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*BY THE SAME AUTHOR.*

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**THE ANNA SHIPTON SERIES.**

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**Tell Jesus.**

**Waiting Hours.**

**Way-side Service.**

**Asked of God.**

**The Lost Blessing.**

**The Secret of the Lord.**

**The Promise and the Promiser.**

**The Watchtower in the Wilderness.**

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**THOMAS Y. CROWELL, Publisher,**

**744 Broadway, New York.**

# PRECIOUS GEMS

FOR

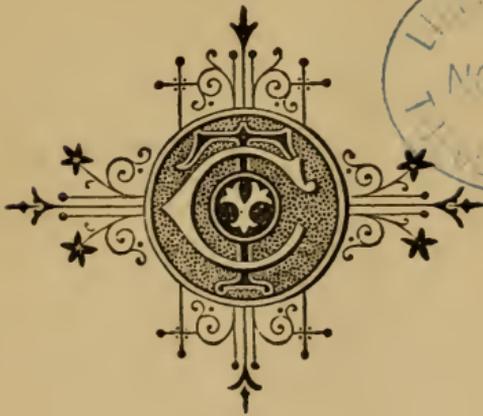
## THE SAVIOUR'S DIADEM.

BY

ANNA SHIPTON,

AUTHOR OF "TELL JESUS," "WAITING HOURS," "ASKED OF GOD,"  
"SECRET OF THE LORD," "THE WATCH TOWER,"  
"WAYSIDE SERVICE," ETC.

*NEW AND REVISED EDITION.*



NEW YORK:  
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.,

No. 13 ASTOR PLACE.



UNTO

*THE KING WITH MANY CROWNS,*

WHO TURNETH THE SHADOW OF DEATH  
INTO THE MORNING,

I commit these True Narratives of His Grace,

IN FAITH THAT HE WILL BLESS THEM  
FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.



## P R E F A C E.

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*"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." — Mal. iii. 17.*

A RAGGED boy from a desolate attic in Spitalfields ; a Rag-sorter from a kitchen in Kentish Town ; a poor blind Servant in the Union ; a blaspheming Sailor, — and such as these, are your 'PRECIOUS GEMS!'

Nay, dear Friend, not mine, but the Redeemer's : "The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Bought with His blood, fair in His comeliness, He hath put upon them that robe of perfect righteousness which He hath wrought for them. Behold the despised children of the earth now altogether fair, and standing in holy confidence in the presence of the King in His beauty, "sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty!"

There amid the Marys and Manassehs, publican-Matthews and dying thieves, mayest thou hereafter behold them; seeing the Lord's invitation to thee and to me proclaimeth, "Whosoever *will*, let him come."

Think not, because you find here the little ones of the flock, that therefore they cannot speak but to children. Try them. The old man loveth the lisping babe; the wise oftentimes learn from childhood's simple wisdom; nor will the foolish have wandered astray, if he finds himself at the feet of one whom the Lord Jesus hath taken up in His arms, laid His hands upon, and blessed. He waiteth to be gracious to him — to all who will come.

If thou art rich and nobly born, scorn not their record because on earth they were poor. If thou art strong, despise them not because they are feeble; if thou art eloquent, bid them not be silent, for they speak according to the law and the testimony — "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength." (Ps. viii. 2.)

I send them forth into the dark places of

the earth — whether it be a lighted drawing-room, or by the weaver's loom, amid the mothers' meetings, or in the children's corner — the blessing of the Lord goeth with them.

“Tell me, which of them will love Him most?” Do we not see in these words the answer to all the objections of which the revealed secrets of the Pharisee's heart are the example? Is it not the consciousness of the imminent peril from which we have been rescued that endears the Deliverer? Is it not the sense of that low estate, which has sunk us beneath the reach of human compassion, that fills the heart with that devotion of love which draws us to the one true, the one faithful Friend, who stoops to comfort and to raise those whom the world passes by as out of the pale of hope? And do we not gather from this question, “Tell me, which of them will *love* Him most?” what it is the Saviour is seeking on earth? and that they, whose hearts are most with love to Him, stand the nearest to Him?

What is it that quenches the enmity of the

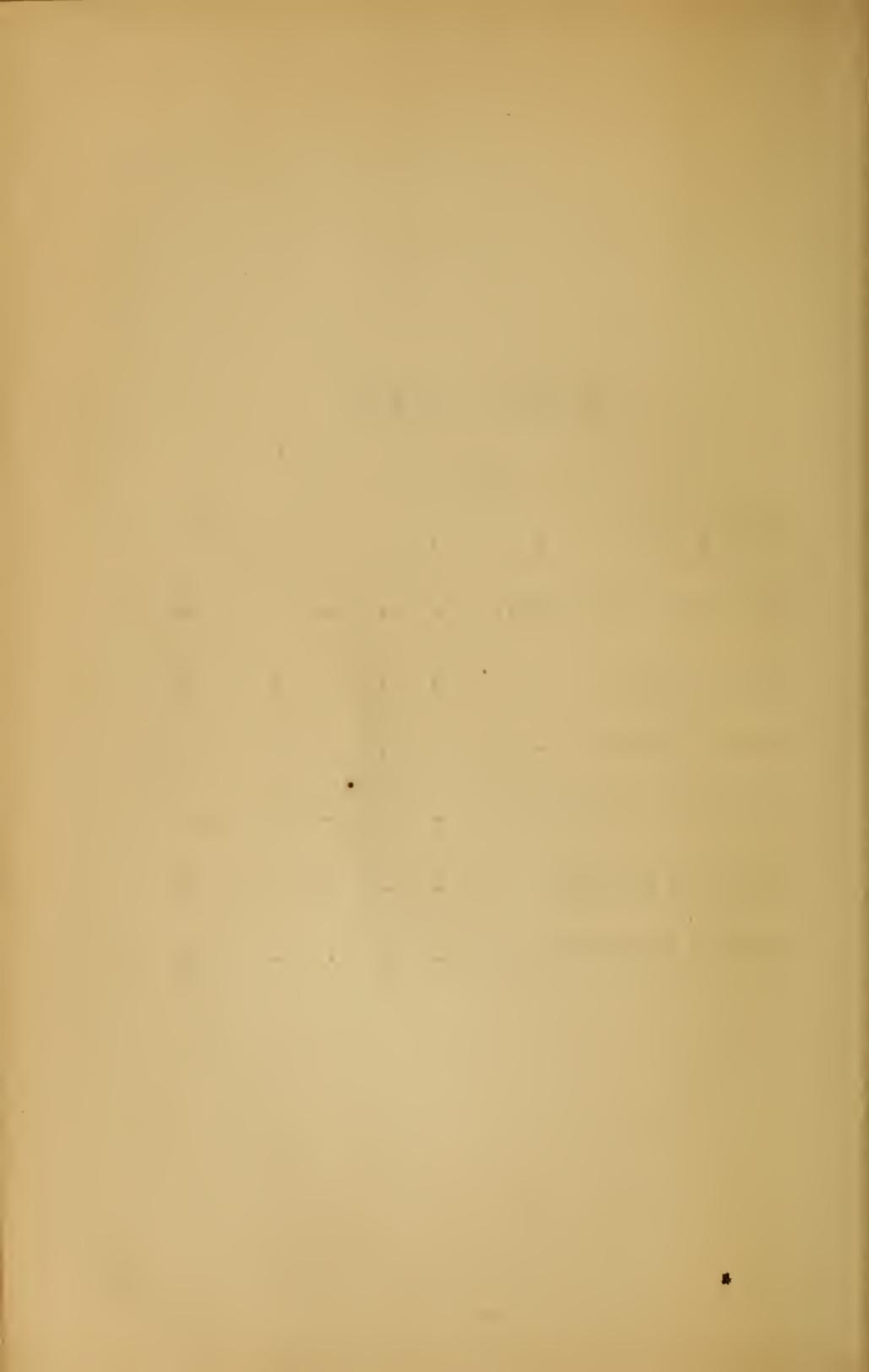
carnal mind against God? what is it wins back the heart of the prodigal when it has gone hopelessly astray — but the *love* of God to *sinners*, “yet dead in sins,” suddenly unveiled and allowed to shine forth in all its unclouded effulgence in the face of Jesus Christ? It is this unveiling of Divine mercy to the ungodly in the proclamation of an immediate salvation to the lost, in whatever stage of danger they may be, that is accomplishing the wondrous work of grace of which tidings are reaching us from every quarter.

