had said a couple of years it would have been different. What can a fellow do in a month? Fact is that I fancied I had taken it rather well. Wished him good-day, and paid him his two guineas for his first visit as if he had recommended me to have a tooth out. Yes, I really believe I should not have taken it so well if he had simply told me I must go for the winter to the South of France, and give up this season's hunting! *But a month more only to live!* Well, I am glad I took it so well before Tintern. It was not really till I got into a hansom, and was asked "Where to?" that I began to realise it. I was going, of course, to have said "Bank of England," but what is the use of investing money for a month? Then I thought of Tattersall's, but no man in his senses would buy a hunter for a month. If only I had never gone near a doctor, I should have gone down to Market Harborough as usual, and gone off, I suppose, suddenly without any warning. I wish with all my heart I had been left in the dark about it. Never mind, John Haroldson, you have taken a good many awkward fences, and you will have to take this, the last, like a man. The only question is,

What is to be done to prepare ? First, I must make a will. To whom am I to leave my money ? Second, I must make the best use of my month as regards the future. I cannot say that I fear death. At least I thought not. That time in Afghanistan, when I was so nearly put out jumping over that wall, and had to defend myself with an unloaded revolver and a broken sword, I cannot say I funked. Or, again, when that tiger so nearly got me—but meeting death in a certain time by yourself—well, it is unsettling.

I may as well go and dine with Joe to-night, but I will not go to the dance. It is not so much death as *what comes after death*. That is the point. I suppose the proper thing to do would be to buy a Bible ? And now they don't cost much. A month, in one sense, is a longish time. I mean, if one had made a bad book over the Derby, and had a month to hedge in, one could do a good deal ; but somehow this is different. Fact is, it is not so easy to hedge in this race though there is a month. The race is all but over, only the last fence just coming in sight, and then the winning-post. I will not write any more.

Ten p.m.—Dinner was a failure ! As soon as ever I got into the club I saw a vast change had occurred ; a gulf had come between me and the rest. Old General Johnstone was full about spending the winter at Rome ; what did that matter to me ? Sharpley was off to India directly ; would I promise to write occasionally ? Why, before he lands at Bombay I shall land in——. Yes, *where* ? That is the point. Why had I not bought that bay mare at Tattersall's ? It was enough to drive a fellow mad. Upon my word, if it was not that fellows would come bothering one with their sympathy, I would put a notice up in the club. Cookson was bothering me about spending Christmas again with him this year in Paris. I did not want to tell him a lie ; but one can't well explain matters, and if I say, " Yes ; if I am alive," there will be a kind of feeling that I was scored off, so to speak. Think I shall go away, but where ? Joe wanted to know why I did not have a second opinion ; tried, of course, to make out that Tintern had made a mistake. Fact is, I am not in such a hurry about a second opinion. There is just a chance Tintern is wrong ; but suppose the second man confirms what he says, then my last chance of escape is knocked from under me. Of course, I will die game ; but how to make the best of my few weeks, that is the question. I am now fifty-two, hence I have lived 624 months. How am I to live to the best advantage the next, and last, one ?

October 5th.—For the first time for many years the paper has come and I have not even opened it. The Money Market,

latest odds, all has lost its interest. For weeks I have been busy trying to make my usual autumn purchases of horses ; scanned every advertisement. Now I do not care a halfpenny if every good hunter in England and Ireland is coming to the hammer. I would not walk across the street to see the best nag ever foaled. Some men would say a short life but a merry one. I could not be merry if I tried.

Three o'clock.—Now for a short spell before I begin reading. It has been very hard to resist taking a second opinion. Twice I have found myself in Harley Street. Why do I resist ? For the same reason, I suppose, that a man hesitates to fire off his last cartridge, or a castaway to eat his last biscuit. How have I spent the day so far ? By thinking, thinking, thinking. "What priced Bible, sir ?" What an idiotical question. "Calf or morocco ?" However, I am sorry I lost my temper, hardly in character, too, when you are buying a Bible. I do not think I have opened a Bible since my poor wife died. If she was only alive now, how different it would be ! I wish I was as sure of Heaven as she. Poor thing, how she did plead with me to lead a new life ! And I meant to, God knows I did ! Well, here's for the Bible : where shall I begin ?

Midnight.—It is all very well, but I cannot honestly say I find the Bible a satisfactory book. I hardly mean that ; but I mean it wants you to have some one to tell you where to read. How I wish I had kept my wife's, but it got lost somehow. I wonder if you can buy secondhand ones ; if so one could find out what to read. Do people ever go to parsons in the same way as they go to doctors, for advice ? I suppose London is divided into parishes. I wish those Yankee fellows, Moody and Sankey, were in England. I remember once dropping into the Haymarket Opera House, in '74 I think, and Moody was speaking to people about preparing to go to Heaven as the most natural thing in the world. If I had only a little longer I would go and find them in America. Well, I must go to bed and see whom I can go to to-morrow.

October 6th.—Christ Church service at eleven a.m. on Wednesdays. That is it, I will go, and afterwards I will see if I cannot buy a secondhand Bible.

One p.m.—Not a success, the service did not help me one bit, and there was no sermon. Tried to buy a Bible at a pawnbroker's, but he said they were only pledged when quite new ; that was no use to me. Then went to some secondhand book-stalls, but though they had Bibles they were not at all marked.

If it only took less time to go to America, I would try Moody and Sankey after all.

Ten p.m.—Went to a chapel to-night for a change, but it was not a success. The minister was eloquent, no doubt of

that—far too much so ; but as for seeing my way more plainly, not a bit of it. He touched, too, on politics. What do I care who is Prime Minister ? I want to save my soul. Yet it seems downright mean to turn round now ; should despise myself if I did, yet the thought of losing Heaven is maddening. I rather shrink from going to interview some religious celebrity, as I am so afraid they will be after my money. That reminds me, I must soon make a will, and having not a relation in the world makes it far more difficult. Four days gone and Heaven as distant as ever, and the worst of it is that for the life of me I can't see where to begin.

October 7th.—I have found it. I am not so certain. Let me put on paper what has occurred. I went this morning to hear a well-known Mission preacher.

October 8th.—I found last night that I could not describe what had happened. Is it worth while trying to do so ? As to that, what was the use of keeping a diary at all ? The game is so nearly played out that I might as well finish the job. So here goes. Well, I went to the place I mentioned to hear a well-known Mission preacher. I tried to listen ; but to save my life I could not. First, the man's manner irritated me. He was so unnatural. Then, the woman next me—and we were jammed together like herrings in a barrel—would take peppermint lozenges.

At last he asked all those who wished to know that they had their sins forgiven to stand up. At length a boy did, then a man—our heads were supposed to be bent down, but now I was really keen enough about business. There was a woman near who I saw wanted to rise ; she made several attempts, but evidently found it a hard matter. I intended all along to rise. Here was the very opportunity I had been longing for, of making my wants known. I had no false feeling of shame or shyness about it, wasn't likely, only I was too old a hand at auctions to be in a hurry. Up I got, and was told to sit down again. Of course, I was not a bit better. I am not such an ass as to think just standing up did one a bit of good, but it was making my wants known—like hoisting a flag of distress as another craft comes by ; that in itself was something. Then there was a rush ; I and others stayed behind.

By and by a man came to me, sitting down alongside, and asked if I was a Christian. I said, of course, that I was. He pointed out that when Nicodemus came to our Lord and asked about these things he is told, ' Except a man is born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God ' (John 3. 3). *If you are not born again you are not in the true sense of the word a Christian."*

10 p.m.—Have had a bitter disappointment. Went this evening again to the same Hall, and found the Mission was

over. Walked about for some time, and now have come home disconsolate. What am I to do? Everything seems going against me. Tried to read the Bible, but somehow I feel more in the dark than ever.

October 9th.—Saw my lawyer about a will, but really take very little interest in the business. Went in the evening to a Prayer Meeting; the petitions made me sad: "A child asks prayer for her father." "A wife for her husband." "A mother for her son." There is no one cares a brass farthing what becomes of me. I may die like a dog in this vast city, but none will really care. Of course, I have heaps of acquaintances, but when they read the announcement of my death in *The Times*, it won't upset their day's pleasure.

October 10th.—Sunday morning. What a miserable day it always is in London. Club was gloomier than ever. Waiter asked me if my fish was done to my liking, as if I cared about things of that sort. I want to save my soul. In nothing else can I now take an interest.

4 *p.m.*—Went to church at eleven. Sermon was upon the necessity of taking the Sacrament. Thought at one time I saw a ray of light, but remembered that for a good ten years of my life I had done this regular enough. Stayed, however, and fancied it did me good, but it has all worn off now.

9.30 *p.m.*—Merry! what nonsense I write. In the face of that sermon I heard this evening, how can I be merry? I feel miserable. There is not a crossing-sweeper in London that I would not change places with to-night. I would go to bed if I could sleep.

October 12th.—I wrote nothing yesterday. Why? Because I was ashamed of myself. I tried to be merry, and utterly failed. Went down to Newmarket for the Second October Meeting. Several people I knew at station, so went down with them. Played whist most of the way; revoked twice, simply because I could not keep my attention. Racing absolutely bored me. Lost nearly a thousand, but after all that, too, was a matter of indifference. Saw a man on the course giving away tracts; to me this was now a far greater matter of interest than what was going to win the next race. Went up towards him, and he gave me a paper, "Long-Odds." Meant to read it in the train coming back, but had my pocket picked. Precious little the thief got, an odd half-crown or so and the tract—which I stood far more in need of than he did.

October 16th.—I am troubled about Baptism. Kind of thing I have never dreamt of all my life, but have come across in the Bible these words: "He that believeth, and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Have I ever been baptised? Upon my word I don't know. I

presume so. What ought I to do ?—search the parish register ? For the matter of that, do I fulfil the other condition ? I can't honestly say I believe. Read John 3 again, and somehow it seems a bit plainer. Does the water mean baptism ? Read the story of the dying thief. Unless the Jews baptised children, he surely was never baptised. Fairly stumped.

October 17th.—Sunday again. Went this morning to hear Spurgeon. I met a man going along with a Bible and asked him if he could tell me who was the head Baptist minister in London. He seemed a bit tickled, and said at last, "Spurgeon." Took a cab and drove there. Alas ! he was away ill. Went in, however, and had a talk with a kind of officer of sorts. Told him I was bothered about Baptism. He replied so had he been for over twenty years. Said a five years' course of study might make me more puzzled than ever. I said I might be dead long before that, to which he answered, "Look here, don't you go and bother your head about study and all that kind of thing. You just believe like a little child, and you can be saved now (Rom. 10. 9). That's it. Possibly enough Baptism just meant Confession."

I must own that the verse, now I have got home, and looked it out, is simple and plain. Heart and mouth. Belief and confession. It's all very plain in one sense, but it's extremely complex in another.

October 18th.—Awake half the night. Believe ! believe ! believe ! kept ringing in my ears. What is it to believe ?

10 *p.m.*—Made a discovery to-day. There's a poor wretch of a man who comes in to clean boots and do all sorts of odd jobs, and passing him in the passage I happened to see a Bible in his side pocket—at least, it looked like it. I might have spoken to him there and then, but it only struck me later that it must be a Bible, for people never carry any other book about till it is nearly worn through. That's strange. Well, I have told my man not to call me till 9.30, and am determined to dress early and see if I can't waylay the boot-cleaner before people are about.

October 19th.—6.45 a.m. Had another bad night. My door is open and my uncleaned boots outside. Shall I succeed in catching my hare ?

8 *a.m.*—Two minutes' conversation only. Yet I believe the fellow is right. Let me see if I can put it down.

I had begun by asking him if that was a Bible he carried in his pocket. "Yes, it was." Read it ? "Should think he did." "Could try his best to answer a question. What was it ?" I hardly knew how to put it, but said at last, "What does the Bible mean by saying 'believe' ? I can't believe." "Yes, he could answer that ; it meant to trust Christ." "How

about our past sin ? " I asked. " ' If we confess our sin, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sin, ' " he said slowly. " Did I believe Christ was faithful ? " " Yes. " " Did I believe God was just ? " " Yes. " " Then He could not punish both me and Christ for my sin. " " Believe in my heart and confess with my mouth—is that it ? " " That's it—nothing else. "

Opened the Book once more. John 6. 47 : " Verily, verily, " —that's pretty positive, certainly—" he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. " Why not believe on Him this very moment ? Can I ? He that believeth on the Son hath life. I do believe that He died for my sins, took my punishment, my death, and so I am acquitted. That's clear. I do believe on the Son of God. Have I eternal life ? What shall I write ? Let me look at the Book. What does it say ? " HATH everlasting life. " Then I may write, " Yes. "

October 20th.—Thirteen days ago I wrote " I have found it. " Now I write, " I have found HIM. " A stupendous difference. Then I thought I had found a thing, now I have found a Person. Then the thing slipped from my grasp, now I am held by Christ. The boot-cleaner advised my going to call on the Vicar of St. John's, where it appears he goes to church. He met me warmly, but said I had little need of his help. He put the matter much as my previous informant had. That evening I took the communion at his church, to commemorate my Saviour's death and resurrection. I came home walking on air.

Dr. Tintern, you have opened the door of Heaven to me. This week I am walking the streets of London. Next week I may be using the golden streets of Zion.

The Sergeant and the Shell

" **O**N the 2nd September, 1854, when in the trenches before Sebastopol, the sentries shouted ' Look out, there ! ' a shell coming right into the trenches at the same moment and dropping amongst some barrels of ammunition. I at once pulled it from them. It ran between my legs, and I then picked it up and threw it out of the trench ; it burst as it touched the ground. From the force of it I fell, and was covered by its explosion with gravel and dirt. Sergeant Baker and others picked me up, and asked if I was hurt. I said, ' No ; but I have had a good shaking. ' There were a great number in the trenches at the time, but I am glad to say no one was hurt. The sergeant reported the circumstances to the officer in charge.

" On coming off duty I was taken before the commanding officer and promoted to the rank of corporal, and then sergeant.

He also presented me with a silk necktie made by Her Most Gracious Majesty. I was at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and the capture of Sebastopol after eleven months' siege."

Such is the true and telling account given by Sergeant Ablett, late Grenadier Guards, of the wonderful risk he ran in pitching a lighted shell, which might have exploded and blown him to atoms, out of the trenches.

Had the shell been allowed to remain in the trenches, hundreds would likely have been killed, so by his prompt action he became a saviour of many of his comrades.

A remarkable story, truly, and we would gladly give "honour to whom honour is due"; yet it is a poor story compared with the one whereby Jesus gained—not Victoria's Cross, but Calvary's Cross; not the honour of men, but the reproach and hatred of even His friends.

The Murderer of Twenty

MANY years ago a great part of India was infested by bands of robbers, who lurked among the hills and rocks, or hid wherever they could find a hiding-place.

One of these gangs of robbers had for its leader a powerful man named Keruba. He was noted throughout the region as the boldest robber ever known. With his own hand this man had murdered twenty innocent victims, some of whom were women and children. But in the noontide of his career, when his name was the greatest terror of the land, the British Government began to make its power felt, and the robbers in their turn became terrified at the sight of British soldiers.