And you, dear Reader, if you can call their Father your Father, their God your God, lift up your heart for these little wayside wanderers; let them glean their short hour in the fields, white already to harvest; nay, drop some ears for them out of thine own sheaves, if thou art in the service of the same Master; for they also would serve while waiting for the promise, that “they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.” (Dan. xii. 3.)

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“ THE FATHER LOVETH THE SON, AND HATH GIVEN  
ALL THINGS INTO HIS HAND.

HE THAT BELIEVETH ON THE SON HATH EVERLASTING LIFE :

AND HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT THE SON  
SHALL NOT SEE LIFE ; BUT THE WRATH OF GOD  
ABIDETH ON HIM.”

*John III. 35, 36.*

## THE WEDDING GUESTS.

"LOVEST THOU ME MORE THAN THESE?" — *John* xxi. 15.

THE feast is spread, the Master waits,  
And North and South, and East and West,  
There issues through the golden gates  
A welcome to each wedding Guest.

Where are they? For a crowd should throng  
This festal day the royal board:  
Yet, silent is the joyful song,  
No answer greets a gracious Lord!

Hark! murmurs and excuses rise,  
And sordid Care hath stronger charm;  
One turns him to his merchandise,  
Another pleads his thriving farm!

Around an Idol's shrine they sing,  
Upon its godless worship bent,  
Nor heed the summons of the King,  
And scorn the Messenger He sent.

Will ye not hearken, and draw near?  
Behold! still waits an open door!  
Wake, slumberers! Rise! and wakened, hear!  
Ah! have ye never heard before?

. . . . .

Into the city's lanes the cry,  
"All things are ready," rolls along,  
Highways and hedges wandering by,  
Far sweeter than an angel's song.

And lo, they come! the deaf, the lame,  
The broken-hearted, and the blind:  
*They* only know the Lord by name,  
Yet not the lamest lags behind.

Wrapped in the fair and seamless dress,  
All suited to their regal home,  
Safe in a Saviour's righteousness,  
Behold the eager wanderers come.

Just as they are, in all their need,  
In poverty and sore disease,  
Hunger and thirst they only plead;  
Lov'st thou the Lord, then, more than these?

Who nothing hath, hath nought to bring!  
So enter, sinner, take thy rest;  
Trust in the word of Christ our King,  
And be a welcome wedding guest.

## “JUST LIKE ME!”

BUT NOW IN CHRIST JESUS YE WHO SOMETIMES WERE FAR OFF ARE  
MADE NIGH BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.” — *Eph.* ii. 13.

“JUST like me!” in darkness straying,  
Lost amid the snares of death,  
Satan’s wiles my feet betraying  
Down to hell that lurked beneath ;  
Love and mercy followed me —  
And a strong arm set *thee* free.

“Just like me!” — the Saviour found me,  
When the wild flood o’er me rolled,  
And He brake the bonds that bound thee,  
And He wooed thee to His fold ;  
“A long way off!” — a long time He  
Had watched to save thee — just like me!

‘A long way off’ from Christ and glory,  
“A long way off” from joy and home ;  
None told the sweet peace-giving story,  
Yet Jesus whispered, “Sinner, come !  
Behold, I bore the curse for thee ;  
My Father loves thee — come to ME !”

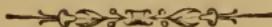
And now from Satan’s wiles and sorrow,  
And sin, and poverty, and loss —  
*A long way off!* — a cloudless morrow  
Breaks o’er the dark noon of the Cross.  
The wanderer hath found a rest  
Upon a risen Saviour’s breast!



## WHICH WAY?

OR,

“FETCH THEM IN, AND TELL THEM OF JESUS.”



*“The way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.” — Jer. x. 23.*

THE warfare of a child of God is often on a visible battle-field, open alike to the observation of the Church and a scoffing world; but there are times, as he proceeds on his wilderness journey, when his successes may be less apparent than his defeats. On many a combat the door of the closet is closed; the God of victories and the great cloud of witnesses alone behold the result, over which angels strike their golden harps in glory to the Lamb.

“We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places;” or, as the margin gives, “wicked spirits in heavenly places.”

The great Adversary of souls has persecuted God's people with fire and sword, and he may do so again; but this is not the form of his attack now; to-day he is transformed as an angel of light; wresting the word of God to support false doctrine, making anti-christ of works, and prayers, and ordinances, calling good evil and evil good, and having a form of godliness without the power thereof, deceiving the unwary.

The Church is surrounded by more subtle dangers than in her days of persecution, when martyrs sang praises in their dungeons and at the stake; the enemies of the truth judged somewhat of the power of the cross by the readiness of its followers to suffer, and, if need be, to die for their faith.

But is there no stake, no scourge, or prison-

house now, for the followers of the Lamb? For the promise is still the same, that "those who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Let those declare, who have fought in their own strength and failed, and those who have put on the whole armor of God, and, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, have conquered. Satan is still the same evil spirit who, assuming the form that pleased him, won the ear of our first mother: the same that, through the familiar friend of our Divine Master, would have tempted the Saviour of sinners to pity Himself, and shun the completion of the sacrifice for sin, for a ruined, guilty world.

The temptation to forsake the path of duty for the world's empty pleasures or its praise, is seldom offered to a child of God. By faith he has beheld the goodly land flowing with milk and honey, and tasted of the fruit thereof; to him the mirth of the world is heaviness, and its gifts have no charms; he knows their utter worthlessness. There are trials, many and sharp, on his way (it is part

of his earthly heritage), but these are not among them; and truly, if he had been mindful of that country from whence he came out, he might have had opportunity to have returned; but now he desires a better country, that is, an heavenly; "wherefore God is not ashamed to be called his God, for He hath prepared for him a city."