Keruba found that his men were afraid to join him in his plundering excursions. Some few of the bravest still followed him, but a number of these were soon killed, and the rest fled for their lives. Depressed and discouraged, he wandered here and there, not knowing what to do. In his old age he found himself deserted by followers and friends. He had no home but among the rocks, and it was with difficulty that he could find food enough to satisfy hunger, for he hardly dared to go to the villages where he was known, lest he should be arrested. His conscience, too, became aroused, and smote him for his wicked deeds. In his dreams at night he would hear, over and over again, the dying shrieks of the victims he had butchered in cold blood. He seemed to see their ghostly arms stretched out after him to tear him in pieces.

Thus distracted, he went from one place to another, and at length he reached villages where he was not known. Here, as if to atone for his sins, he gave alms to the poor; he went

on long pilgrimages ; he spent days and nights in worshipping the gods ; he tortured his body ; and people thought that a very holy man had come among them. They called him their Gooroo, or priest, and came to him for advice and counsel. Some even bowed down to him, and worshipped him, but still his mind was not at ease.

Nothing he could do could take away the sting of those horrible murders. They haunted him night and day, so that he even thought of putting an end to his life ; but the fear of death was more terrible to him than the pangs of remorse. As a last hope he decided to go to the sacred river Ganges, which was several hundred miles distant, resolving to walk all the way on his hands and knees. He intended to wash himself in its holy waters, for it was said that to wash in the holy waters of the Ganges would make the vilest sinner clean ; yet Keruba had not much faith even in this all-atoning remedy ; he felt that his sins were too enormous to be ever taken away.

One Sunday he went to a large city to attend an idolatrous celebration, and as he walked about he heard a sound that attracted his attention. It was the clear, silvery tone of an American bell, very different from Hindu bells. He made inquiries about it, and was told that it was the bell which rang every Sunday to call the Christians to worship. Christians ? Who were they ? He had never heard of them before. So he went in the direction of the sound, and came at length to a large building. People were flocking in, and, after a moment's hesitation Keruba entered, and listened to the opening exercises with some curiosity ; but when the preacher gave out his text, " The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin " (1 John 1. 7), he was aroused, and listened with deepest interest. The preacher caught sight of Keruba's eager, anxious look, and preached, with uncommon power, Christ and Him crucified.

The service ended, and the people left the place ; but Keruba lingered until the missionary came out. Then, stepping up to him, he said, " Sahib, is this all true that you have been preaching ? " " It is," said the missionary, " for it is just what God Himself has told us." " Well, Sahib, you say that the Blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse us from all sin. Can it take away the stain of *murder* ? " " Yes, indeed it can. If the murderer truly believes on the Lord Jesus, God declares that ' whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins ' " (Acts 10. 43). " Well, but, Sahib, supposing a man has committed two murders, can he be forgiven then ? " " He can." " *Five* murders ? " " Yes, even five." " Supposing he had murdered *ten* innocent persons ? " said the man earnestly. " God can forgive and

blot out ten murders ! ” “ But, Sahib, supposing it's *twenty* instead of ten ? ” “ God will forgive *twenty* murders for the sake of His Son Jesus Christ ! ” “ Then He's the God for me ! ” exclaimed the man, tears filling his eyes and streaming down his hard cheeks. “ O God, have pity on me, for I have murdered twenty poor innocent creatures ! Sahib,” he added, “ will He forgive *me* ? ”

The missionary grasped his hand and wept with him, while Keruba gradually unfolded to him the whole story of his life, and of his distress of mind during the past year. He told him how he had tortured himself, and tried in every way to ease his conscience, but all in vain.

“ But now,” he exclaimed, “ I've found the Lamb of God. You say He died for me. I feel here, in my heart, that it is true. Oh ! Jesus Christ, I want You ! Oh, take away my sin ! ” And when the twilight stole into the chapel, the missionary and the robber knelt and prayed ; and Keruba, owning Christ as Master and Lord, rose from his knees, feeling his heavy burden all gone, because the Lord had taken it away.

In a few days he returned to his friends and told them what had happened ; how wicked, and wretched, and miserable he had been, but that the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the guilty, had given him pardon and comfort. They all wondered at his words, but more than all at his radiant, happy face, so changed from what it had been ; and many were led to inquire, and to believe as he did. As before he had won followers to himself, so now, with all his zeal and might, he strove to win followers to Christ.

Dr. Scofield's Conversion

THE political life into which young District Attorney Scofield found himself plunged, by virtue of his federal office and work, involved frequent trips from Kansas to Washington, and associations and activities that were not entirely to his liking. The profession of law was his life choice : his political work was interfering with that. He had indeed, become very much dissatisfied with his own life ; he was not living up even to his own ideals, unconverted man though he was. So after two years' service as United States District Attorney, he resigned the office and returned to St. Louis to practise law.

In his St. Louis law office one day Thomas M'Pheeters, a young man about his own age, came to see him. After taking a while M'Pheeters got up to go. With his hand upon the door knob he turned and faced Scofield, saying, “ For a long time I have been wanting to ask you a question that I have

been afraid to ask, but that I am going to ask now." "I never thought of you as 'afraid,'" said Scofield, in hearty friendship. "What is your question?" "I want to ask you: Why are you not a Christian?" came the reply.

The lawyer replied thoughtfully, "Does not the Bible say something about drunkards having no place in Heaven? I am a hard drinker, M'Pheeters." "You haven't answered my question, Scofield," the other man came back. "Why are you not a Christian?" "I have always been a nominal Episcopalian, you know," said Scofield, "but I do not recall ever having been shown just how to be a Christian. I do not know how."

Now M'Pheeters had his answer. He drew up a chair, took a Testament out of his pocket, and read passage after passage from the Word of God, plainly telling his friend how to be saved. "Will you accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" he asked. Scofield replied, "I'm going to think about it." "No, you're not," answered M'Pheeters; "you've been thinking about it all your life. Will you settle it now? Will you believe on Christ now, and be saved?"

The logical-minded, clear-thinking lawyer liked clean-cut statements and unequivocal questions and answers. After a moment's thought he looked his friend full in the face, and said quietly, "I will." The two men dropped on their knees together. Scofield told the Lord Jesus Christ that he believed on Him as his personal Saviour, and before he arose from his knees he had been "born again" (John 3. 3, 7), there was a new creation, "old things had passed away; behold, all things had become new."

Of this wonderful event Dr. Scofield years after wrote to his biographer: "It was a Bible conversion. From a worn pocket Testament M'Pheeters read to me the great Gospel passages, the great deliverance passages—John 3. 16; John 6. 47; John 10. 28; Acts 13. 38, 39, and the like. And when I asked, like the Philippian jailer of old, 'What must I do to be saved?' he just read them again, and we knelt, and I received the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. And—oh! put it into the story, put it plain: instantly the chains were broken never to be forged again—The passion for drink was taken away. Put it 'instantly.' Make it big and plain. Don't say, 'He strove with his drink-sin and came off victor.' He did nothing of the kind. Divine power did it, wholly of grace. C. I. SCOFIELD."

Thus Dr. C. I. Scofield, who became the famous Bible student and edited the "Scofield Reference Bible," was saved, and he knew it. For Thomas M'Pheeters knew the Gospel, and he had made it perfectly plain to his friend.

How the King of England Escaped

RICHARD I., the Lion-hearted, after dealing some hard blows at the Turks in Palestine in his time, had some remarkable experiences in Austria and Germany in returning home from the East. He had the misfortune to be shipwrecked on his way to Italy, and, with only a few followers, had to travel by land across the Continent. In passing through the possessions of the Duke of Austria, with whom he had had a serious quarrel in Palestine, his identity was discovered, and he was arrested and thrown into prison.

The Emperor of Germany also owed Richard a grudge, and hearing that he was a prisoner in Austria, he persuaded the Duke to deliver him into his custody, so that he might keep him with greater secrecy. Richard's courtiers and subjects heard that their king had been shipwrecked, but were unable to ascertain what had become of him.

A rich nobleman named Blondel, a great personal friend of the king, undertook to find out where his master was. After diligent inquiry he came to the conclusion that Richard was "somewhere in Germany." He had no proof, however, so he hit upon a very clever plan to discover his whereabouts. He disguised himself as a wandering minstrel, and made his way to Germany with his harp. He was an accomplished harper, and had often played and sung for the king, who was himself a very good singer. Travelling from town to town, wherever there was a prison, playing first in the market and other public places in order not to arouse suspicion, Blondel made a point of playing a few old English tunes under the prison walls, in the hope that, if Richard should be within, he would recognise them and give some indication of his presence.

One day the king sat in his dungeon, sad and dispirited, thinking of his native country which he had not seen for so long. Would he ever see his friends and subjects again? Would he ever sing again with his faithful Blondel? No, it is all too far away, he could only dream of it. But what is that? Surely he is dreaming. No, he is wide awake, some one is singing. He springs to the bars of the wretched window of his dungeon, but can see nothing. It seemed like Blondel's voice, but, of course, it could not be, and the king sits down in despair, thinking how hard his fate is to be thus mocked with the memory of far-away friends.

Just then the unknown singer changes his tune, and to his amazement Richard hears one of the old songs he used to sing with Blondel. Like a flash he grasps the situation, and, hardly able to control his feelings, he sings his part in his deep bass voice as of yore. Thus a unique duet is sung, one singer being

a king in a dungeon, and the other apparently a wandering bard outside.

Blondel's object is attained. He reaches the frontier, and hastens back to England. He raises a great sum of money from Richard's willing subjects, and returns to Germany. This time he is not in disguise, but with all the retinue becoming his rank. He seeks an interview with the Emperor of Germany, and offers a ransom for the release of his king. Arrangements are soon made, and Blondel hastens to the place where once he appeared as a poor mendicant singer to release his friend.

Blondel arrives at the prison, produces documents bearing the Imperial seal, and demands the immediate release of the prisoner. The doors are flung open, and Blondel enters in triumph and greets his long-lost friend.

If we can conceive of Richard doubting whether Blondel had really paid the ransom, the written declaration of the Emperor would have banished all doubt, and if he had refused to leave his weary dungeon we should have said his confinement had driven him mad. What shall be said of you if you do not gladly accept the declaration of the Almighty, sealed with the precious Blood of His dear Son, and step out into the Salvation, liberty, peace, and joy of the redeemed ?

God's declaration is : " Through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things." " The Master is come, and calleth for thee " (John 11. 28).

Capt. Oates Walks to his Death

" **H**E laid down his life for others." Such was the headline of a London paper, recording the tragic death of Captain Scott and his companions amid Antarctic snows. The words referred to Captain L. E. G. OATES, and what the now dead leader recorded in his diary as " an act of a brave man and an English gentleman."

Captain Oates was one of the five who got to the South Pole, 18th January, 1912, and on the 16th of March, after eighteen weeks in the snow, he was so frostbitten that it was impossible to proceed. Day after day he had struggled on with hands and feet almost unbearable, and that night he lay down hoping he might never wake ; but on his return to consciousness his companions knew, and he knew, the end was near. They could not, and would not, leave him to perish ; but he knew provisions and fuel were very short, and that to wait together only meant to die together, so he calmly said, " I am just going outside, and I may be some time." It was blowing a terrible blizzard as he left the tent ; the others felt he was going to

his death, and they were right, for they saw him no more. He died in the snow to save the rest, in the hope that unhindered by him in his weakness they might reach the "One ton" depot.

He went out into the blizzard alone and weak to die a certain death! Can we picture him? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15. 13). Alas, the heroic sacrifice made by Captain Oates was made in vain, for after struggling on till 29th March, Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieutenant Bowers perished in their tent, only eleven miles from "One Ton" depot, where lay a ton of food and fuel prepared specially for their use.

It was Captain Oates' thirty-second birthday when he died for his friends, and when their bodies were found and buried the search party searched for twenty miles to the south endeavouring to discover the remains of the noble fellow, but all in vain; the snow had long ago wound him in its winding sheet, so they left a cairn and record in the vicinity to his memory. The best record we can make to His memory who "laid down His life" for us, is to believe the record God has written, and then build up a life of service and praise to His Name. "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son" (1 John 5. 11). Accept God's testimony, believe in His Son, and be saved from wrath through Him.

The Postman's Story

EXCUSE me, sir, but are you not Mr. Stephens? "The speaker was a postman, the person spoken to a well-known Christian gentleman.

"Yes," replied the Christian, "that is my name; but do I know yours? Have I seen you before?"

"Yes, sir; but some years ago, and time makes a change in us all. You were the minister at Wyncombe, and I was a postman there at the same time."

"Of course, I remember you quite well now, although, as you say, time has made a change in you. Well, I am glad to meet you, and trust you are doing well."

"Yes, sir, thank you. And may I ask you a question? You used to have a little girl—a delicate, frail little thing—Is she—is she——?"

The minister understood, and with a bright smile answered the unspoken inquiry. "Yes; and I have her still; but 'frail and delicate' would scarcely describe her now. She has grown stronger with the years. It is kind of you to remember her."

"Remember her, sir? Why, how could I ever forget her, when, under God, I owe to that little girl all I am this day? I should like to tell you about it, sir, if you don't mind my walking along by your side."

Of course, Mr. Stephens did not mind: he was eager to know how his little daughter, who could not have been more than eight or nine when she left Wyncombe, could have influenced this man's life.

"Sir," the postman began, "for a long time I did the Sunday morning delivery in that part of Wyncombe where you lived. After I had finished I had to pass your house on my way home, and week after week, as I passed by, your little girl would be singing. Although I was anything but a Christian, and never went to a place of worship, I liked to listen to her sweet voice. So I used to stop when I came to the house, and sit on the low wall at the side, and very often I could hear every word. There was one hymn in particular she seemed to be very fond of, and would sing the chorus over and over: 'Christ receiveth sinful men.' I was always glad when she sang it, and the words and tune would stay by me for days.

"I was married, and my wife was a good wife; but we were neither of us Christians. Indeed, there were some ways I was getting in with rather a gay lot of fellows, and when the day's duty was done, I had got into the way of going out with them. Sometimes we had a few drinks together, sometimes a game of cards for money (of course, we did not have high stakes); sometimes, but all on the quiet, I put a bit on a horse. Altogether I was getting into bad ways—ways that would have been my ruin had not God, in His mercy, stopped me, and stopped me through your little girl.

"I used to tell my wife about her, and every Sunday morning as soon as I got home she would ask me, 'Was the little girl singing this morning, Jack?' Yes, I would say. 'What was she singing?' And I would have to answer very often, 'Christ receiveth sinful men.' Then my little one would chime in, 'You sing it, daddy; me wants to hear what the little girl sings.' So I would try, but I could only remember the chorus, and soon we would all be singing together:

"Sing it o'er and o'er again,
Christ receiveth sinful men;
Make the message clear and plain,
Christ receiveth sinful men."

"Then my wife would say, 'I wish we knew it all; I wish we could get a book with it in, I should like to hear it right through.'

" Well, sir, I made up my mind I would get it somehow, but I was too proud or shy to ask anybody about it. Then something happened which I thank God for. When my holiday came round we went to the seaside for the week-end, and on the Sunday evening, as we were going from the beach to our lodgings, we had to pass a Mission Hall, and we heard the congregation singing ' Missy's Hymn.' Well, sir, I said to my wife, ' You go on with the little one, and I'll slip inside for a few minutes.' I went in, and sat on a seat by the door, and somebody gave me a book. I soon found what I wanted to know, and quietly slipped out again, for I had no inclination to stop for the service.

" The next morning I bought a copy of the book. We found the hymn and learnt the words, and the wife and I would sing it together, the little one joining in the chorus.

" We found out some of the other hymns your little girl used to sing, and learned them too ; but ' Sinners Jesus will receive ' remained my favourite. There was a reason for that, sir. The words from the very first time I heard them had taken hold of me, and set me thinking. It was the Holy Spirit Himself using them to convince and convict me of my sinfulness. I began to see myself in a new light—how wicked and foolish I was, how my feet were walking in slippery ways—and one Sunday morning as I walked away from your house, with the words sounding in my ears :

" Come, and He will give you rest ;
Trust Him for His Word is plain ;
He will take the sinfulest ;
Christ receiveth sinful men,"

the message was made ' clear and plain ' to my soul. ' Lord Jesus,' I cried, ' receive *me* ; take away *my* sins and make *me* Thine own.' He answered my prayer, He came into my poor heart ; and from that day to this I have known, out of my own experience, that—

" ' Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even *me* with all my sin.'

" Well, sir, the rest is soon told. We were leaving Wyncombe that week, and as soon as we settled here we began to attend a Mission Hall near our new home. We enjoyed the services, and my wife and I were soon full members—for she, too, gave her heart to the Saviour.

" We often talk of your daughter, sir, and never a week passes but we sing together the glad message—

" ' Christ receiveth sinful men.' "

I Was willing to Save You, But was not Able

THE 24th of May, 1881, will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the city of London, Ontario, Canada. The steamer *Victoria*, with excursionists variously estimated at from 600 to 800, left Springfield for the city about five o'clock in the evening. The upper and lower decks of the vessel were packed with people arrayed in holiday attire, and every portion of standing and sitting room was fully occupied. Attracted by passing steamers or row boats, the crowd every now and then rushed from one side to the other, and on doing so whilst nearing a point in the Thames, a short distance from the city, the water came in, filling the lower deck to the depth of six or eight inches. The passengers observing this became excited and terrified, and, rushing to the other side, the steamer reeled and toppled over. At the same time the supports of the upper deck gave way, crushing numbers of passengers beneath it and burying them in a watery tomb. Hundreds were tumbled into the river, and the scene that followed baffles description. Shrieks, screams, groans, and cries for help were heard in every direction. The little child and the aged matron, the chubby boy and the grey-haired man, were seen wildly struggling to save themselves. Some in despair seized hold of those nearest to them, dragging them to the bottom of the river, whilst several not only succeeded in saving themselves, but assisted in rescuing others; yet, notwithstanding this over one hundred and eighty precious lives were lost in this sad and appalling disaster.

A lady, residing in the city of Hamilton, who was on a visit to friends in London, was one of the passengers. She and a cousin were on board the *Victoria*. Both of them were thrown into the water. Miss Oliver was dragged to the bottom by some one bent on saving himself. The grasp, however, relaxed, and she was saved. But her cousin was lost. One of the saddest cases of those who perished was the daughter of a well-known merchant and alderman of the city of London. The young lady, accompanied by her brother, was on board the ill-fated steamer at the time of the accident. When they were cast into the water the young man grasped his sister, and swam with her towards the shore. They had almost touched the river's bank when she was seized hold of and dragged beneath the water, and she perished before his eyes. Great was the distress and anguish of the brave youth when he saw that his efforts were fruitless. At the funeral a very impressive incident took place which will not be easily forgotten

by those who were present. As the body was being lowered into the grave the grief-stricken brother completely broke down, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh, Lilly, Lilly, God knows I was willing to save you, but I was not able!"

How solemn and sadly suggestive are the words, "Willing, but not able to save." The young man had the desire, but not the power to save his sister. If he could he would have done so. The Lord Jesus came into the world to save sinners (1 Tim. 1. 15), to "seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19. 10), and He is *able* and *willing* to save. He is the One spoken of in Scripture as "mighty to save," and He is waiting to be gracious to save you.

Three Lines and a Bit

I WAS one morning accosted by a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking fellow in the street, with, "Is your name Soltau?" "Yes, that is my name. What is yours?" "There's my name over my store," said he, pointing to his place of business.

"Bellet, is it? I knew that name in the old country well enough. Yes; I think my brother knows your brother." "Well," said he, "I am in the dark—my mind is much distressed; and I thought possibly you might be able to help me. Perhaps I had better first tell you a little of my history. I have been over here for about ten years. I left my home to free myself from all restraint. I just hated religion, wasn't inclined that way a bit: and, like many other foolish young fellows, I determined to have a fling on my own hook, and off I came. I am practically an atheist, though I haven't publicly avowed myself as such. I have blotted God out of my thoughts and have gone ahead as if He did not exist—in fact, tried to convince myself there is no God! I didn't get on very well—had to push my way against tremendous difficulties; and at length settled here into this business. I have a good wife, and have done pretty well considering; but somehow, lately, I have been awfully troubled in my mind. The great trouble is that I can't believe a single word of the Bible—not a word."

"I'm sorry for that," I said; "but if you can't—why, you can't, and there's an end to the matter."

"But can't you help me?"

"No," said I, "I'm afraid I can't; it's not so easy to get back to God when you have been going away from Him for ten years. You'll have to find your way back the best you can, if you ever succeed at all; and I'm afraid you'll find it pretty hard and very difficult. Jesus Christ says, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me!' You can only get back to God by Him. But then

you said that you could not believe a word in the Bible ; and what I have said comes out of the Bible, so that won't help you at all."

" No ; I can't believe that." After further talk we parted. A few weeks passed, and I saw him coming into the service one night, at a place four or five miles from his home. At the close he came up to me, saying, " Will you try and help me to-night ? I am worse than ever ; and if I don't get help soon I shall die. I can't sleep, eat, or attend to business. It does seem hard."

" Not hard, my friend, by any means. The Bible says, ' Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap ; ' but then, I forgot, you can't believe a word in the Bible." " No, I can't believe a word in the Bible ; but can't you help me, somehow ? " " No, I don't see how I can. I have no other resource but the Bible ; and that's no use to you." " What shall I do ? I am all astray. I have got far away from God ! " " What did you say just then ? " " Why, that I had got far from God, and gone astray altogether." " Well, I think I could find one line that you could believe now." " Oh, do try ! I shall be so glad to get one line that I can really believe."

Turning to Isaiah 53. 6, we read together, " *All we like sheep have gone astray.*" " Is that true ? " said I. " Why, yes ; *that's* true." " How do you know it is ? " " It describes me ! I've gone astray ! That's me, and no mistake ! Why, there's one line that I can believe ! I never thought that you'd find a line like that."

" Well," said I, " you've got what you wanted now—one line out of the Bible that you can believe ; so good night, friend." " Stop ! stop a bit ! True, I've got a line that I can believe ; but it doesn't seem to do me any good. I'm no better for it. I'm just as much in the dark as ever. That line hasn't helped me at all ! " " No," said I, " it wasn't meant to. It merely states a fact that you knew before. It never does help a man to read he's ' gone astray,' when he knows it already." " Would you mind trying another line ? " " I don't mind trying another, but do you think you ought to ? Isn't one enough at a time ? " " Well, you see, I don't feel that *one* line has helped me at all ; and I'd much like to try a second."

So again we turned to Isaiah 53. 6, and read the second line, " We have turned every one to his own way." " Why, that's true, too ; you went your way from God—I went my way. That line describes both." " Yes, I can believe that line."

" But observe," said I, " it is a line *and a bit*—a little more than you expected. So now you have *two lines and a bit* out of the Bible that you can believe, and can know they are true. Isn't it strange, now ! Just think—out of this Book of

God there are two lines and a bit that you can believe! You never expected that, did you?" "No, I never did. It is wonderful that I could believe these two lines. But yet, somehow, they don't seem to have done me any good. I don't feel any better. I'm still in the dark. I feel no nearer to God." "No," said I, "they are not meant to bring you into the light, because they merely describe us two; and we know they are true, because they are our experiences."

"Well, would you mind trying the third line?" "I don't mind trying any number, because I can believe all the lines in the Bible; but I wouldn't advise you to try a third. You see, two lines and a bit are a good deal for a man like you to swallow all at once; and I am pretty sure you would find the third line one too much. You wouldn't be able to believe it." "I think I might; I think perhaps I might." "I feel very sure you will not be able to," said I; "still, if you very much wish it, I will let you see it."

Once more we read together: "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "There now," said I, "this third line is more than you can believe, isn't it?" "Well, yes. I must confess I can't take in that at all. I can't believe that." "I thought you would not be able to. I told you that two lines and a bit were all you would manage at one time." "But how do you account for it that I cannot believe this third line?" "I could tell you; but you would not much like me to say." "I wish you would; for it seems strange that I can believe two lines, but not three."

"Suppose that, instead of this Bible in my hand, I was holding a photograph album, and we were looking at the pictures. The first one would be a picture of John Muir. Yes, you would say, I knew that man well; and it's a capital picture of him. The next one, I might say, is that of William Hall. Do you know him? Yes, you reply—I know him well. Is the picture like him? Yes—exactly; a speaking likeness. Now, we will turn over to the third picture. This is Thomas Nelson. Did you ever see him? No, you reply—I never saw him. But I have, I say; and I can vouch for that being a first-rate picture. Now the fourth is James Black. Is he a stranger to you? Yes, I never saw him. But, say I, I know it is as good a picture of him as are the others that we have looked at. And then you reply, I can't believe that those two are a bit like the men you say, because *I* have never seen them; and until *I* do see them, I shall never bring myself to believe that those are their pictures, even though they are taken by the same photographer. Wouldn't you be a fool to reason that way?"

"Why, certainly I should; but I have not done that."

"Yes, you have," I replied ; "I have shown you four pictures in that one verse, Isaiah 53. 6. The first one was *yourself*—which you immediately recognised. The second was *mine* ; and that, you said, you recognised also. Those two first lines showed us ourselves. Now the third line shows us just as plainly the *Lord Jesus* and *God* ; and you turn round and say, 'I can't believe that third line.' What right have you to impung the accuracy of the Holy Spirit, in describing to you the Lord Jesus and the Living God, when you have seen His accurate drawing of us two ? "

"Let me have the whole verse again." " 'All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' " "I see ! I'm entirely wrong after all ! You are right ! " We read the verse over ; and once more I tried to explain to him the meaning of the statements in the three lines and a bit. "Do you mean to say," said he "that my safety and life depend upon my believing that third line ? " "Yes, I do ! " "Then I'll stake my sole existence for time and for eternity on that third line. I put my finger on it, and declare that I believe that every word of it is true ! "

The light had entered his soul. The three lines had accomplished the purpose of God ! They had found entrance through the door of faith, and he was rejoicing in salvation.

"And What Then ?"

ON a beautiful winter day during the Franco-Prussian War, writes a traveller, I had mounted an omnibus in Paris, when I saw an old lady with a gentleman in the prime of life, both laden with flowers, hurrying to catch it. I helped the lady to ascend. The gentleman followed listlessly. He had scarcely taken his seat by my side when he exclaimed with a loud voice, "And what then ? " Thinking that perhaps I had unintentionally disturbed his flowers, I begged his pardon. But he looked at me with a severe expression, and with a military salute, exclaimed again, "And what then ? "

The lady begged me to excuse the singular behaviour of her son, and take no notice of it ; and after we had sat side by side some time she related to me his history, as follows :

Before the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War her son had become engaged to a very beautiful young lady, a lover of pleasure, and a true child of the world. Leon de St. Arnaud, a young officer in the imperial army, was like-minded with her.

One day a lady remarked to the young woman, "You will not always be young and beautiful. You will not always have

the world at your feet. These things will end with you as they have with others, and what then ? "

She regarded the question with due respect, and after a little reflection replied, " What then ? Madame, I have really not thought of the subject ; but from this time I will do so."

And she kept her word. Even if she would have forgotten it, she could not. The words, " These things will come to an end with you as they have done with others—and what then ? " followed her as a perpetual presence. Asleep or awake she ceased not to hear the question, " And what then ? "

Meanwhile invitations to every sort of festivity came to her as before, and were as often accepted. But it could not escape her young friends and associates that Blanche de Montrouge had lost her cheerfulness, that the song and the dance no longer had any charm for her. So things went on till at length she refused an invitation to the wedding festivities of one of her friends. Leon undertook to persuade her to accept. He said she must go, for what would people say if he came without her ? But she remained firm.

Suppressing his displeasure as well as he could, he demanded the reason of her silly behaviour. She replied, " Leon, all these things will have an end—and what then ? If this life were the end of all there might be pleasure in these diversions ; but I am convinced there is another life beyond. I cannot go, and I beg you not to go either." Without any reply the young officer bit his lip, stamped his foot, and left her. That year she broke with the world and its pleasures, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour, was truly " born again " (John 3. 3, 7), and consecrated herself wholly to the Master's service.

On the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, Leon went into the conflict. Blanche, who by no means had forgotten him during all this period of trial, bore him on her heart. Leon, curbing his pride and passion, sought her out, besought her, forgetting the past, to marry him at once—overlooking the difference between them. But her Lord and Saviour held the first place in her affections. She thought of the words of the prophet, " Can two walk together, except they be agreed ? " (Amos 3. 3). " No, Leon," she said, gently, but firmly ; " it cannot be, till you have accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour. Do not deem me indifferent and hard-hearted. Take this little token as a pledge of my love for you and for my God." Upon this she handed him a little package, which he hastily tucked into his pocket, and with a courtly bow left the room without uttering a single word.

Many, many hours distant from Paris, the shades of night

are setting on a battlefield. Dead horses lie here and there amid the ruin of war. Pieces of cannon and similar things prove that here men have stood and fought against one another for life or death. The darkness increases, covering deeper and deeper the distant landscape and the brave soldiers who had shed their blood and breathed their last breath. It was like a great gloom-pall for the dead. But what is that sound breaking so terribly on the stillness of death? Suddenly is heard the tramp of a horse! A German Uhlan stops and listens. Then he races to the low spot in the battlefield from which the sound issues, and finds only a dog keeping watch over his fallen master. The Uhlan drags the body of the French soldier out of the debris, and carefully thrusts his hand under the uniform to see if the heart still beats. He draws it back instantly covered with blood. "Yes," he said to himself, "death has escaped this for his harvest. What a stately soldier!" Again he let his hand glide over the lifeless form, when something hard attracted his attention. He drew it out. It was a little book, penetrated by a ball. On the front fly-leaf was written: "Leon de St. Arnaud, from Blanche de Montrouge. And what then?" Alas, it was he, lying so pale, cold, and almost dead. The Uhlan was deeply impressed. He repeated aloud what was underscored in the little French Testament: "And what then?" and wondered whatever the words could mean.

So Leon did not die of the wound. He gradually recovered, and the first thing he asked for was his little book. But this is the only thing he remembered, so dreadful was the effect of the ball, upon the young man. He is not only lame and beyond recovery, but he has also lost his mind. To every one he sees he repeats his military salute and the only intelligible words he utters, "And what then?" The Germans did not let him want for careful nursing till he could be taken back to his widowed mother.