Satan has other weapons, and his policy is more to be regarded than his power; he comes with snares to perplex, when he cannot hinder or impede; to disturb the serenity of the spirit, when he cannot draw the foot aside. But this is provided for in the covenant of grace. It is not the dexterity of the workman on which the Father's eye rests with complacency, but the person of His beloved Son, in whom He is well pleased, and therefore with His Church in Him. The peace of the believer, when troubled at his own apparent failures, finds its refuge in the perfection of Him whom in simple faith he strives to follow.

There may arise two or more objects ar-

rayed as duties, in the form of *opportunity* and *expediency*, to ensnare, perplexing an otherwise plain path, until light has been sought from Him who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

When the man of God *went*, by the word of the Lord, to Bethel, to prophesy against the idolatry of Jeroboam (1 Kings xiii.), he kept the direction faithfully in view; nor for half the king's house would he eat or drink at the royal table. Nor did the Lord disregard His servant in the path He had assigned him, but protected and honored him in it. The monarch was forced to respect the messenger of the Most High in his office, and the daring hand raised against him was withered, ere it could harm a hair of his head, and was restored only by the prayer of him it was outstretched to destroy.

So far the prophet had faithfully executed his commission, the prophecy had been pronounced, the miracle had been wrought; but that part of the command which concerned the individual *walk* of the messenger him-

self still remained, to test his perfect obedience.

While following the word of the Lord as it was revealed to *himself*, the man of God walked unscathed amid snares and dangers of no common order; but before a lie in the mouth of a stranger, his foot was drawn aside, and he fell. In listening to what only appeared to be from God, he was taken in the snare Satan had laid for him, and he turned back by the way; he did eat bread and drink water in that place in which the Lord had said, "Thou shalt eat no bread and drink no water, nor turn again by the way that thou camest." The faithfulness of the Lord's servant in one clause of his duty was not the less important in the sight of Jehovah, than the rending of the altar, or the delivery of the message to Jeroboam: and this is forcibly expressed by the end. It was when he was out of the way that the lion met him and slew him.

The child of God who wanders out of the path of obedience (and who does not?) may

be permitted to feel the terror of the lion; nay, even to be wounded; but he cannot perish; for the life of the Good Shepherd has been given for His sheep. But whoever sought counsel of the Lord, in the simple faith of one who knows his own feebleness, and confides in his Father's strength, who has not had reason, both in time and in eternity, to bless the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and His gracious care!

It was the first Lord's-day in the year, when a Sunday-school teacher paced her chamber irresolute and perplexed, as she marked the hour advancing for her usual attendance at the school. She held a note in her hand, and as she glanced at it from time to time she inquired doubtfully, "Which way? — which way is the best?"

The note contained a request that she would visit a sick friend lately arrived from the country, who expressed a desire to see her at the hour that was now approaching, while a call in another direction, on which it

is now unnecessary to enter, *seemed* to have an equal claim upon her time and heart. Either of these services, leading as they did in widely different directions, involved the necessity of foregoing her class, which she had never yet failed to meet, excepting when laid aside by sickness. She had been interested in the spiritual state of the invalid, but hitherto opportunity had been lacking of pressing on her friend the uncertain issue of her illness, and the eternal interest of her soul. Reason argued, an opening so favorable to her purpose might never again occur, and the circumstance of the expressed desire to see her seemed to point her a leading to be followed.

The other call appeared to be of little less importance, and for a few minutes even preponderated in the balance. All the ways before her might be good in themselves, yet none were really so, unless the presence of the Lord went with her, unless His voice said, "*This is the way, walk ye in it.*"

"Which way?" she repeated, as the necessity of a speedy choice pressed on her

heart, and the last chime before the hour arrested her steps. There is one way always open, the new and living Way, and there, like Hezekiah, she spread the letter, and cried unto the Lord God of Israel. The great High Priest, who never misunderstands the sighs and groans of His waiting people, listened to her complaint. She arose calm, though still undecided, but content that the Lord's will should be done in her and by her. But she now saw that the power of entering on this solemn subject, so near her heart, with her sick friend, might or might not be granted her; yet was it not well to make the attempt? But then the school! Who would supply her place? It was too late to attempt to procure a substitute; should she not disappoint her class for once?

Again she sought the Throne of Grace (who ever sought counsel there in vain?), and this time she was consciously enlightened by the Holy Spirit's teaching. She saw that one duty was not intended to displace another, and that the instruction of the children

whom God had clearly placed in her hands could not, must not, be set aside for an uncertain service, without his sanction. How often, from want of seeking such counsel, the Lord's servants are made to feel that they have become the servants of men, and discover in the end that they have rushed into paths of service for which they are wholly unfitted, and that they were never intended to tread, by following what they thought a leading of Providence, when it was, more strictly speaking, a trial of faith. (Jonah i. 3.)

The consequences in the case I have stated were the same as they ever will be in all decisions made in the light of heaven, with the single eye to God's will. The path of duty became clear, leaving the soul satisfied with the results, whatever they might be; for hath not the Lord said, "I will guide thee with Mine eye"?

Assured and happy in the help given her in her hour of need, my friend took her way to the school, and entered on her duties with the strength and joy that seemed granted her,

in proportion to the wrestle and perplexity of that silent chamber. But let her tell her own story.

“ I have been accustomed, during a pause in the duties of the afternoon of the Lord’s-day, to go out into the street and seek to win some stragglers to the Sunday-school, and bring them in under the teaching of the Word, if only for the hour which then remains to us. This day I was returning, after an unsuccessful search, when I was attracted by a child not far from the entrance of the school-house. Her arms were interlaced in the palisades which surround the inclosure, and her pale face pressed against the iron-work. A child, such as may be seen more frequently in the crowded haunts of our great cities than elsewhere, born amidst vice and disease, dwelling in some dark cellar or hidden den, from which the light of heaven is excluded as if it bore pestilence rather than healing on its wings.

“ I have seen many children, and older per-

sons too, in dirt and rags, but I never saw such abject wretchedness as was conveyed in that old-looking, wrinkled face and listless form before me. She seemed, in attitude and expression, to have neither interest nor lot in the life around her. I thought she might be about nine years of age, but I afterwards learned that she was upwards of thirteen. I spoke to her, and asked her if she would come in with me, and hear the children sing. She shook back the long tangled locks of her sunburnt hair, and looked vacantly in my face, as if scarcely comprehending my question; but on my repeating the invitation, she followed me without a word.

“The little stranger sat silently listening to the hymn of the children, the simple discourse, and the few words addressed individually to the scholars. The school over, she departed; but on the morning of the following Lord’s-day I found her of her own accord seated in the place she had previously occupied.

“I know not how it was, I seemed to be

used this day as I never had been used before; I felt myself a child speaking to children. The Holy Ghost was very present with us; tears were on the cheeks of many of the little ones; I was myself so engrossed with my subject (the parable of the Prodigal Son) that it was only at the close of the address that I turned to glance at the new scholar. Her eyes were fixed eagerly on my face as she breathlessly drank in the words which fell from my lips. I proceeded to make the application of the parable, and she drew closer and closer to my side, and gathering up the hem of my dress, fold upon fold, she held it firmly clenched in her long thin fingers, as if she feared to lose me before she had heard the fulness of gospel grace extended to sinners.