Blanche de Montrouge went to England, and is still a faithful visitor, having told the precious story of the Gospel beside many a bed of pain, comforting the troubled heart, and leading many a sinner to the Saviour of the lost—the Prince of Peace. She and the aged mother of poor Leon pray every day for the unfortunate man, that the Lord may yet give light to his darkened mind, and draw him to Himself. They find a ray of hope in the fact that many times as his eyes rest upon this little Testament he breaks out into loud expressions of joy, while at other times he only exclaims, "And what then?"

What then? God's day of Salvation is now! To-day the Gospel Message declares that "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8).

Mary, the Poacher's Wife.

IT was a heavy fall of snow ; I had watched it from the window for some time, as it shrouded the earth and mantled the trees and shrubs in the garden ; everything outside seemed to make me thankful for the comforts within, and I gladly drew my chair very close to the blazing fire to enjoy its cheering warmth. My thoughts turned to the many who knew no such comfort, and who could see no attraction in the fast-falling snow, or the feathery, fantastic outlines it was giving to everything outside.

My reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door. I went and found there a girl from the village I had known for some time. She had come to ask my husband to go and see a poor woman who was dying, and who refused to let any of the neighbours see her ; " and *you* could not go," said the girl, " for her room is never cleaned, and never has any air in it. She is a poacher's wife, and her husband is a drunkard and neglects her."

" I will see her to-morrow," I said, " if my husband has not returned home." But I became restless and very uneasy, and it was not long before I had drawn my waterproof closely round me and was making my way through the storm, praying that the Lord would indeed give me a message from Himself, and also that I might be guided to the right door, as it was getting dark. It was a poor place I had been directed to, a dirty court surrounded by very poor houses. At the last house on the left side I stopped, and asking help from God to gain admittance, I gently knocked on the closed door and waited. Slowly the heavy wooden bolt was drawn back, and, before I had realised it, I found myself inside, and the bolt replaced.

I had to lean upon the wall for a few moments in silence to recover the overpowering pressure of bad air that met me ; and by the feeble light of a small lamp I saw the emaciated form of a young woman crouching on a low wooden stool by a few embers of a fire just dying out, and which she was vainly endeavouring to stir into life.

Poor woman, I longed after her soul ; in poverty, and sickness, and sorrow, and " without Christ." How terrible ! And yet the moment seemed not to have come for me to give God's message. I drew my stool near her, and taking one of her wasted hands in mine I asked a few questions as to " How long she had been ill ? " And as I pointed to little Johnnie, I said, " You can trust me, can't you ? Tell me all your troubles, for I want to help you." " Well," she said, " you're kind to face the storm in sic a nicht and sit doon here to speak to me, and there's no' mony cares for Mary, the poacher's wife."

"Your husband is a poacher," I said; "tell me how you came to marry him." "Ah, weel, I was but a bairn when I married, and I thought ae trade was as guid as anither, and he promised I should want for naething; but he drinks all he makes by the game, and it's seldom a feather o' it I see, or a penny that it brings me. And then I daurna let anybody into the house for fear they take the dog and guns, or catch himself, and mony a day the bairn and me never sees food or fire, and I'm that weak that I'm ill."

I saw by the dim lamp-light it was a bed of shavings, with nothing over it but a cotton patch quilt and a piece of old carpet. "Well," I said, "and what of your child who died." I had touched a chord in that weary mother's tearless heart; a few great tears rolled down her sallow cheeks, and she tried to steady her feeble voice and answer my question. "It is five month syne she was born; I was very ill. After the doctor and the woman that nursed me had left, nane came to see after me, and John was out all day, and often all nicht, after the game; and I lo'ed the wean, but I'd naething to gie her, and I saw her dwine and dwine by my side till ae day she geed a wee short breath and deed, and syne I couldna look after, or care for anything, for my bairn deed o' want, and I kent it weel, and it gaed sae sair to my heart that I didna greet, and I didna sleep, and I didna eat, and then the cough came, and John brought the doctor, and he said it was the decline, and I wouldna mend; and it was true, for every day I seem waur and waur, and some days I canna rise ava."

And then the fragile form was racked by a terrible fit of coughing. I silently prayed that the Lord would now give me the right word. As the paroxysm of coughing subsided a little I took her hand, and said, "Mary, the message I bring you to-night is from the Son of God, the One who died to save sinners like you and me, and His message to you is this, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest' (Matt. 11. 28). Dear soul, you are in great need of rest. Will you come to Him to-night?" "I would fain have the rest," she said, "but I'm no' fit to come; and I've no strength left to gae to the kirk or the mission, so I canna come." "Well, Mary, you're very weak and very sinful, but Christ has made provision for just such as you! Have you strength to look at me, Mary?" "Yes," she said, raising her heavy, sad eyes to mine. "Well, Mary," I said, "the Lord bids you look unto Him and live." "Does He? Oh, but I'm a poor, weak thing; and I know I'm a sinner, for I was taught that many years ago at the school, and I feel it every day. But there's none to care for me now, and I'm dying, and going I don't know where! Oh, what will become of poor Mary,

the poacher's wife ? " And in an agony of soul she wept exceedingly, and tears rolled down her cheeks.

I wept, too, for I saw she had judged herself a sinner, and that the Lord's time for blessing had come. I opened my Bible and read from Numbers 21. 9, " And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." After reading this I said nothing, but waited upon God to apply His own word to that sin-stricken one, so near the end of her life's journey. Her lips moved, and she whispered, " I'm just like one o' them. I've spoken against God, and often said hard things of Him when I was starving, and when my baby died ; and there's naething but Hell for me," and again she wept.

I reopened my Bible and read to her John 3. 14-17, " Oh ! " she said, clasping her hands together in intense relief, " is it true, is it true ? Then I can die happy. He gave His Son for me, and I shall never perish ! I know I am a sinner, but Jesus died just for the like o' me ! Oh, thank ye, thank ye, for coming to me wi' sic a message ! " and she clasped my hand and kissed it again and again.

Damon and Pythias.

RARELY, indeed, is such friendship seen nowadays, as existed between Damon and Pythias ; not only did it endure during the sunshine of prosperity, but it was a love that remained firm during the withering winds of adversity.

For some reason, not now known, Pythias fell under the displeasure of Dionysius the Elder, called by Cicero, the tyrant of Syracuse, and while far from home, wife, and family, was taken prisoner, and condemned to death for conspiracy. Pythias pleaded that he might be allowed to return home once more to arrange his affairs, at the same time being desirous to bid farewell to his loved ones.

The king at first was adamant in refusing such a favour, but latterly relented and agreed to accede to Pythias' request, provided that he could get a substitute—one that would take his place in the dark dungeon, and also, in the event of his not returning by a certain day, the hostage would agree to suffer on the scaffold.

At this juncture the heart of Pythias might well have failed him, had he not been able to rely upon the friendship of Damon, a native of Syracuse, who willingly came forward as surety for Pythias. Damon was incarcerated in the prison, while the condemned man was released for a time only, that he might return at no distant date, so that the sentence against him

might be carried out. You may be sure there was an affectionate parting as the one entered upon his self-imposed punishment, while the other, mounting a swift horse, sped on his sorrowful homeward journey, carrying the tragic news of his impending doom.

The days quickly passed, and soon the time drew near for his return, and every preparation was made for a public execution. Damon, finding that his friend does not return as soon as expected, instead of thinking that Pythias has taken the opportunity to escape, feels that some unforeseen event has hindered him, and only hopes that he may be longer delayed in order that he may die in his stead. At last, the day for the execution arrives, and Damon, 'mid the lamentations of his fellow-prisoners, is led out to bear the punishment as surety for Pythias.

The king is there, and so is the executioner. Damon is brought on to the scaffold, and, 'midst the gaze of a vast concourse of people, the headsman, sword in hand, prepares to carry out the death sentence ; but just at this moment there is a commotion at the fringe of the multitude. A short delay takes place, and Pythias—bleeding, haggard, and travel-stained—limps up to the scaffold. There he explains his delay, caused by swollen streams carrying away his horse, and how he had, at the danger of his life, made his way on foot through many perils.

Then ensues, between the two friends, a contest as to which shall die on the scaffold : Pythias pleading that he was the one that was sentenced ; and, therefore, on him should the executioner perform his office, while Damon sought to die for his friend who, he said, had arrived too late. The dispute might have lasted long enough had not the king hastily ended it.

Tyrant as Dionysius has been called, yet he could not help being greatly attracted by such a friendship, and declaring that one who had made such a friend cannot be a conspirator, commands both to go free, and seeks to be admitted also as one of their friends.

Such is simply this beautiful and familiar story in ancient Grecian history. It touchingly portrays the height to which human love can attain. Yet I have known of greater love, for in former days I was a conspirator against a greater and mightier Monarch. He had indeed never injured me, yet was there bitter hatred on my part towards Him, and even while I was still in rebellion against Him, He sought in many ways to win my love, but for long enough to no purpose. I was condemned to perish, and should soon have been past hope, when I learnt that Another had not

only offered to die for me, but had really taken my place and suffered for me. When I learnt who this was—even the King's only Son and Heir—I laid down my arms, and was reconciled to the One I had before looked upon and treated as an enemy.

“ Scarcely for a righteous man will one die ; yet, peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die ; but God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us ” (Rom. 5. 7, 8).

The Three Gold Rings

WHEN I was stationed at Bermuda a draft of young soldiers was sent out to join my regiment. Amongst them was a smart corporal of good appearance and courteous manners. The colour-sergeant of the company to which he was posted had married a few years previously at Gibraltar a respectable young woman of that place, her mother being an Italian. Prior to the regiment leaving Gibraltar the mother gave her daughter three old-fashioned gold rings, which were valuable as heirlooms, as well as for their antique design. Shortly after the corporal joined the company one of the rings was lost ; a few months elapsed, then another ; and soon after the last disappeared.

The corporal had frequent recourse to the quarters of the colour-sergeant, but every one thought him such a nice fellow that not a shadow of suspicion was cast upon him. Not long after the disappearance of the third ring, the corporal went to bathe in a quiet spot in the island. He did not return ; search was made, and he was found drowned. He had become entangled among some fishing-lines which he could not have noticed when entering the water. On his effects being examined, a small parcel of old calico was found in his knapsack, and very carefully wrapped therein were the three gold rings !

Now, nothing but sheer covetousness could have induced this man to take them ; and though he had done the wrong, he acted in a most plausible manner, offering sympathy to the owners for their loss, and appeared to manifest much interest in their hoped-for recovery. Surely his conscience must have smitten him, smooth as were his manners ! It is written : “ There is nothing hid that shall not be known.” It was God's purpose, no doubt, that this matter should be brought to light in the way it was, and we place the record before our readers by way of warning. We may be able to deceive one another, but we cannot deceive God. “ There is not a thought in our hearts but, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether ” (Psa. 139. 4).

Three United in Death

HE was an only son, and that son a bad one; but he had a praying mother, and she loved him with all her heart. Many a time had she entreated him not to rouse his father's anger, and many a time had she poured out her heart in prayer to God to turn her poor boy to repentance.

One day, having made his father more than usually angry, after many violent words, his father turned him out of the house, telling him he never wished to see him again.

This, as may be supposed, broke the mother's heart, and gradually her health gave way under the sorrow and the longing that she had after her boy. The doctors could do nothing for her, and at last they told her husband they felt sure she had some trouble on her mind, and asked him if he knew what it was. He was in great distress, and would have done anything to make her well again, for he loved her deeply. So this day when the doctors told him they could do nothing if it were sorrow of heart that was slowly and surely sapping her life, he went up to her room, and leaning over her bed, said to her, "Dear wife, is there *anything* that I can do for you? I will do anything in my power to make you well, if I only knew what would do it."

She turned to him, and said, "Let me see my boy."

The father hastened off at once, though not without an effort (for it cost him much to send for the son whom he had told he never wished to see again), went to the telegraph office, and telegraphed to a friend who knew where he was, to let this poor son know that his mother was very ill, and wanted to see him.

The boy hastened home the moment he received the message, rang the bell with all his might, and when the servant opened the door, was preparing to rush past and upstairs to his mother's room, when he was begged to go gently, as his mother was almost dying.

When he opened the bedroom door, he saw his father standing beside the bed holding one of his wife's hands in his, but without looking at his father he went to the opposite side took the other thin hand in his, and kissed it over and over again. The mother seeing that her husband took no notice of his son, said, "Johnny, speak to your father, and ask him to forgive you."

He said, "Never, mother, will I speak to him; he drove me out of the house, and said he never wished to see me again."

Then the poor dying mother turned to her husband and said, "Husband, speak to our boy."

"Never," he said, "he has killed you, and I will never forgive him."

The poor heart-broken woman just gathered up her last bit of strength, and drew her two hands together, one clasping the hand of the father, the other that of the son, and thus joining their hands, breathed her last, leaving their hands together.

The father and son threw themselves on the bed in an agony of grief. At last the father lifted himself up and said, "We must not separate what *she died in putting together*; I must forgive you, my son."

Touching and suggestive as is the above narrative, it nevertheless comes far short, as every human comparison must, of the grand and glorious truth connected with the infinite sacrifice of the Son of God. No anger existed in the heart of God towards us; there was no need of reconciliation on His side. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son" (John 3. 16).

The Child of the Campaign.

DURING the disastrous retreat of the French army from Moscow, in the days of the First Napoleon, terrible hardships had to be endured. Through the howling tempests and the blinding snows the troops dragged their weary feet, their numbers getting thinner each day.

With the army there were several women who had followed the fortunes of the campaign. One of these was carrying a young child in her arms. Utterly destitute of the instincts of a mother's love, and wishing to be rid of her burden, she watched her opportunity and pitched her child into the snow. The waggon on which she was seated swept on, and the storm effectually drowned the cries of her helpless infant. But the soldiers had observed the inhuman act, and some of them at once rushed back and rescued the little fellow from the jaws of death, restoring him to his ungrateful mother's arms.

Not in the least ashamed of what she had done, she waited for another chance to carry out her fell design, and again threw her child into the snow to perish. But the watchful eyes of these rough soldiers were upon her. They rescued the little one a second time, but never again to trust him to the mercy of that degraded woman.

Taking law into their own hands, they decided she was not worthy to live. Laying hold of her with their half-numbed-fingers, strengthened with the thought of carrying out a righteous retribution, they threw her where she had twice thrown her child. The snow became her winding sheet; she was never seen again!

Opening his greatcoat, one of these rough soldiers reverently and gently laid the little child close to his heart, and shielded him from the icy blast. Thus another soldier, and another, would take his turn in bearing safely onward that weak child whom they had rescued from a snowy grave.

The fortunes of the campaign became more desperate, the hardships increased, the enemy on their rear and flanks drew closer. Rivers had to be crossed, yea battles had to be fought to clear the way for the survivors of that ill-starred expedition.

But amid all the dangers and vicissitudes of the homeward march there was one who was safe and well cared for. Sometimes carried by one soldier, and again by another, it so came about that the little fellow reached Paris safe and sound. These soldiers had saved him from death twice over, and they were not going to leave their work half done. No, they *finished* the work they had begun by shielding and watching the rescued one till they arrived safe in the capital at last.

The care which these kindly soldiers bestowed upon that motherless waif shall be as nothing compared to the infinite tenderness with which the Almighty Redeemer shall lead you on to the city of eternal rest. Only trust Him now and you will be *saved* from Death, *kept* by the power of God, and *safely landed* in Glory.

“ Oh, Mother, yon Prayer ! ”

IN the year 1896, accompanied by several friends, I paid a visit to the church, now in ruins, in which Samuel Rutherford was accustomed to preach, we walked the paths he was wont to tread, sat on the edge of the monument erected by the people of Scotland to his memory, and sang the familiar lines based on his dying words.

A friend of ours told a story of a plough-boy who lived in the same county as “ Fair Anworth by the Solway,” which illustrates the condition of the masses to-day. The youth had been troubled about his soul. He knew that he was a sinner, and unfit to meet a holy and just God. He believed that there were two places, a place of happiness and a place of woe, and dying as he was, hell would be his doom. God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, desires the salvation of all, and, therefore, desired that he should be saved (1 Tim. 2. 1-6). The Holy Spirit strove with him, but he stifled conviction. He had no thought of finally rejecting the Saviour and dying in his sins. He meant to accept of Christ *sometime* but *not then*. He knew his Bible too well to believe that there was any “ second chance ” after death. The lad was guilty of the terrible sin of resisting the Holy Spirit and stifling the call of the heavenly monitor.

One day whilst engaged ploughing in the field he became so troubled about his spiritual condition that he stopped his horses, jumped over a hedge, entered a plantation (or bush) and prayed this terrible prayer: "Oh, God, I don't want to be saved now; take Thy Holy Spirit from me," and returned to his work. From that time till the day of his death, he seemed to be utterly careless about the salvation of his soul. As he lay on his death-bed, memory recalled the fatal day that he refused to accept of God's great salvation. Conscience pierced him with its scorpion sting. His grief-stricken mother, asked for an explanation. This he gave in the sad words, "Oh! mother, yon prayer, yon prayer in the plantation sealed my doom," and soon after he expired.

At an infinite cost God has provided a free, full, and present salvation. It is now pressed on your acceptance. But God won't force you to take it. If you continue procrastinating you may be suddenly cut down in your sins. Delay no longer, for life is most uncertain. "Now is the accepted time," to-morrow may be too late.

While the Candle Burns

AMONG the many thrilling tales told of the Saxon Kings none is more interesting, and brings before us early life in Britain in its rude yet romantic form, than the method adopted of granting pardon to rebels.

One of the very early kings had given much dissatisfaction to a number of his subjects. After murmuring for some time, they rose in rebellion against their sovereign. For a few weeks the rebels on their march seemed to carry all before them, and the movement began to assume dimensions likely to become dangerous and, if allowed to spread, disastrous to the kingdom.

Thoroughly alarmed and aroused, the King gathered round him a trained band of trusty followers and set out to quell the rebellion. Experience and unity in the royal ranks soon overcame the irregular ranks of the insurgents. Several were slain, a few were taken prisoners, but most of them fled to the hills and forests for refuge, no doubt regretting their own rashness and expecting the penalty of death to be their portion.

But the King, having conquered, decided to be merciful, and hit upon a novel method of granting pardons. Lighting a candle, and putting it in a window of his castle, he sent out a proclamation offering a pardon to all who should return "while the candle burns."

How the Saxons must have crept out of their dens and caves to see the flickering flame! Surely they would joyfully rush

to accept such a kingly and gracious pardon ! Alas, no ! Many of them wisely availed themselves of the free pardon, and were happy and free ; but others seemed only to become more rebellious, and to resent such gratitude. Some of the ring-leaders held out to the very last moment, and only yielded under the earnest pleadings of their fellows. A few were " past feeling," and yielded not at all.

The candle of mercy is burning to-day, hence the Royal Proclamation, " Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you *the forgiveness of sins* ; and by Him all that believe are *justified* from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the Law of Moses " (Acts 13. 38, 39). Oh ! wondrous mercy ! Why, oh ! why not accept instantly the forgiveness of all your sins—even as you hold this book in your hand ? Let the voice of a fellow-rebel who has accepted pardon plead, " Do thou likewise."

An Infernal Machine.

DURING the war between Chili and Peru, the Chilian fleet was blockading Callao. The Peruvians, having got sadly the worst of it, resorted to strategy. A little consideration suggested a deadly plot. An " infernal machine," as it was called, it was thought, would soon destroy the best of the Chilian men-of-war blockading their port. Amongst other vessels in the bay was the *Loa*, a fine iron steamer, which had, previously to the outbreak of the war between Chili and Peru, formed one of a Chilian line of steamers plying along the South American coast.

The following description is given of the mode in which the " infernal machine " was constructed, and sent out to perform its fatal work : " A Peruvian officer took an ordinary fruit boat, put a torpedo in the bottom, and over this placed a false bottom resting on springs, so arranged as to be kept down by the weight of the cargo above. He then loaded the boat with a very choice assortment of comotes, uycas, grandillas, turkeys, fowls, green vegetables, etc., and, towing it towards the blockading squadron before daylight, let it go adrift."

How true a name for a torpedo—" infernal machine ! " What a perfect picture of the devil floating his boats down Life's stream, piled up with promises of fortunes and honour, and baited with all that earth can offer, whilst he from his Hell, with fiendish pleasure, watches his dupes !

" All day long the boat floated about, but the Chilians could not see it ; and about five o'clock in the evening, the Peruvians, fearing it might fall into the hands of a neutral vessel—for a

number of these were allowed, under certain circumstances, to remain in the bay—sent out a boat to bring it back. The *Loa* was doing duty, and seeing the boat from shore making towards the neutral vessels, at once started in pursuit. The boat from shore at once beat a hasty retreat. The *Loa* then fell in with the fruit boat prepared by the Peruvians, and having lowered two boats to secure it, the supposed prize was brought alongside, and the unloading at once commenced.

“As the weight of the cargo diminished, the machinery in connection with the torpedo was set in motion, and in a moment 300 pounds of dynamite were exploded. The effect, as described by those who were watching the operation with breathless interest from the shore, was awful in the extreme. The *Loa* was almost lifted out of the water, and appeared to be enveloped in one mass of flame, which resolved itself into dense clouds of black smoke. When this cleared away, she seemed not to have suffered, but suddenly she was observed to sink at the stern, while her bows went high in the air, and the vessel disappeared.”

Let not the sentence be passed on you : “Because I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded ; but ye have set at nought My counsel, and would none of My reproof : I also will laugh at your calamity ; I will mock when your fear cometh ” (Prov. 1. 26).

Tom Needham's Thrilling Story.

THOMAS NEEDHAM was born of Christian parents on the shores of Kenmore Bay, in the South of Ireland, not far from the famous Lakes of Killarney. He was the youngest but one of ten children, all of whom were brought up in the fear of God. At the age of thirteen the lad entered the British Navy, and was in it for several years. On leaving the Navy he entered the mercantile service, and sailed in a brig for South America. The captain of the vessel was an exceedingly ungodly and cruel man. One day a number of sailors were sent off in a small boat on a reasonable pretext in the Bay of St. George, Patagonia, amongst them being Tom Needham. During his stay ashore, without any warning whatever, by instructions from the heartless skipper, he was left behind on that rock-bound coast.

A company of Tehuelche Indians, while hunting seals, captured him, and took him as a prisoner to their camp, three miles distant. Tom's captors were cannibals, and prided themselves on the fact that they never spared a white man. Preparations were immediately made for a “feast,” Tom being handed over

to the squaws to be stripped of his clothing ere he was killed. Whilst this was being done, blank consternation began to be manifest on the women's countenances, and they retreated from their prisoner in confusion. What had produced such a change on the cannibals? Whilst removing Tom's shirt they observed a tattoo of Christ's crucifixion on his right arm. With the object of obliterating the tattoo some pinched the arm, others rubbed it, whilst some washed it with a dissolving liquid. After repeated attempts at erasement the squaws were instructed to dress the sailor.

There can be no doubt that the youth's life was preserved through the tattoo on his arm. The chief took a special liking for the young Irishman, and allowed him many privileges. During his year's captivity in Patagonia he acquired their language, and was allowed to accompany them on their hunting expeditions. In a comparatively short time he became an expert in catching wild cattle with the lasso, and running down ostriches with the *bolus*.

During his enforced sojourn among the cannibals Tom's heart longed for liberty and the society of civilised people. He determined to make a dash for freedom. One day, when the Indians were off their guard, he mounted one of the strongest and fleetest of the horses, and galloped off into the tall pampas. Though several of the "braves" pursued him for about twenty-five miles, he made good his escape. For several days he pursued his journey, crossing rivers and wading through lagoons, picking up whatever eatables he could obtain to keep body and soul together until he reached the confines of civilisation.

On arriving at Parana river a war was raging between Paraguay and Brazil. The Argentine Republic assisted Brazil. Argentine had internal as well as external troubles to contend with. The two parties were respectively called the Colorados and the Blancos. For days the fugitive had been going down the Parana in a canoe which he had seized when he was arrested by a company of Blancos as a spy. In company with three others he was placed in a cart, fastened with lassos, and guarded by a lot of bloodthirsty looking soldiers. Needham was condemned to be shot as a spy, and was led out for execution. The soldiers were placed in position ready to fire.

Ere the word of command was given an extraordinary commotion was observable among the crowd, and a man on horseback appeared. Dismounting, he rushed to an officer standing by, and exclaimed, "Don't you dare shoot that boy. If you do I will hold your country responsible for the outrage. He is either a British or an American subject. I am the Austrian Consul. In the absence of the British and American Consuls

I represent them. If you persist we will send warships and blow your country to pieces." And vigorously waved in the air a parchment document, sealed with various seals. The execution was delayed while a messenger was despatched to headquarters for further instructions. The prisoner was released, and handed over to the care of the Consul, who gave him the paper, which proved invaluable to him during his stay in the South American continent. His heart was filled with gratitude to the Consul for being the means of saving him from death, and he thanked him in true Irish style for his great kindness.

After various stirring experiences and hairbreadth escapes he reached Buenos Ayres, from whence he took passage for England. On reaching Falmouth he learned that all his brothers and sisters were in the city of Boston, United States of America. On reaching Boston, his sisters would not at first believe that he was their long lost Tom. His eldest brother, George C. Needham, the well-known evangelist, identified him, and he was accorded a hearty welcome.

Mr. Earl, an American gossamer, was holding special meetings in the city of Boston. A cousin took Tom to the services. The address that night was based on the words, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting" (Daniel 5. 27). God carried the words home in mighty power to the heart and conscience of Tom Needham, and he was led to see that he was lost, ruined, and condemned, utterly unable to save or to do anything to save himself. That very night Tom laid hold of the glorious fact that the Lord Jesus was "wounded for *his* transgressions, and bruised for *his* iniquities" (Isa. 53. 5), and by believing on Him who loved *him* and gave Himself for *him*, he was pardoned (Acts 10. 43), justified (Acts 13. 39), and saved (Acts 16. 31). He immediately confessed Christ before men, and sought to make known to others the "glad and glorious Gospel." A good number of years have passed since then.

Whilst preaching in a Canadian town he related some of his experiences. At the close of the service an elderly man, in a tremulous tone of voice, extended his hand and invited him to accompany him to his home. As they entered the house Mr. Needham saw a painting of the ship in which he sailed to Patagonia, and at once recognised it. The man then said, "I was the captain of whom you told that story to-day, and I now ask for forgiveness." Needless to say it was freely and fully given, and Mr. Needham had the joy of pointing the man who left him on the Patagonian shore to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29), his subsequent life proving the reality of the change.

The Deathbed of a Ritualist

ALICE was engaged to be married ; she was an only child and heiress. Lovely and accomplished, the world offered her no ordinary attractions. Idolised by her parents, beloved by an accepted suitor, she knew not the meaning of a wish ungratified. On an eminence near the banks of a flowing stream, stood the proud ancestral Hall of her father. Not far distant, in the wooded demesne, was the old Abbey Church.

There had been a change of ministers. The Evangelical pastor had been succeeded by a young Oxford divine, who set to work to restore what he called the customs of antiquity in the ancient edifice.

Alice entered zealously into all the new incumbent's plans and changes, thinking she was thereby devoting her talents to God's service, on festival days she helped to decorate the temple with rare and costly flowers, and she became wrapt up in religious ceremonies and observance of fast days and holy days.

But an unexpected visitor arrived at the mansion. A pale messenger came to Alice. A hectic flush suffused her beautiful face, rendering it, if possible, more lovely still. The eagle eye of a mother's affection soon perceived that the seeds of consumption had been laid. And shortly after, the skilled physician pronounced the heart-rending verdict that her days were numbered.

Alice sank by degrees, and, as she lay on her couch, surrounded with all that wealth could procure, began to think how sad it was to leave her loving friends and all her brilliant prospects, and to go—*where ? where ?* She could not find an answer.

After a while, in some anxiety, she sent for the clergyman. He came. The family were assembled. They all knelt round the bed. He read and intoned the Service for the Sick, administered the Sacrament, and having received her confession, pronounced absolution, after which he also placed his hands on her, blessed her, and pronounced her a good child of the Church. Leaving perfectly satisfied, he assured her parents that "all was right."

Was Alice satisfied ? She had submitted to all. She had endeavoured to join in the service, but in her inmost soul she felt a blank. "Father," said she, "I am going to die. Where am I going ?" He gave no reply. "Mother, darling, can you tell me what I am to do to get to Heaven ?" No reply save tears. "William, you were to be the guide of my life, can you tell me anything of the future ?" No response.

"I'm lost!" she exclaimed. "I'm lost, am I not father? Is there any one who can tell me what I must do to be saved?"

At length the father spoke. "My child, you have always been a dutiful daughter, and have never grieved your parents. You have regularly attended the Abbey Church, and helped in its services, and our clergyman has performed the rites of the Church, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied with your state."

"Alas! father, I feel there is a blank—is that enough? It is no rest to my soul. Oh, I am going to die, and I know not where I am going. All is dark! Can no one teach me what I am to do to get peace with God and go to Heaven?"

Alice was attended by a little maid, who was in the habit of frequenting a meeting held in a barn in the village, where prayer and praise were offered up in simplicity, and where they sang the old hymn:

"There is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains;"

and where she heard words which reminded her of their good old pastor at the Abbey Church. She longed to tell her mistress that she might "wash and be clean," but felt diffident. At last she took courage, and like the Israelitish captive, she told her mistress, "There is a gentleman in the village who preaches and speaks of salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and urges us to accept forgiveness offered by Him."

"Oh, that I could see him!" exclaimed the dying girl. Alice besought her father to invite the stranger to the house. Though he thought it extraordinary, her wish was law.

Again the family assembled, and the man of God entered the room. The dying girl, raising herself, appealed to him. "Can you tell me what I must do to obtain rest, and die at peace with God?" "I fear I cannot."

Alice fell back. "Alas!" said she, "and is it so? Is there no hope for me?"

"Stay," said he; "though I cannot tell you what *you* can do to be saved, I can tell you what *has been done* for you. Jesus Christ, the Saviour God, has completely finished a work by which lost and helpless sinners may be righteously saved. God, who loved the world, saw us in our lost and ruined state. He pitied us, and in love and compassion sent Jesus to die for us; my Bible says, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John 3. 16). The penalty due to sin is death. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' It

was necessary, therefore, that a substitute should be found, that the sinner might be spared. The blessed Son of God, Jesus, left the throne of His glory in Heaven, and came down here to die for us on the Cross. He paid to the utmost farthing the debt due by sinners, and became their Substitute. Thus He *has already* satisfied the justice of God, and now He wants you to credit—to believe that He has taken your place, and died in *your* stead, as *your* Substitute. He says, 'He that believeth hath everlasting life.' "

"Then have I nothing to do?"