“ Our parting hymn was sung, and the children went away; but *this* child did not move. We were left alone. Then I spoke to her of Jesus, and made her repeat after me a simple prayer for the gift of God’s Holy Spirit. She learned it more rapidly than I could have thought possible, judging from her unintelli-

gent countenance. As she was leaving, I said to her :

“ ‘Will you come and see us again next Lord’s-day, and hear of the Good Shepherd, of whom I will tell you?’ ”

“ ‘I dare not,’ she replied. ‘Father will beat me if I do; he won’t let me go to church.’ ”

“ ‘But this is a school, not a church,’ I suggested.

“ ‘It’s like one, though; he won’t let me come here; but I *will* come,’ she added quickly, in an impetuous and determined manner.

“ I tried to show her that obedience was the first step towards the knowledge of Jesus, and that she must previously seek her father’s permission; and I offered to endeavor to obtain it for her, if she would tell me where she lived.

“ A gleam of satisfaction crossed her face, and she minutely described the way to the street, and the cellar in which I should find them. Accordingly, during the week following I discovered their miserable lodging. The

father of the poor girl was absent seeking for work, and the woman I found there, and whom I at first thought was her mother, reluctantly consented for the child to attend the school.

“I had scarcely taken my place the next Lord’s day, when the gaunt-looking little stranger again appeared. Her earnest attention and evident pleasure increased, as I went on to tell them of the lost sheep, and the love of our Good Shepherd to his wandering ones, whom, when he had found, he laid on his shoulders rejoicing.

“Again and again my heart rose in praise and thanksgiving to Him who had heard the voice of my prayer, and, by thus guiding me to choose the safe path of duty already allotted to me, had bestowed on me the unspeakable privilege of leading this little stray lamb to the Saviour’s feet.

“In the afternoon, my new scholar was again in the place she had chosen, silent and absorbed; but the next Lord’s-day I missed her. The week had nearly closed, when the

woman with whom she lived called at my house, and told me the child was very ill; that she had taken a bad cold in the first place, from attending the school, adding roughly, 'You had better go and look after her.' I knew it was not likely to be true that her illness could be caused by her attending the school; but I felt that even if it were so, *it was well*.

"Again I entered the miserable cellar, which these poor people called 'home;' so dark was it, that on leaving the daylight of the narrow street, all objects within were indistinct.

"The occupation of the family was that of rag-sorting. On a heap of the larger rags, which formed her bed (though the room itself had many other nightly occupants), lay my little stranger scholar, more wan and wasted than I could have imagined possible in the short time that had elapsed since we had parted. I approached her, and after waiting a few moments to see if she would recognize me, I spoke. She knew my voice,

and motioned me to come closer to her, exclaiming in a shrill voice :

“ ‘O, come! Come here, and tell me of *Him!*’

“ ‘Tell you what? of whom?’ I inquired, wishing to discover if she had retained anything of the truth. She looked at me half reproachfully, puzzled at the possibility of my forgetting what I had taught her, and in a subdued voice she replied :

“ ‘Why — you know. Tell me of *Him* — that *good* gentleman that you called Jesus!’

“ Motionless she listened, with her eyes fixed on my face, while once more I opened to her the wondrous story of a Saviour’s love to sinners, and how he came to seek and to save the lost. I pointed to the One Sacrifice for sins forever, to the blood of the Crucified as full satisfaction for the sinner’s guilt. I told her Satan and our corrupt hearts would strive to induce us to accept anything rather than the offers of free grace and a Saviour’s righteousness. The love of Jesus Christ to sinful men was the fountain of living water

of which this poor wanderer desired to drink deeply; *she* longed to follow the Good Shepherd, *she* to whom the gospel of the kingdom had never before been preached, and who three weeks ago knew nothing of the treasures *laid up* for all who feel their lost and ruined state. Her vacant countenance brightened with intelligence, her very features seemed altered, while she listened with increasing satisfaction to ‘the good tidings of great joy.’ Many might have marvelled at her indifference to all outward things; but it was not strange to me. She sought Life Eternal, and drank in the Lord’s loving invitation to *all*, as one who heard Jesus passing by.

“The following day, when I visited her, I was painfully struck by the rapid progress of her disease. The flushed cheek; the restless eye, which ceaselessly wandered around, as if in search of some person or thing that she failed to find; the uneasy tossing from side to side; the rapid, meaningless question. — all convinced me that the delirium attend

ant on the fever had set in, and filled me with anxiety lest I had come too late to hear her speak to me again and tell me of her hope.

“I bent over her, and asked her if she knew me. She gave me no intelligible reply. In my distress, I fell on my knees, and prayed earnestly for one more opportunity of speaking to her of the Saviour; and He, who of old stood by the fever-bed, was beside this also, and that to calm and sustain; for while I was pleading with Him for help in my helplessness, the poor sufferer’s restlessness abated. In less than an hour she recognized me, and her face turned towards me in expectation, as if still thirsting for the water of life.

“I took my place by her bed, and went on to repeat to her, in a low voice, the parable of the prodigal son (Luke xv. 11), which at our first meeting had so deeply impressed her. The little hunger-pinched face became calm and composed, and the distressing excitement gave place to eager but profound attention. At that touching passage, ‘When he was yet

a great way off, his father saw him,' &c., she exclaimed, in a short decided manner — a manner peculiar to these neglected little ones, reared in the very hotbed of sin and strife:

“ ‘Ah! that was *just* like *me!* — That’s good — say it again. *A great way off* — ? What, ever so far? Away — away — like me with the devil? That must be far from God and the Lamb!’

“After a pause, to moisten her poor, black, parched lips, she continued, ‘Yes! I was a great way off. But the father saw him before he saw the father — *that’s* like me again! Why did he not clean himself a little before he went home? I would — O, I forgot!’ she added quickly, and in a tone of deep sadness; ‘you said we could not *make* ourselves clean. I wish we could! I should like to *show* Jesus that I want to be good.’

“I tried to make her understand that her heavenly Father saw her desire to be a good child, and had put away the filthiness of sin from her, for *His sake* who hath died for her,

that she might be made pure and holy in His precious blood. That this kind Father, who bade me invite her to go to Him, had provided her with a clean heart (Ezek. xi. 19), without which no one can see God.

“O, how good, how kind! but—’ she hesitated, and covered her face with her long, thin fingers, as her tears flowed fast, and sob after sob almost choked her utterance—‘I am afraid I have been *worse* than that bad son. I have told lies; and you said no liar could enter the beautiful home. I have used bad words—awful bad words—worse than you know of; and God said no one should take His name in vain. I have had a book, too, full of wicked songs, and I have sung them;—and—don’t turn away your head—I have—stolen too!—I thought of all this when I came home, and for a long time I felt frightened to go to God; but all at once I remembered about the thief—that poor thief who died with Jesus, you know; and as soon as everybody was fast asleep in our room, I got up; very softly I went over

into the corner there by the fire, I took my song-book and tore it into little pieces, red cover and all, though I once thought it so pretty. I struck a match, I burnt it, every morsel, to tinder. Then I said, "Dear Jesus, I want very much to love you. I want to get away from the devil; please help me! Take away my naughty thoughts, please do, dear Jesus!" I think He heard me; I know he did,' she added with animation, 'for I felt somehow different ever since. I am not afraid now — no, not one bit! and I love Him — O, so much!'

"Much passed between us that I cannot accurately recall. She grew in grace, as those alone grow who are taught of the Holy Spirit of God; and I was permitted to witness it, evermore to keep in thankful remembrance this landmark of my own spiritual life, and the love of my heavenly Father.

"During the night it was necessary to keep her very quiet; afterwards I read and prayed, and talked with her, as simply as I could;

asking her once or twice if she quite understood me, to which she quickly replied :

“ ‘ Yes, yes ; don’t stop ; we haven’t long.’ ”

“ She remained perfectly calm and peaceful, and about eight o’clock fell into a slumber. After an absence of some hours, for the discharge of other duties, I returned, and found sleep had given place to a sort of stupor. This, however, did not continue long ; but her restlessness for a time was excessive, and her throat was so parched and painful, that it was with difficulty she could speak to be understood.

“ I spoke to her of her Saviour’s sufferings, of His thirst ; adding, ‘ And all this He bore for *you*.’ ”

“ The upturned eyes, and glance of intense gratitude, I cannot describe ; but I shall never forget as she whispered, ‘ Thank you, dear Jesus !’ ”

“ I watched her for a few minutes in silence ; but she looked at me wistfully, as if she had something more to say, but could not express

it; nor could I understand what she wanted for some little time. At last I said :

“ ‘ Do you wish me to thank God for you ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, yes ! O, that’s it ! ’ she replied.

“ During the next two hours, which were spent in reading or repeating to her portions of the Word, or in prayer, she was frequently slightly delirious ; but even then out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke, and the often-repeated words, ‘ Father, I have sinned ! — make me one of thy servants. — Saw him a *great way* off ; — ran — not the son, the *Father* ran. — O God, grant me Thy Holy Spirit ! Take away my naughty heart, *please* give me a new one ! Wash me, make me clean in the blood of Jesus ! ’ proved that the parable, which first attracted her attention and the prayer, the first she was ever taught to utter, were constantly in her mind.

“ Night came, and it was evident that the poor tenement would not much longer be required, and that this fair, new-born, blood-cleansed soul was about to join the countless host of the redeemed.

“ Death damps stood upon her face, which yet beamed brighter in the valley of shadows than it had ever shown in the valley of tears; her feet were cold, and her hands also, though they continued folded in prayer.

“ I whispered a few words to her in reference to the glory she would soon behold face to face with Jesus!

“ It was a solemn hour. One mightier than the mightiest of this world was there, and I felt his awful presence; but thanks be unto the God of all grace, a mightier than *he* was there also, *his* Conqueror, my Refuge and Strength, her Ransom and Deliverer.

“ For a time all was still, even the labored breathing ceased, when with sudden energy, and far greater power than I could have supposed it possible for her to have retained, she raised herself up, and with her earnest eyes fixed on my own, she said, in a clear, distinct voice:

“ ‘ Fetch them in! Oh, *be sure* and fetch them in, and tell them of Jesus! — Tell them of — Jesus!’

“Again there was a silence ; she scarcely breathed ; a slight spasm crossed her face — all was nearly over. — I said :

“ ‘ Dear child ! Jesus has gained the VICTORY FOR YOU ! ’

“ She caught the word, and with a shout of gladness such as never rang from those pallid lips before, in the fourteen years of her sorrowful life, she cried :

“ ‘ Victory ! victory ! I am washed — and made clean ! — Glory — ’

. . . . .

“ The rest of the song was sung with the happy children of her Father’s house, ‘ who hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat ; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. ’

“ The dead was alive again ! The lost was found ! The fourth Lord’s-day was dawning since I had stood where two ways met, and in my perplexity sought the mighty Counsellor,

who has said, 'Call unto ME, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.' The eye of the Lord, that runneth to and fro upon the earth, beheld in that hour the little wanderer, '*a long way off*,' and sent me forth (feeble instrument as I am) as His messenger of mercy; and now she would appear with Him in glory; the best robe was put upon her; the ring of espousal was on her hand; the Saviour of sinners had embraced her; the kiss of peace was on her cheek; her dwelling was the beautiful home of Him who was 'called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.'

"She had entered by '*the way, the truth, and the life*,' by Him 'who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' " (1 Cor. i. 30.)

Which way, dear reader? for in this life only two ways open before you. Have you made your choice? If not, choose ye to-day.

One is a narrow way, so narrow, there is only room for the Shepherd and His sheep to

walk therein. It is a rough path. It is written, "I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." "If they have persecuted ME, they will also persecute you." "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. The servant shall be as his Master;" yes, both here and hereafter. "It is a faithful saying: For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him: if we deny Him, He also will deny us." (2 Tim. ii. 11, 12.)

The followers of the Good Shepherd are often weary and afraid (Mark x. 32; 2 Cor. xi. 27), yet not one has been known to perish through feebleness or fear. He who goeth before them gathereth the lambs in His arm, and carrieth them in His bosom, and gently leads those that are with young. There are steep mountains, and thorny brakes, and dark valleys on the road; but there are also pleasant places, even in the wilderness, still waters and green pastures, where the flock lie down

at noon. Feeble ones who keep close to the Shepherd's side, hear His voice. He is their Refuge, and their Strong Tower, and House of Defence against their enemies. They are often bruised and wounded on the way, but they have a Great Physician who holds a balm for every wound, a medicine and cordial for all diseases. They forget the sorrows of the way for the joy of *the* hope set before them — a joy with which the stranger intermeddeth not. So, He whom they loved leadeth them to the city of habitation where they would be. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," what blessedness awaits that little flock.

The narrow path has only a place for the Saviour and the soul, but it leadeth to Life Eternal.

The other way is broad, and the gate is wide, and many go in thereat. It offers the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them: the travellers on it spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the

grave; the end of their mirth is heaviness. The prince of this world bestows pleasures that perish in the using, and rocks his servants in dreams, while they sleep the sleep of death. They have no hope but for this life. They have burdens of cares for which no promise is given; they have sorrows for which no comfort is prepared. Anxious and weary, their staff is at best a broken reed, which if any man lean on it, it shall pierce his hand. There is a future, but it is so hideous, that the ruler of wickedness in high places hides it from the sight of his people, lest it fright them from his dominion. That broad path has room for the sinner and his sins, his empty joys and his foolish mirth; it is the path of the Destroyer, and the end thereof is destruction. He gives his subjects their heart's desire, and therefore they say unto God, "Depart from us; we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve Him? and what profit should we have if we pray to Him?"

Which way, dear reader — which way are

you journeying? Have you died to sin, and are you risen with Christ? or do you find your happiness in living for this world, for time, and for Satan?