"Nothing—but to believe. No doing, working, praying, giving, can give relief to the conscience burdened with a sense of guilt, or rest to the troubled heart. It is not a work done by *you*, but a work done for you by *another*—long ago. Jesus has done all. He has said, 'It is finished.' Through faith in Him you have pardon. It is impossible for a sinner to do aught to save himself. It is impossible to add anything to the finished work of Christ. *Doing* is not God's way of salvation, but believing what God in Christ *has already done for you*."

"I do believe that Jesus died on the Cross for sinners; but how am I to know that God has accepted *me*?"

"If *you* are not satisfied with what He has done, God is—for after that He had died for you, God raised Him up again, and He is now gone back to God. His life Blood was the price He paid for you, and God says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.' When you believe, you are accepted in Him. 'He that believeth on the Son hath life.' Take Christ; believe the message which God sends you, and you may appropriate to yourself the work of His Son, and say, 'For *me* He was thus slain. He was wounded for *my* transgressions; He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was laid upon Him; He is *my* substitute.' Cast yourself in childlike confidence on the atonement already made by the blood-shedding of Christ. Look to 'Jesus only'—to Him who was pierced on Calvary's Cross for your sins."

The awakened sinner listened with breathless attention. The Holy Spirit, through the Word of God, revealed Christ to her soul as her Substitute—as her Saviour. The glad tidings of salvation fell as balm upon her wounded spirit. Her face was lit up with Heaven's sunlight, and looking upwards, she exclaimed, "Oh, what love!"

"Payment God will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

A few days afterwards, Alice departed to be with Christ—blood-bought.

The Advocate or the Judge.

SOME years ago there lived in France a rich baron and his wife. They were very gay and extravagant in their way of living, with no thought either for the present or the future. It so happened that one day the baron died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a very embarrassed state, though of this his wife knew nothing. But there was one who did, and that was a great friend of the baron's, an advocate or lawyer, with whom the baron had spoken freely, and though this wise and kind friend had often tried to persuade him not to be so prodigal, it had produced no effect.

When he heard of the baron's sudden death, he thought to himself he would do all he could for the young widow, so after waiting a short while he went to see her, and found her already thinking of amusement and frivolity, as she had never been much attached to the baron.

After a few words of sympathy he said, "Madam, I have called to speak with you about the baron's affairs, which are very much embarrassed. He often spoke to me about them so that I am acquainted with all the mortgages on his property as well as his debts. If you will put all into my hands, I think I shall be able after a time to set them straight."

The baroness answered, "You are very kind; I will certainly do so some day very soon, when I have the time." The advocate replied, "Do not put it off, madam;" to which she said, "I will send for you in a few days." So he bowed and took his leave.

Day after day passed, and yet she did not send. At last he called again, and began to try and press her to speak of her affairs, but she said, "I have so many engagements I really cannot to-day. You are very kind to be so concerned for me, but if you wait another week I will send for you." Again with a sad heart he retired.

A week passed, and then another and another, and no word from the gay young baroness, and this kind friend felt so anxious that he called again. This time she was a little vexed at his coming without being sent for, and said so to him. "Oh, madam!" he replied, "if you only knew what is at stake, you would not thus speak. I implore you to listen to me *to-day*." She said it was impossible, and he left saying, "Madam, I am afraid you will wait until it is too late, and I shall not be able to help you." She answered lightly, "that she would really send in a few days."

Two days passed when a gentleman called to see the baroness on important business, and was shown into her boudoir. He turned out to be one of her husband's creditors, so she

asked him how much was owing to him, and on being told, she sat down and wrote him a cheque for the amount. Then next day another called, and she gave him his cheque, and then two more came demanding more than she had in the bank. At this she became alarmed, and thought with herself what should she do, when her husband's friend, the advocate, came to her mind. "Oh!" she said, "Mons. said he could arrange my affairs; I will send for him at once," which she did.

When he arrived she told him she wanted him to take her affairs into his hands, for creditors had been calling, and she did not know what to do. "Madam," he replied sadly, and with much pathos, "oh! that you had sent for me yesterday! To-day it is *too late*. I am no longer an advocate, I am a judge, so that instead of pleading *for* you, I am only in the position to pronounce judgment *against* you, for I know all your debts, and can only judge you for them. Oh, that you had sent for me sooner!"

Does not this simple story recall to your mind one blessed, holy Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus (1 Tim. 2. 5).

The Lord Jesus knows His days of acting as a Mediator will soon be past, and He yearns over you; He yearns to settle your case with God before He becomes the Judge. Because He (God) has appointed a Day in which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that Man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead (Acts 17. 31). He who now is in the attitude of a Mediator for you, and longs to serve you in this character, may become your Judge to-morrow. "Behold, the Judge standeth at the door" (James 5. 9).

His First Christmas in Heaven.

CHRISTMAS is the English name for the season in which the birth of Christ is commemorated, though it is becoming more and more associated with sending friendly greetings and presents, or with the happy reunions of loved ones from near and far. Hence the collecting of fir, holly, and mistletoe to decorate the homestead, and "welcome" friends around the Yule log or family hearth.

As a time of reunion with loved ones, surely we all look forward to Christmas with expectant *joy*. No, not all with joy, for to some the vacant seat at the family board is a source of *sorrow* instead of joy. This is borne out by a true incident related by the doctor himself at one of the Conventions in Keswick at which he was a speaker; hence I pass it on to you.

The doctor, whose name is well-known in connection with

Christian work, went one summer with his wife and large family of boys to a coast town for a lengthened holiday. Whilst there one of the boys took ill—his sickness was “indeed unto death”—and with sorrowing hearts the father, mother, and brothers saw little Willie pass from their midst and laid to rest by the sad sea waves. Returning home, the heart of the father seemed to have almost received an incurable wound. Other boys he had, but his loved Willie was not, for God had taken him.

The months from July to December sped quickly by, but the parental heart, instead of getting lighter, seemed to get more and more bowed down under the load of sorrow. The climax seemed to be reached on Christmas morning, when all the family were gathered at the breakfast table. No, not all—one vacant chair, vacant for the first time, told of a break in the family circle, a little grave at the seaside, and a heavy heart at the head of the table.

Sitting in silence and in sorrow the father was observed by one of the other boys, who quickly read the meaning of the tear-filled eyes. Looking across the table, he said : “Father, this will be Willie’s first Christmas in Heaven.” “Ah !” said the father, “I could have blessed that boy for reminding me that if Willie was absent from his earthly father’s board he was ‘far better’ at his Heavenly Father’s table.”

Yet more comfort was to come, for another little fellow, emboldened by the first, exclaimed : “But, father, isn’t it always Christmas in Heaven ?” “Ah !” said the father, “I could have doubly blessed that second boy for reminding me that, through Jesus’ precious Blood, Willie had donned the white robe, never to have it spotted ; had received the crown, never to lay it aside ; had been welcomed into that Land where ‘the Lamb is all the glory.’”

Now, I do not know, nor do I care, whether Christmas will ever be spoken about in Heaven, but this I do know—we shall always have Christ in Heaven ; we shall for ever gaze on that brow once crowned with thorns, now crowned with glory and honour ; we shall for ever have “the Lamb in the midst of the throne” in Heaven (Rev. 22. 3).

But remember—except *you* are “born again” you will never, never be in Heaven (John 3. 3, 7). Hence the great necessity of being really in earnest, as the sands of time so quickly run their course. If, like Willie, I shall be called hence, would it be as a saved sinner washed “in the Blood of the Lamb” (Rev. 7. 14) to be with Christ in glory for all eternity, or would it be as an unsaved sinner, with the wrath of God abiding on me (John 3. 36), to be with the Devil and his angels for evermore ? (Matt. 25. 41).

“You May have My House, John”

JOHN was page-boy to a doctor in London. He wore a uniform, with a row of bright buttons down the front of his coat. John's master loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and often had meetings in his large drawing-room. People would come from all parts of London to these meetings. John had to open the front door when they knocked, and to show them to the drawing-room. When all the people had come, he would sit on a chair near the door and listen to all that was said.

At one of these meetings the subject spoken about was the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Verses were read from the Bible to show that any day He might come and take all who are washed in His blood to Heaven, and leave the rest to be punished for their sins.

When the meeting was over, and all the people had gone, the doctor called his page-boy, and said : “ John, did you listen to what was said at the meeting to-night ? ” “ Yes, sir,” said John. “ Do you understand about the Lord Jesus Coming Again ? ” “ Yes, sir.” “ Well, John, I just wanted to tell you that when He comes I shall not want the things that I now have any more. You may have my house, then, John.”

Such an offer took John by surprise. He could only stammer out his thanks. He was quite taken aback at his good fortune. And in this frame of mind he went off to bed. He could not sleep, however. He lay awake thinking of what his master had said. Presently he asked himself the question, “ Why should I want a house and furniture, carriage, horses, and money when the Lord Comes ? ” He thought how terrible it would be to be left behind, even if he were to become the possessor of such wealth.

By and by he could bear it no longer, so he slipped out of bed and went down the passage to the room where his master slept. He knocked at the door once or twice, when his master opened it. “ Why, John,” said the doctor, “ what is the matter ? What do you want ? ” “ Please, sir,” said John, “ I don't want your house when the Lord Comes.” “ Oh, indeed, don't you ? ” said his master. “ No, sir : and, please, I don't want the carriage and the horses, nor the money.”

“ Well, John, what *do* you want ? ” “ Oh, sir, I want to be ready when the Lord Comes to go with Him to Heaven.”

How glad the good doctor was to hear this. He took his page-boy into the room, and they knelt down together and told the Lord Jesus what John wanted. Before he rose from his knees John was saved ! He put his trust in the Saviour, and all who do so are saved for ever. He was now ready for the Lord's Coming, washed in His precious blood.

John grew up to be a servant of Christ and a preacher of the Gospel. He travelled far and wide, not only telling sinners that the Saviour had died for them, but that He is Coming Again to take all who believe to be with Him for ever.

If He were to come to-day would *you* be ready ? “ Watch ye therefore : for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning : lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping.”

From Nihilism to Christ.

ABOUT thirty years ago Ivan Pannin left his home in Russia, and entered Harvard University, Boston, as a student. During the Nihilistic movement he corresponded with, and helped the revolutionary leaders. He lectured in various States, advocating assassination, if necessary, as a remedy for the woes of the Russian people. “ Although I am sorry to advocate it (assassination), it is the only escape for Russia from the tyranny of autocracy.” Such was his apology for sanctioning this horrid crime.

At the time of the assassination of the Emperor Alexander, Mr. Pannin was in close touch with the Nihilist leaders, most of whom were killed or banished to Siberia. One of them visited the United States to collect funds, and called on him at Boston. They discussed ways and means of furthering the movement. To his surprise the Nihilist quietly said to him : “ The revolutionary executive committee are getting out of funds. Nearly all our supporters in Russia have been killed or sent to Siberia ; their property is confiscated, and we are short of money. What do you think of robbing a bank ? ” “ I cannot be a party to that sort of thing,” was Mr. Pannin’s reply. His longings to liberate his countrymen received a rude shock through the suggestion made to him by the revolutionary leader, and his patriotic ambition became considerably cooled.

General Armstrong, a gentleman who had spent his time and energy in seeking to help Indians and negroes, founder of the famous Hampton Institute, Virginia, paid a visit to Boston. Hearing good reports regarding the brilliant young Russian, and learning from friends that he was willing to spend and be spent in the interests of humanity, he sought and obtained an interview. “ I think you are the man for Hampton,” said the General, adding, “ the salary is nominal, because it is purely a philanthropic institution, and the people that go there must understand that they do so in the spirit of self-sacrifice.” Mr. Pannin replied, “ I want to give my life for the benefit of my fellowmen, the negroes and the Indians.”

Leaving Boston he journeyed to Virginia, and was duly introduced to the sixty white teachers at the Hampton Institute. "For three weeks," said he, "I was very happy. It was delightful to be told by everybody that I was a fine, unselfish, and philanthropic young man, giving my life for the benefit of mankind. One Sunday he asked a coloured teacher why it was that he had never seen him in the dining-room. "Oh!" said he, "don't you know that the coloured teachers have to eat by themselves? We cannot eat with the white teachers." The upshot was that the reforming philanthropist returned to Boston, his ideals of serving humanity in that way having received a rude shock.

Mr. Pannin was a great admirer of Tolstoi and his writings, and gave lectures on the famous Russian. Tolstoi in one of his books professes to have derived great help through Christ's "Sermon on the Mount." Mr. Pannin said to himself, "Pannin, you have always been priding yourself on your scientific honesty, that you were not afraid of the truth. Here is a man who tells you that he has tried to live the sermon on the mount. Supposing you try and see if what he says is true; then the conditions produced in his life ought to be produced in yours. If what he says is not true, you can drop it and let it alone."

Beginning the study of the Scriptures in which that "sermon" is recorded (Matt. 5. 7), he sought to model his life according to its teaching. After an honest trial, he said: "It is not easy to obey the words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." It was not easy for one who had been told that he had a great intellect, a fine mind, etc. I found I was very *rich* in spirit. I had always thought it was proper to be proud, and stand on one's dignity, and if people did not do as you thought they should, set them down as ill-bred men."

As he read the New Testament Scriptures the Holy Spirit revealed to him the fact that his life had been a life of sin and rebellion against God, and that he was guilty, lost, ruined and condemned. His past life filled him with grief. As he thought of the future not a ray of hope could he find to cheer the deepening gloom. God's Word declared that "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23), and he knew that he had earned the "wages." Was there forgiveness for a sinner like him? Was there a way of escape from sin's condemnation?

At last he was led to see that the Lord Jesus had made a complete and perfect satisfaction to offended justice by bearing *his* sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter 2. 24). Since God had accepted Christ as a ransom for his deliverance, he rejoiced in the glorious fact, and found rest and peace in believing, and has since laboured assiduously in word and doctrine in many lands.

The Gates of Pearl.

IT was during my Indian service—stirring times, too, ripe with mutiny and murder. At that time I had in my regiment a little bugler. I had often noticed him as being too fragile and delicate for the life he had to lead ; but he was born in the regiment, and we were bound to make the best of him. His father, as brave a man as ever lived, had been killed in action ; his mother, broken-hearted, had just drooped, and died six months after.

About two years later, when Willie Holt was fourteen, the regiment was bivouacking some miles from the camp. One morning an act of grave indiscipline was reported to me. On investigation, the rascally act was traced to the men in the very tent where Willie Holt was billeted, two of them being the worst characters in the regiment. The whole lot were instantly put under arrest, and tried by court martial, when enough evidence was produced that one of the prisoners was guilty of the crime.

None would own up to being the guilty one, and at last I spoke : “ We have all heard the evidence that proves the perpetrator of last night’s dastardly act to be one of the men before us ; ” then, turning to the prisoners, I added, “ If any one of you who slept in No. 4 tent last night will come forward and take his punishment like a man, the rest will get off free ; but if not, there remains no other alternative but to punish you all—each man in turn to receive ten strokes of the cat.”