TO THE UNCONVERTED.— With you the question, “Which way?” is one of life or death, as it was with this poor child. Whatever your condition outwardly, you are in the same state, spiritually, as she was when the Gospel first met her. True, you may be vastly superior in many things to the little rag-sorter; but Lazarus and Dives present a startling contrast in the world of spirits to what they exhibit on earth. Natural morality and amiability, refinement, education, intellectual attainments, and other advantages of a similar kind, make no difference in this respect. Constitutional virtues, which were born with the flesh, will perish with this life; there is no place for them in the abode of the lost! If not born again, you are a child of wrath, even as she was; you are such as the birth of the flesh made you, and an eternity

of remorse, of horrors, is before you. What, then, won the heart and turned the mind of this lost one to choose the way of life? The love of Jesus! The same has been shown to you; the same blood was shed for you; the same infinite obligations are laid upon you; the Saviour of sinners yearneth over *you*; and you will not go unto Him that you may have life!

Be not deceived by vain words. God is not mocked. Calling yourself a believer does not make you one. You may be a member of a section of a church on earth, and have no lot or portion in the church of the first-born. You may feel confident in the thought that, by the virtues of baptism, your soul is regenerate, and therefore you are secure of heaven, when the blood of sprinkling has not come nigh you, and the Holy Ghost has no dwelling in your heart. Oh, look well to it!

We live in times that may well startle sleepers from their slumbers. God's ambassadors run to and fro upon the earth, warning men to flee from the wrath to come; and

even this feeble messenger of love would plead with you in all tenderness. Be persuaded to pity yourself. Shall the Lord Jesus have loved you in vain? Shall His precious blood have been shed on Calvary for you, and will you despise it? the ransom paid for you, and you trample on it? "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?"

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Hell was not prepared for you, but for the evil spirit that tempts you. Darkness was not thrust on you; it was your choice, because your deeds are evil.

Wait not for to-morrow; you know not what to-morrow has in store. Does some darling sin keep you back, making you afraid? Despise not the teaching of a little child, but take it to the feet of Jesus; He will give you strength to forsake it; He will open your eyes, that you may choose the

good, and forsake the evil; He will wash your conscience from its stains, take away your filthy garments from you, cause your iniquity to pass from you, and clothe you with a change of raiment. He offers to set a crown upon your head. Look not on your sins, nor your prayers, nor your need of faith. Look to Jesus!

The paths of the Lord are mercy and truth. *His* way is the way of life. The path of the worldling is the path of the destroyer; and the end of it is death. Choose ye this day — Which Way?

#### THE INVITATION.

“COME.” — *Matt.* xi. 28.

I HAVE a Friend! a precious Friend,  
 Unchanging, wise, and true,  
 The chief among ten thousand!  
 Oh, I wish *you* knew Him too!  
 Encompassed by a host of foes,  
 Weary in heart and limb,  
 I know who waits to soothe my woe;  
 Have *you* a Friend like Him?

He comforts me, He strengthens me ;  
How can I then repine ?  
He loveth *me* ! This faithful Friend  
In life and death is mine.

I have a Father true and fond,  
He cares for all my needs,  
His patience bore my faithless ways,  
My mad and foolish deeds ;  
To me He sends sweet messages,  
He waiteth but to bless ;  
Have you a Father like to mine,  
In such deep tenderness ?  
For me a kingdom doth He keep,  
For me a crown is won ;  
I was a rebel once ; He calls  
The rebel-child His son.

I have a proved unerring Guide,  
Whose love I often grieve,  
He brings me golden promises  
My heart can scarce receive ;  
He leadeth me, and hope and cheer  
Doth for my path provide ;  
For dreary nights and days of drought  
Have *you* so sure a Guide ?  
Quench not the faintest whisper  
That the heavenly Dove may bring,

He seeks with holy love to lure  
The wanderer 'neath His wing.

I have a home — a home *so* bright,  
Its beauties none can know ;  
Its sapphire pavements, and such palms  
None ever saw below ;  
Its golden streets resound with joy,  
Its pearly gates with praise ;  
A temple standeth in the midst,  
No human hands could raise ;  
And there unfailing fountains flow,  
And pleasures never end ;  
Who makes that home so glorious ?  
It is my loving Friend.

My Friend, my Father, and my Guide,  
And this our radiant home,  
Are offered you — turn not away !  
*To-day* I pray you “Come.”  
My Father yearns to welcome you,  
His heart, His house, to share ;  
My Friend is yours — my home is **yours**,  
My Guide will lead you there ;  
Behold one altogether fair,  
The Faithful and the True,  
He pleadeth with you for your love —  
He gave his life for *you*.

Oh, leave the worthless things you seek,  
They perish in a day ;  
Serve now the true and living God,  
From idols turn away ;  
Watch for the Lord, who comes to reign ;  
Enter the open door ;  
Give Him thy heart — thy broken heart —  
Thou 'lt ask it back no more.  
Trust Him for grace, and strength, and love,  
And all thy troubles end :  
Oh, come to Jesus ; and behold  
In Him my loving Friend.

TO BELIEVERS. — None are such but those who are born again, and therefore have passed through the strait gate, and already tread the narrow road. *You* have made *your* choice, *you* have received your salvation ; Satan will not tempt you to cast away the eternal treasure already in your grasp, though he may seek to persuade you to think you have. But he will tempt you to many a doubtful action, which will give him an advantage over you, and against God's cause. He will entice you to act without seeking counsel of the Lord, even in matters that at first sight may appear

trifling. But despise not the day of small things, in which mighty results may be at stake. (Joshua ix. 14; 1 Chron. x. 14; Isa. xxx. 1, 2.)

You have thrown in your lot with the little flock, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Then you have learned that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and have no confidence in the flesh; for "there is none that doeth good, no, not one." You have been convicted of your own utter sinfulness and foolishness and helplessness, and have cast yourselves on the Ransom paid for you by Him who put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. If so, you *know Him* mighty to save, whom to know is to love, whom to love is to follow, and you have tasted of the heavenly gift of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come. Then you know why light is given to a man whose way is hid, and you can carry your perplexities and your griefs to a Friend that sticketh

closer than a brother. Make your plans in His wisdom, work them out in His strength, look on them in the light of eternity, "that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and you in Him."

You may often stand where two ways meet, and, perplexed and weary, ask sadly, "Which way?"

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" therefore remember two things: "In *all* thy ways acknowledge God, and He shall direct thy paths." Never come to any decision before you have sought counsel of the Lord in prayer. But if indeed you have chosen your path to your sorrow, hasten to your only sure Refuge; beg Him to lead you back, and though He may seem to leave you a while to yourself, He will never forsake you, but teach you, even by your sorrowful mistake, some truth which you have never before experimentally received.

"Lean not to your own understanding," but be content in following the path of duty when it is plainly marked out for you, how-

ever unattractive it may appear, and consider it a voice from heaven to declare the will of God concerning you; being sure of this, that if the Lord has a service for you to perform, it is in the direct way of duty that you will meet with it. Then, indeed, you can "trust in the Lord with all your heart," and can commit all results to His infinite wisdom, power, and love. But this it is impossible to do, when we are uncertain whether we are following His will or our own. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

. Amazing love! The Lord of heaven and earth permits us also to be messengers of His grace and mercy, meeting our feeble efforts to apprehend Him, forgiving our unfaithfulness and unbelief. "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

Dear brother! dear sister! are there not souls near you every day for whom no man careth, not only in the highways and hedges and lanes and dreary courts, but in the mansions of the rich and noble—in the houses that have never felt poverty, but where sin and ignorance abound? Some sorrowful heart you think will scorn you, standeth without, weeping. “Oh, fetch them in, and tell them of Jesus!” Are there none whose homes death hath laid desolate, whose hearts are smitten and withered like grass, for their idols have perished? Oh, let them not weep by the wayside, while you go on your way rejoicing! Declare unto them the love of Him who speaketh by the rod, and the fulness of His consolations for them that hear it. Oh, win them to desire your fair inheritance! Have pity on the mourner who knows not God, who sits in darkness and has no light, who mourns and has no hope. Be tender, be patient, for he *is* your neighbor; be pitiful, he may be your brother. Fetch them in, and tell them of Jesus.”

Are there none "without," who walk in the path of darkness and death, in the way that you once trod, over whom your heart bleeds, whose sorrows you share still, standing side by side with you, and yet how far separated? "Ah!" you say, "to speak there is hard."

The Lord is the God of all flesh; is anything too hard for Him? In the spiritual arms of faith God has given you for His glory, "fetch them in," and your own faithful walk and conversation shall "tell them of Jesus."

*You* have tasted how good and gracious is the Lord! There are broken hearts, found only for the seeking, and there are anxious, trembling souls desiring to find *Him* whom *thy* soul loveth. Tell them of the easy yoke and the light burden of which they are afraid. Point them to the blood-stained ransom, even the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!

Go forth in *His* strength who is with you to deliver you from them that rise up against

you ; He has said, " My people shall never be ashamed." Rejoice, then, whenever and in whatever manner He may make you a minister of His love and mercy. " Fear not ; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Let a little child lead you. Let her dying message whisper to some that sit at ease in Zion, careless that others' souls partake not of the free grace bestowed on them.

"FETCH THEM IN, AND TELL THEM OF JESUS—TELL THEM OF JESUS."



### THE CHILD'S MESSAGE.

'THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME. AND LET HIM THAT HEAR  
ETH SAY, COME. AND WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE THE WA-  
TER OF LIFE FREELY.'—*Rev. xxii. 17.*

"CALL them in," the poor, the wretched,  
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold ;  
Peace and pardon freely offer ;  
Can you weigh their worth with gold ?  
"Call them in," the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin ;

Bid them come and rest with Jesus,  
He is waiting : " Call them in "

" Call them in," the Jew, the Gentile,  
Bid the stranger to the feast ;

" Call them in," the rich and noble,  
From the highest to the least.

Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
He hath all their sorrows seen ;  
Robe, and ring, and royal sandal  
Wait the lost ones : " Call them in."

" Call them in," the broken-hearted,  
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame ;  
Speak love's message, low and tender,  
*" 'Twas for sinners Jesus came."*

See ! the shadows lengthen round us,  
Soon the day-dawn will begin ;  
Can you leave them lost and lonely ?  
Christ is coming : " Call them in."

" Call them in," the little children,  
Tarrying far away — away ;  
Wait, O, wait not for to-morrow,  
Christ would have them come to-day !  
Follow on ! the Lamb is leading !  
He has conquered — we shall win ;  
Bring the halt and blind to Jesus ;  
He will heal them : " Call them in."

“Call them in,” and swell the chorus  
Of the angels’ song above ;  
Hark ! they sing a Saviour’s glory,  
And a Father’s changeless love.  
O’er salvation’s sealed ones watching,  
Though a veil doth float between ;  
Holy Spirit, by Thy power,  
Call, oh, call the wanderers in !

“Call them in,” the Master waiteth ;  
Save them from the snares of hell ;  
Rest ye ’neath the blood-stained lintel ?  
Of the grace that seeks *them*, tell.  
Hark ! upon the crowded highway,  
And amid the city’s din,  
Sounds a Child’s voice, sweet and solemn —  
“O, BE SURE AND CALL THEM IN !”





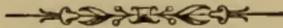
“GOD IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.”



A BRIEF MEMORIAL

OF

A RAGGED-SCHOOL BOY.



*“The word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.” — 1 Peter i. 25.*

*“I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation.”*  
Psalm xl. 10.

A FEW years since, H—— S—— was known as the most unruly and outrageous character frequenting Spicer Street Ragged-School. His only aim appeared to be (as in another school he had frequented) to disturb the boys, and endeavor to make them as rebellious as himself. His employ-

ment was generally a system of annoyances, such as turning off the gas, destroying the forms and tables, upsetting the ink, and resolutely fighting with every boy he could provoke to quarrel with him as soon as they quitted the room.

He was often threatened with dismissal, and as often he promised reformation; yet when he appeared most hopeless, he had begun to amend. The master one day pointed out a seat by his own side, and asked H—— if he would make it his place, and become *his* boy. Pleased, perhaps, by the distinction, it was immediately taken; but, for a time, little improvement was observable. By degrees he became more attentive, and drawn by the love he cherished towards his teacher (though at the same time unexpressed), he attended the school regularly.

Slowly, very slowly, the change came over him; no one could clearly say when it first began, or point to the hand whence the seed was permitted to be scattered.

“The entrance of Thy words giveth light;”

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”

He told the master he only went to the school the first time “for a lark,” and knew not why he went again.

At that great day, when the secrets of all hearts are laid open, it will be seen. Perhaps some word of kindness, a smile, the silent forbearance of a teacher, the prayer that arose amid the toil and tumult of life for souls to be granted to those who were laboring in this little corner of the vineyard, may have been among the instruments used by the Lord for bringing the first message of mercy to the reckless boy, that led him to the feet of Jesus.

The Word became a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path; the Holy Spirit was shed abroad in his heart. It was his delight to testify to the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, who had called him from darkness into light, and enabled him to confess that

Saviour before men, who has promised to confess His servants so doing before the angels of God, "when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day." (2 Thess. i. 10.)

Of H——'s earliest years little is known; they were passed in the dark courts and alleys of Bethnal Green, amid scenes of vice and depravity. He might have seemed unloved and uncared for; but there was One who loved and cared for him, even Jesus, "who has compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way." The Eye of Love was on the ragged boy as he wandered, none else knew where, over the wide metropolis, following him, watching him, yearning over him — an heir of glory, and joint-heir with Christ.

Perhaps H—— had never heard that the Son of God had died for him, that he might live; may be, no kind friend had told him of a Saviour who could make him holy and happy forever; that there was a white robe for him, even for him, the poor ragged boy, a

place for him among the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Or if he heard, he did not believe it; for those who believe with the heart obey, and those who love serve. When Jesus has the heart, He has the will, and the feet follow. All are poor and wretched and ragged without the righteousness of Christ.