For the space of a couple of minutes dead silence followed, then, from the midst of the prisoners, where his slight form had been almost hidden, Willie Holt came forward. He advanced to within a couple of yards from where I sat ; his face was pale ; a fixed intensity of purpose stamped on every line of it, and his steadfast eyes met mine clear and full. “ Colonel,” said he, “ you have passed your word that if any one of those who slept in No. 4 tent last night comes forward to take the punishment the rest shall get off scot-free. I am ready, sir ; and may I take it now ? ”

For a moment I was speechless, so utterly was I taken by surprise ; then, in a fury of anger and disgust, I turned upon the prisoners. “ Is there no man among you worthy of the name ? Are you all cowards enough to let this lad suffer for your wrong acts ? For that he is guiltless you must know as well as I.” But sullen and silent they stood.

Then I turned to the boy, whose patient, pleading eyes were fixed on my face, and never in all my life have I found myself so painfully situated. I knew my word must stand, and the lad knew it, too, as he repeated once more, “ I am ready, sir.”

Sick at heart, I gave the order, and he was led away for punishment. Bravely he stood, with back bared, as one—two—three—strokes descended. At the fourth a faint moan escaped his white lips, and ere the fifth fell a hoarse cry burst from the group of prisoners who had been forced to witness the scene, and with one bound Jim Sykes, the black sheep of the regiment, seized the cat, as with choking, gasping utterance he shouted, "Stop it, Colonel, stop it, and tie me up instead. He didn't do it, I did!" and with convulsed and anguished face he flung his arms round the boy.

Fainting and almost speechless Holt lifted his eyes to the man's face and smiled—yes, a smile. "No, Jim," he whispered, "you are safe now; the Colonel's word will stand." His head fell forward—he had fainted.

The next day as I was making for the hospital tent where the boy lay I met the doctor. "How is the lad?" I asked. "Sinking, Colonel," he said quickly. "What!" I ejaculated, horrified beyond words. "Yes, the shock of yesterday has been too much for his strength. I have known for some months it was only a question of time," he added; "and this affair has hastened matters." Then, gruffly, he exclaimed, "He's more fit for Heaven than earth."

A subdued murmur came from the farther corner of the tent, and the sight that met my eyes I shall never forget. The dying lad lay propped up on pillows, and half-kneeling, half-crouching at his side was Jim Sykes. The change in the boy's face startled me; it was deathly white, but his great eyes were shining with a wonderful strange light.

At that moment the kneeling man lifted his head, and I saw the drops of sweat standing on his brow as he muttered brokenly, "Why did you do it, lad? Why did you?" "Because I wanted to take it for you, Jim," the weak voice answered. "I thought if I did, it might help you to understand a little bit why *Christ died for you*." "Why Christ died for me?" the man repeated slowly. "Yes, He died for you because He loved you as I do, Jim; only He loves you more. I only suffered for one sin, but the Lord Jesus Christ took the punishment of all the sins you have ever committed. The punishment of all your sins was death, Jim, and *He died for you*." "Christ has naught to do with such as me, lad. I'm one of the bad 'uns; you ought to know that." "But He died to save 'bad ones'—just them. He said. 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.' Jim," the voice pleaded, "shall He have died in vain? He has poured out His precious life-blood for you. Knocking; won't you let Him in? Oh! you must—then we shall meet again." The lad's voice failed him, but he laid his hand gently on the man's bowed head.

A choking sob was the only answer, and then for several minutes there was silence.

I felt stirred. I had heard such things once—long ago. Thoughts of the mother I had idolised came floating back out of the dead past, and the words seemed a faint echo of hers. How long I stood there I know not, but I was roused by a hoarse cry from the man, and then I saw that the boy had fallen back on his pillow, faint. A few drops of cordial revived him. He opened his eyes, but they were dim, almost sightless. “Sing to me, mother,” he whispered, “ ‘ The Gates of Pearl ’—I am so tired.”

Curious, in a flash, the words came back to me; I had heard them often in that shadowy past, and I found myself repeating them softly to the dying boy :

“ Though the path be never so steep,
And rough to walk on and hard to keep
It will lead when the weary road is trod
To the Gates of Pearl—the City of God.”

As the last words fell from my lips his eyes brightened and met mine gratefully. “Thank you—Colonel,” he whispered slowly; “I shall soon be there.” His tone of glad confidence seemed so strange, I said involuntarily, “Where?” With a smile he answered, “Why, in Heaven, Colonel! The roll-call has sounded for me; the gates are open; the price paid.” Then softly, dreamily, he repeated :

“ Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come ! ”

Sykes came, I came, *will you come ?*

“If I Die To-night I Shall go to—”

“**W**HAT a strange place for a meeting!” So people thought and said; but the owner of the coach-house, the late Dowager Lady Fowell Buxton, of Cromer, Norfolk, felt honoured in being able to put it to so good an account.

The meeting was over, the audience had dispersed, the young coachman was putting out the lamps, when the gentleman who had been speaking suddenly returned for something he had left behind. Having found it, he was on the point of again leaving, when the coachman’s inquiring look caught his eye. He stayed, and said kindly, “Well, James, have you decided on whose side you mean to take your stand for time and Eternity?” “Indeed, sir,” said the young man lightly, “I think there is plenty of time for the likes of us,” looking at his young wife beside him. “Of course, we hope to go to

Heaven like other people, but we are young, and have a long life before us, and don't trouble about that yet."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. B. kindly, but gravely, "do you trifle *thus* with *eternal* consequences? Will you do one thing for me now—to-night, before you go to bed? Will you take a sheet of paper, and write on it these words, 'If I die to-night, I shall go to Hell!' and fasten it over the head of your bed?" James, who was secretly troubled about his soul, replied respectfully, without thinking much of it at the time, he would do what the gentleman asked him.

They went to their little house in the yard, and, after supper, were just retiring to rest, when his wife said, "O, James! you must do what you promised the gentleman." "So I must! Bring me the ink and some paper, and I will do it now," said he, desperately. Now, James was not a bad man, nor indifferent; but thought if he did his duty, and kept himself out of evil company and the like, he did very well. Of course he was not "fit to die," but he did not think of dying yet; he meant to give it more serious consideration "by and by."

The paper, pen, and ink were brought. James knelt down by the table, and with a flourish began to write in large hand across the paper—"If I die to-night—" and then he stopped and looked at it. Really it was very solemn! It brought death home to him more closely than he had ever had it before. He was serious enough now. And as he pondered it, the clock over the coach-house in the yard struck eleven. It sounded like the knell of his departure—I die to-night! He trembled—he was not ready.

His past life rose before him. His sins moved by in awful, silent review. There was no relief to his mind—no blood that *he* knew—no Cross. He had heard of these things, but had given no heed—like other young men reading this now. Be warned! And if he died to-night—what then? Mechanically his hand wrote, "I'll go to Hell!"

How he started. There, in his own writing, was the answer to his thoughts. The room appeared to grow darker. The gloom on his soul deepened. Could he pin that dreadful sentence over his head and sleep? Never! It made him shudder to think of it. Not in all his life before had he passed through so much. He had not thus faced the truth—he knew it was the truth. What should he do? How escape? He was rivetted to the spot. His eyes were glued to the paper—a sermon, short, pointed, personal, written by himself. Surely his heart must burst; and, as he thought, a drop fell—a tiny drop, but his quick eye caught it—fell on the last letter of that last dread word, and blurred it. Whence came it? Another

fell ! He looked up hastily ; his young wife's eyes were full, and, as he looked, they quite overflowed. 'Twas the last straw.

And drawing her to kneel down there beside him, they wept together. Wept, to think of their thoughtlessness ! Wept, as danger, near, but unfelt before, was felt now : wept, as the sins of their past life came to remembrance !

The clock struck twelve. And as the midnight hour tolled out distinctly on the silent air, they cried anew for mercy, as if the day of mercy, too, were going fast. The night grew cold ; but they felt it not. The icy horror of dying and going to hell was colder still.

The clock struck one. Then James said, " Get down the Bible, wife, and let us see if we can find any comfort there, for this despair is too awful to endure." Eagerly they turned the pages of God's own Word, not knowing where to look, yet in their deep anxiety searching on, sure that here, if anywhere, escape was to be learned. But it seemed to them as if all they saw written there was but a confirmation of their worst fears. Awful holiness of a God forgotten ! Solemn judgment of sin ! Sure wrath to come !

The clock in the yard struck two. They were on their knees still, scanning the sacred page ; now, turning away in agony of soul, as each time they looked but showed them more forcibly the sentence of God against sin.

The clock struck three. No light yet. The candle burned low in the socket, and, as with a last gasp of despair, went out. No thought of rest—their hearts were too heavy.

The clock struck four. The grey light of morning came, but they did not heed it. Darkly brooded the gloom on their souls, needing more than nature's light to dispel. Now James raised his head and again drew the Bible to him, and read ; read, just where it had fallen open when they pushed it from them, " I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins " (Isa. 43. 25). Did his eyes deceive him ? Were these words really there ? How had he not seen them before ? What light shone into his heart ! What hope was in his voice, as, quickly pointing them out to his wife, he tremblingly, yet joyously exclaimed, " See, wife, this is what we want ! Oh, let us look for some confirmation of this word ! "

They turned on, and in the next chapter read in verse 22, " I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto Me ; for I have redeemed thee."

" It is enough, O God," they cried. " We do come to Thee now through thy Son, *our* Saviour Jesus Christ." They raised

their tearful eyes in happy thanksgiving to Heaven, adding, "We praise Thee for so great love, in forgiving so great sinners."

And that summer morning, as the clock in the yard struck five, these two anxious, seeking souls found, what you, reader, may also find—joy and peace through believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

A new life, thus commenced, soon manifested itself; and James shortly began to warn others of that which he had escaped—dying and going to hell.

The Missing Millions.

WEALTH maketh many friends—the wise saying of the wisest man—was never better exemplified than in the case of Mdme. Frederic Humbert, "probably the greatest *brasseur d'affaires*, as the French call it, of the nineteenth century." Owning a magnificent mansion in the Avenue de la Grande Armée; a chateau at St. Germain; a chateau at Melun; a hunting-box at Orsonville; a vineyard of 1000 acres at Narbonne; a steam yacht on the Seine; a large estate in Madagascar; 4000 acres of vines in Tunis, in addition to houses and property in many parts of Paris, she led a life of fashion and pleasure which soon made her one of the most popular figures in the gay capital. Politicians, poets, painters, scientists, officers, financiers, lawyers, doctors, and almost every one of note, visited her house. Connoisseurs of art went to view her gallery of famous pictures; leading actors took part in her brilliant entertainments; and stars of the stage charmed her illustrious guests.

Thus flowed the stream of pleasure for twenty years, during which Madame Humbert is supposed to have borrowed two hundred million francs! On the strength of what? A safe, with its hundred million francs, alleged to have been left her by an American named Crawford, and held in abeyance till a member of the family married her sister, May D'Aurignac. Any question as to the actuality of the possession was set at rest by a leading member of the French Bar, a leading member of the Council of State, a leading Notary of the city, and by the apparent enormity of her wealth, the multitude of her aristocratic friends, and the honourable connections of the Humbert family.

"Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished" (Prov. 13. 11). The flow of gold into her coffers commenced to slacken, the much-needed ready money became scarce, the money-lenders began to press their claims, and the public at last grew suspicious. The famous safe must be opened in the presence

of trustworthy witnesses. Then the crash came! *There were no millions!* The Humbert family disappeared, the Crawfords could not be found, the property had been sold or mortgaged, the wine business was bankrupt, the masterpieces in her gallery of art had been sold and replaced by shams, the money-spending "diamond" had badly cut the money-lending "diamonds," the plebians had been hoaxed, the public had been deceived, the whole fabric was one huge fraud.

So decided the Assize Court of Paris on the 22nd August, 1903, when they sentenced Theresa and Frederic Humbert each to five years of solitary confinement, and Roman and Emile D'Aurignac to three and two years respectively.

Truth, which is ever stranger than fiction, has thus shown again that the story of sin is universally the same. "*At the first*" it appears bright and beautiful—roses strew the path and music fills the air. "*At the last* it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder" (Prov. 23. 32)—cobra-like, raising its ugly head and darting forth its deadly fang at the most unexpected or inopportune moment; or adder-like, hiding in the path and biting the horse's heels from behind, either frontal or rear attack carrying home with convicting force the truth, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

The Puzzled Clergyman

A CONGREGATION was dispersing from the door of the village church. Some passed quietly homeward; others waited for a few minutes' chat with friends and neighbours under the shade of the old trees; while tasteful dresses fluttered in the breeze.

"Come and lunch at the castle, Mr. Vivyan; you will meet several friends. You cannot?—Then join our party to the cathedral this afternoon. Some will ride, and the rest take the boat down the lake, and have the carriage to meet them at the other side. Sir Arthur says it is so naughty of us to take the horses out on Sunday, but I think Selina would die without her church music in the evening."

"Oh, we all should," said two or three young voices; and the brothers and sisters began to arrange their plans with Mr. Vivyan, but with a courteous "No," to every tempting proposition, he took a hasty leave, and was gone.

Into the deep shades of his own wooded demesne, Charles Vivyan wandered on, hour after hour, as though some haunting spirit suffered him not to rest. And what are the words that ring through his brain, and pursue him from scene to scene? They are those of the text which had that day formed the preacher's message, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a

man be born again, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God" (John 3. 3).

How strange, that words so well known, so familiar, should suddenly have power to raise a tempest in the soul! Though the words were familiar, *meaning* was new. "If the announcement is for all then it is for *me*," was the oft repeated thought. Never had he heard words so penetrating.

And yet it was a quiet discourse that Vivyan had heard.

"How clearly Mr. Langdale seemed to prove the necessity of *regeneration*! If it be essential for all, it must be essential for *me*. There is no use deceiving myself; I had rather look the truth in the face; most certainly *I* have never known such transformation. They talk of baptism and education: well, no doubt, the thing differs in various cases—Mr. Langdale said so. In some it may be gradual—slowly progressive. But one thing strikes me, that whenever or however the change takes place, it must be a *real* change, a new state of things, and give a spiritual sensibility, which *I do not possess*.

"But after all," thought Vivyan, as he turned homewards, "after all, *who ever* experienced this wonderful transition? That's what I should like to know. If I could meet with anyone who would honestly tell me that he knew what it was, who had actually felt that renewing grace of God, and had really passed into a state different from that of fallen nature, why, then I should believe it. Of course, being in the Bible, it must be true; but still, somehow, a thing seems so shadowy when you learn it only from a book. I should like to see a practical example in real life.

The Rev. Edward Langdale was in his study, closely engaged in the preparation of an elaborate essay on Faith, when his servant entered with a note. It was from Vivyan, inviting him to dinner on the same day. Mr. Langdale hastily wrote, a few lines of acceptance, and then as the servant left the room threw himself back, and sighed wearily, "What an evening I shall have!" he exclaimed; "there will be nothing congenial, nothing to 'refresh a weary brain.' Vivyan is a good fellow, but his mind is all run to waste. He and his friends seem to spend their lives in 'strenuous idleness'; and there is but the ordinary bald chat of the dinner-table. I do wish people would not think it a duty to ask me to dine. But what's this?" he added, turning over the second page of the note, "he says 'I have to apologise for offering you only my own company; as I am anxious for an opportunity for a talk alone, on a subject which disturbs my mind.' Who'd have thought of Vivyan's mind being disturbed about anything beyond his horses and dogs? and in either case I should

be a miserable adviser. What can it be ? ” And Mr. Langdale indulged in a few turns up and down the room, speculating what Vivyan could mean. “ Well,” he said at last, “ if it is some knotty point in *theology* that puzzles his brain, he has applied to the right quarter.”

A few hours after, and they were at the dinner-table, the pale young clergyman conversing on ordinary topics with scholarly grace, and the host cheerfully doing the honours of a hospitable board. At last, the desert and coffee were on the table, the servants withdrew, and they were alone.

Mr. Langdale said, “ You mentioned in your note that there was something you wished to talk over with me.”

“ I am glad you have asked me about it,” Vivyan said cordially, with a sigh of relief ; “ I should never have been able to introduce it myself. Yes, Mr. Langdale, it is upon the subject of your sermon last Sunday, which I am anxious to discuss with you, if you will allow me.”

“ I shall be most happy,” Mr. Langdale replied, with a gratified air.

“ What I want to know is this,” said Vivyan, with abrupt vehemence ; “ is it a *real* and *practical* thing ? ”

“ To what do you allude ? ”

“ To regeneration, or the new birth, spoken of in your text, and which you so clearly demonstrated to be essential to salvation. I want to know whether this is a mere theory—a theological dream,—or is it, as I said, a real and actual change ? ”

“ Can you doubt it ? ” said Mr. Langdale, with some surprise. “ There are those, indeed, who speak of this figure as a bold orientalism, but the passage itself refutes that. The word in the original has the force of ‘ born from above ’ as well as ‘ born again,’ which implies that the soul now enters upon a celestial existence ; recovers, as it were, its long-lost sonship in the household of God. And it is obvious that no mere outward reformation ever endued a man with new powers of spiritual discernment, or, in the words of Scripture, led him to ‘ see the Kingdom of God.’ Again, the figure is repeatedly changed, but never weakened. It always expresses a *complete transition* from one state of existence to another. For instance, it is called a passing from ‘ death unto life ’ (John 5. 24), from ‘ darkness to light ’ (Acts 26. 18), a ‘ translation ’ from the kingdom of Satan to that of Christ (Col. 1. 13), and the figure of the resurrection is repeatedly used to illustrate the greatness of the change, and its life-giving power to the soul (Rom. 6. 4 ; Eph. 2. 1 ; Col. 3. 1). I cannot myself imagine, how in the face of such a mass of Scripture evidence, anyone can attempt to support an opposite theory.”

"It is then," said Vivyan, "a genuine transformation that the soul undergoes while in this world?"

"Unquestionably," Mr. Langdale replied,—feeling a little disconcerted at Vivyan's matter-of-fact handling of a subject with so earnest a gaze of his anxious eyes.

"And how does it take place?" Vivyan asked with intense interest.

Mr. Langdale shrank from such close dealing, for his sensitive spirit felt that it was experimental religion needed here; theological skill was powerless to meet the cravings of any anxious soul. "There is some diversity of opinion among the schoolmen," he began thoughtfully; but Vivyan hastily interrupted.

"Never mind the schoolmen; books and theories are all humbug when a man is anxious;" then, meeting a look almost of embarrassment, he added in a low tone of deep feeling, "Excuse me, Mr. Langdale, but my soul is stirred as to this. Eternity seems at stake, and I am groping in darkness, and can see no light. Tell me, I implore you, *who* has known this wondrous change? Is it a thing that *really* takes place? I, a word, *have you*——?"

The table shook with the agitation of Vivyan's strong frame and his quivering lips refused to finish the sentence. But it was not needed, for he was answered in the ashy paleness that overspread Mr. Langdale's face, and in a few moments with a look of anguish he turned away, and buried his face in his trembling hands.

Vivyan was inexpressibly shocked, deeply reproaching himself for his inconsiderate abruptness; rising from table, he stood leaning against the open window. Lost in thought, he knew not how the time passed, till he felt a hand laid upon his arm, and heard a voice whisper, "My brother, let us pray"—Vivyan turned quickly. His pastor stood before him, with so touching an expression and so pale a face, that, strong man as he was, the tears rushed to his eyes. He saw in a moment that they were to seek together for that grace that both equally needed, and had to implore the help of the Holy Spirit who alone can change the heart of those who promise to seek Him in sincerity. He grasped Langdale's hand, and said with a choked utterance, "Let us go to the library; we shall be undisturbed there."

With "the door shut," and none to know what passed between their souls and God, let us wait until "He who seeth in secret shall reward them openly."

Sunday after Sunday passed; and, to the surprise of the congregation, the pulpit was for weeks occupied by strangers. At length the day came when the pastor again occupied his

accustomed pulpit. But oh, how changed was his preaching ! Not less learned—or less studied—or less finished than before. No ; but now his words glowed with life, and were full of power—yes—the altar had for long been heaped with wood for the offering ; it needed but a Divine touch to kindle it to a glorious flame. Now, with a realising sense of the Divine presence, with what intense feeling, with what deep fervour did he speak of Him whom his soul had *found* and loved. How earnestly did he invite his hearers to come unto Him who is the Way, the Truth, the Life ! His listeners “ marvelled,” and felt the deep reality of the change : they indeed “ took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus.” And when at the close, he acknowledged, with deep humility, and in tears, the change which his own soul had known, he earnestly invited them *all* to come to that Saviour that he had now found. Then, indeed, were his listeners moved to the soul. Strong men bowed their heads and wept. And Vivyan, with thankful heart, openly gave himself, soul and body, for his Redeemer’s service. It was a day much to be remembered.

Do you ask, “ How can these things be ? ” The answer is in God’s Word, and was proved in experience in the story given above.

“ As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the Sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born . . . of God ” (John 1. 12-13).

They received Christ as Saviour and Lord, and so doing were “ Born Again.” Have you yet received Him ?

Archibald Boyle

ABOUT ninety years ago there was in Glasgow a club of gentlemen of the first rank in that city. They met professedly for card-playing, but the members were distinguished by such a fearless excess of profligacy, as to obtain for it the name of “ The Hell Club.” They gloried in the name they had acquired for themselves, and nothing that could merit it was left untried.

Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held a grand annual festival, at which each member endeavoured to “ outdo all his former outdoings,” in drunkenness, blasphemy, and licentiousness. Of all who shone on these occasions, none shone so brightly as Archibald Boyle.

Boyle had been at one time a youth of the richest promise, being possessed of dazzling talents and fascinating manners. No acquirement was too high for his ability ; but unfortunately there was none too low for his ambition ! Educated by a fond and foolishly indulgent mother, he early met in society with

members of "The Hell Club." His elegance, wit, gaiety, and versatility of talent, united to the gifts of fortune, made him a most desirable victim for them; and a slave, glorying in his bondage, he quickly became. Long before he was five and twenty, he was one of the most accomplished blackguards it could number on its lists. To him what were Heaven, Hell, or Eternity? Words; mere words, that served no purpose, but to point his blasphemous wit, or nerve his execrations! To him what glory was there equal to that of hearing himself pronounced "The very life of the Club"?

Yet, while all within that heart was festering in corruption he retained all his remarkable beauty of face and person, all his external elegance of manner; and continued an acknowledged favourite in the fairest female society of the day.

One night, on retiring to sleep, after returning from one of the annual meetings of the club, Boyle dreamt that he was still riding as usual, upon his famous black horse, towards his own house—then a country-seat embowered in ancient trees, and situated upon a hill now built over by the most fashionable part of Glasgow—and that he was suddenly accosted by some one, whose personal appearance he could not, in the gloom of night, discern, but who, seizing the reins, said, in a voice apparently accustomed to command: "You must go with me!" "And who are you?" exclaimed Boyle, with a volley of blasphemous execrations, while he struggled to disengage his reins from the intruder's grasp. "That you will see by and by," replied the same voice, in a cold sneering tone, that thrilled through his very heart. Boyle plunged his spurs into the panting sides of his steed. The noble animal reared, and then suddenly darted forward with a speed that nearly deprived his rider of breath; but in vain, in vain!—fleeter than the wind he flew the mysterious half-seen guide still before.

Agonized by he knew not what of indescribable horror and awe, Boyle again furiously spurred the gallant horse. It fiercely reared and plunged, he lost his seat and expected at the moment to be dashed to the earth. But not so, for he continued to fall—fall—fall it appeared to himself with an ever increasing velocity. At length, this terrific rapidity of motion abated, and to his amazement and horror he perceived that his mysterious attendant was close by his side. "Where," he exclaimed, in the frantic energy of despair, "where are you taking me—where am I—where am I going?" "To Hell," replied the same iron voice, and from the depths below, the sound so familiar to his lips was suddenly re-echoed.

"To Hell," onward, onward they hurried in the darkness, rendered more horrible still by the conscious presence of his spectral conductor. At length, a glimmering light appeared

in the distance, and soon increased to a blaze, but as they approached it, in addition to the hideously discordant groans and yells of despair, his ears were assailed with what seemed to be the echoes of frantic revelry. They soon reached an arched entrance, of such stupendous magnificence, that all the grandeur of this world seemed in comparison but as the frail and dingy labours of the poor mole. Within it, what a scene ! too awful to be described.

Boyle at length perceived that he was surrounded by those whom he had known on earth, but were sometime dead, each one of them betraying his agony at the bitter recollections of the vain pursuits that had engrossed his time here—time lent to prepare for a far different scene !

Suddenly observing that his unearthly conductor had disappeared he felt so relieved by his absence, that he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D—— ! whom he saw sitting with eyes fixed in intense earnestness, as she was wont on earth. apparently absorbed at her favourite game of loo. “ Ha, Mrs. D—— ! delighted to see you ; d’ye know a fellow told me to-night he was bringing me to Hell—ha, ha ! If this is Hell,” said he scoffingly, what a devilish pleasant place. My good Mrs. D——, for auld lang syne, do just stop for a moment, rest, and “ show me through the pleasures of Hell,” he was going, with a reckless profanity, to add, but, with a shriek that seemed to cleave through his very soul, she exclaimed, “ Rest, there is no rest in Hell,” and from interminable vaults, voices as loud as thunder, repeated the awful, the heart-withering sound, “ There is no rest in Hell ! ”

He rushed away ; but as he fled, he saw those whom he knew must have been dead for thousands of years, still absorbed in the recollections of their sinful pleasures on earth, and toiling on through their eternity of woe. The vivid reminiscences of their godlessness on earth inflicted on them the bitterest pang of their doom in hell.

He saw Maxwell, the former companion of his own profligacy, borne along in incessant movement, mocked by the creations of his frenzied mind, as if intent on still pursuing the headlong chase. “ Stop, Harry, stop ! Speak to me ! Oh, rest one moment ! ” Scarce had the words been breathed from his faltering lips, when again his terror stricken ear was stunned with the same wild yell of agony, re-echoed by ten thousand thousand voices : “ There is no rest in Hell ! ”

Boyle tried to shut his eyes. He found he could not. He threw himself down, but the pavement of Hell, as with a living instinctive movement, rejected him from its surface, and, forced upon his feet, he found himself compelled to gaze with still increasing intensity of horror at the ever changing yet

eversteady torrent of eternal torment. And this was Hell !—the scoffer's jest—the byword of the profligate !

All at once he perceived that his unearthly conductor was once more by his side. " Take me ! " shrieked Boyle, " take me from this place. By the living God, whose name I have so often outraged, I adjure thee, take me from this place ! " " Canst thou still name his name ? " said the fiend, with a hideous sneer ; " go, then ; but in a year and a day, we meet, to part no more ! "

Boyle awoke, feeling as if the words of the Fiend were traced in letters of living fire upon his heart and brain. Unable, from actual bodily ailment, to leave his bed for several days, the horrid vision had full time to take effect upon his mind ; and many were the pangs of tardy remorse and ill-defined terror that beset his vice-stained soul as he lay in darkness and seclusion, to him so very unusual. He resolved, utterly and for ever, to forsake " The Club." Above all, he determined that nothing in earth should tempt him to join the next annual festival.

The companions of his licentiousness flocked around him ; and finding that his deep dejection of mind did not disappear with his bodily ailment and that it arose from some cause which disinclined him from seeking or enjoying their accustomed orgies, they became alarmed with the idea of losing " the life of the Club," and they bound themselves by an oath never to desist till they had discovered what was the matter with him and had cured him of playing the Methodist ; for their alarm as to " losing the life of the Club " had been wrought up to the highest pitch, by one of their number declaring that, on unexpectedly entering Boyle's room, he detected him in the act of hastily hiding a book, which he actually believed was the Bible.

Alas ! had poor Boyle possessed sufficient true moral courage and dignity of character not to have hidden the Bible, how different might have been his future ! but like many a hopeful youth, he was ashamed to avow his convictions, and to take his stand for God, and his ruin was the result.

After a time one of his compeers more deeply cunning than the rest, bethought himself of assuming an air of the deepest disgust with the world, the Club, and the mode of life they had been pursuing. He affected to seek Boyle's company in a mood of congenial melancholy, and to sympathise in all his feelings. Then he succeeded in betraying him into a much misplaced confidence as to his dream, and the effect it had upon his mind. The result may readily be guessed. His confidence was betrayed—his feeling of repentance ridiculed ; and it will easily be believed that he who " hid the Bible " had

not nerve to stand the ribald jests of his profligate companions.

We cannot trace the descent, and would not, if we could. Suffice it to say, that virtuous resolutions were broken—prayers once offered, all was lost! Yet not lost without such a fell struggle between the convictions of conscience and the spirit of evil, as wrung the colour from his young cheek, and made him, ere the year was done, a haggard and a grey-haired man.

From the annual meeting he shrunk with an instinctive horror, and made up his mind utterly to avoid it! Well aware of this resolve, his tempters determined he should have no choice. Boyle found himself, he could not tell how, seated at that table on that very day, where he had sworn to himself a thousand and a thousand times nothing on earth should make him sit.

His ears tingled, and his eyes swam, as he listened to the opening sentence of the president's address: "Gentlemen, this is leap year, therefore it is a year and a day since our last annual meeting."

Every nerve in Boyle's body twinged at the ominous, well-remembered words. His first impulse was to rise and fly; but then, the sneers! the sneers!

He was more than ever plied with the wine, applause, and every other species of excitement, but in vain. His mirth, his wit, were like the lurid flashes from the bosom of a brooding thunder cloud, that pass and leave it all darker than before; and his laugh sounded fiendish even to the evil ears that heard it.

The night was gloomy, with fitful gusts of chill and howling wind, as Boyle, with fevered nerves and reeling brain, mounted his horse to return home. The following morning the well-known black steed was found, with saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing on the roadside, about half-way to Boyle's country house, and a few yards from it lay the stiffened corpse of its master.

Although this was but a dream, it is nevertheless a well-authenticated fact; and God, who has the power of communication with the minds of His creatures, did doubtless speak by this dream to poor Archibald Boyle, and through the same dream He now speaks to you. "Flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. 3. 7).

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