Soon after the saving change had taken place in H—— he fell ill, and was sent to one of the hospitals. After some weeks of suffering he was dismissed, and was soon seen again at the school; the privileges of which he had been deprived for a time became more valued than ever by him; and though up to this period he was reserved in speaking of his own feelings, yet, towards those who had shown their love in leading him to the Saviour, he cherished an affection almost amounting to a passion, which silently deepened day by day, even to his last hour on earth. The rugged obstinacy of his character, under the influence of the Spirit, became firmness in holding fast that which he had found true;

and his recklessness gave way to generous and unselfish consideration for others. He seldom complained, bearing much pain with the meekness and patience which his natural character had never exhibited. He became weaker and more ailing; and it was evident he was far gone in consumption. He was seldom absent from his haunts, nor was his place vacant until he became from weakness incapable of reaching the school; loving to teach where he had learned the way of salvation, and pressing on others the faithfulness and love of Jesus with the force and original argument characteristic of his class.

In all matters of a worldly nature he appeared most uncouth and ignorant; but in all belonging to the things of the Kingdom, he possessed a peculiar acuteness. It might be said of him, "The ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat." Every new view of the Covenant of Grace, every type of the Atonement as exhibited in the Word, filled him with joy; if it were brought to him by another, he invariably insisted on his proving

it, saying, "How got you that idea? — capital!" "Where did you get it? — precious!" He had a voice of singular melody, and a refined taste for music, though entirely uncultivated; he could not bear any discordant tone or incorrect time. He was well known in the open-air services in the neighborhood as leading the hymn, his clear tones ringing above the rest in every song of praise; sometimes poured out in supplication for the people, and not unfrequently in reading from the Word. He attached himself much to one of the missionaries of the P—— district, whom he loved to accompany from street to alley, from field to court, rapidly gathering a crowd of listeners about them, won in the first place by the sweet and powerful voice of the boy. One of the missionaries observed, "We no longer hear him in our week-day services and the Lord's-day meetings, but I hear him mentally joining with us. He lies deep in our memory and affection, and as I miss him from my side, I have to repeat, 'God's ways are not our ways.'"

Many a wild companion will remember the warning voice of this young disciple, whose short hour of service was neither barren nor unfruitful. And there are other hearts for whom he has not lived in vain, who thankfully retain the memory when, with patient toil, they were permitted to sow in waste places the seed so early to ripen, and be gathered in their sight into the heavenly garner, an earnest of sheaves to follow.

The first few days in the beginning of November, H—— was missed from his accustomed place. One morning his father came to a teacher for whom his son had much affection, and told him H—— was dying, and wished to see him, and unless he went at once, it was doubtful if he would find him alive.

The poor boy, in his eagerness to bid his friend and teacher farewell, entreated for a restorative medicine to be given him several times during the hour of his father's absence, lest he should sink before his arrival. But the young witness of the Truth had a testi-

mony to bear for his Master, who sustains His weakest saint till his work is done; then, and not till then, will He suffer the silver thread of life to be broken, or bid his waiting servant "come up hither."

The teacher hastened to the spot, and found his old scholar eagerly listening for every footstep that passed in the court, or ascended the narrow staircase, that he might recognize the one he longed for; and at length it came.

A great alteration had already taken place in the poor lad. He was lying in a low room, lighted only by a long, narrow window, formerly adapted to the weaver's loom. There was no bed upon the bedstead; a board slanting from the wall, on which his clothes were rolled, formed his pillow; his covering, a coarse horse-cloth, nearly black. To the outward eye, that close, dim room seemed only the abode of penury and misery; it could not pierce the veil and see the band of radiant beings that waited on the Ragged-school Boy, to carry him into the presence of the Saviour

he loved — who loved him, and gave Himself for him.

The gates of the Golden City were opened, and some gleams of the light from within seemed breaking on the soul so soon to be released. Even now he was allowed to wait and serve; for he paused to give a last expression of his love to those so justly dear to him, which fell as a blessing from his dying lips, and to spend his last breath in testifying to the truth and faithfulness of the everlasting covenant, “I will never leave thee, never, no, never forsake thee.”

The teacher approached the bed, which was surrounded by some of his old companions and the weeping master; he took the wasted hand of the boy, that groped as if in darkness for his own. From exhaustion his eyelids had fallen, and he had not power to raise them; but the certainty of the quick response to his call seemed to give him new energy; his face brightened as he exclaimed:

“Well, this is kind of you to come and see a poor Ragged-school Boy. I could not

expect you to come. I wish I could see you. I can hear and feel you; I cannot see you: but, thank God, you are here! I have lost one of my senses, but I have a sweet sense of God's saving mercy through Jesus Christ."

His teacher inquired if he had much suffering. He replied:

"My pains are great, but the patience granted me is greater. What are my sufferings compared to my Saviour's! He sweated drops of blood in Gethsemane's garden for me — poor, unworthy me! I shall soon clap my glad wings and fly away."

"Have you any doubts or fears perplexing you, dear H——?" inquired the schoolmaster.

"None!" replied H——, in the decided manner peculiar to himself, "none! they were all settled yesterday. Satan struggled hard with me for ten hours, but my Saviour was with me; for ten hours I pleaded with Him; He heard me, He delivered me! I knew when your hour of prayer had arrived; then the great adversary departed. 'When

the enemy comes in like a flood, the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.' ”

This was in allusion to a meeting for prayer, held by the teachers on the Lord's-day, after evening school, when the dying lad had been especially remembered. At this season “the devil left him, and angels came and ministered to him.” The young soldier of the cross triumphed in the victory already won for him in Gethsemane, and while he waved the palm that will mark the great multitude that no man can number, he tasted of that peace purchased by the blood of Jesus for all that shall believe on Him—a peace never more to be troubled, but flowing on into streams of joy that make glad the city of our God.

“Now, then, you have the promised rest, which Jesus offers to all who go to Him,” said a friend; “the peace of God.”

“I cannot describe to you what it is,” replied H——. “Peace!—I would, but I cannot tell you. Peace!—it is heaven! The apostle might well say, It passeth all under-

standing! I wish every doubting soul could hear me this day! I would tell them:

‘GOD IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.’

‘Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.’”

At this time the desire of his heart was granted him, and he was enabled to look once more on the face of the teacher he had anxiously longed to see.

The parting blessing conveyed in that farewell will not easily be forgotten: a long, earnest gaze — and then the dark eyes closed again, while a smile of sweet satisfaction spread over his face, as he said:

“I have nothing more to wish for now for myself; I have seen dear ——, and I am ready to depart. When I see you again in glory, I will give you a joyful welcome.”

His anxiety for the souls of others deepened in intensity as the time of his departure drew near, and for five hours he pleaded, in voice and words most solemn and tender, with a

brother, to persuade him to attend the school, and seek that Saviour whose faithfulness he was himself triumphantly proving.

His brother refused to pledge himself. After this, H—— would not suffer him to approach him. But who shall say that the prayers and burning words of life have been uttered in vain, though they seemed to fall on careless ears? and like the son who made answer “I will not,” yet may it be said, “*Afterward* he repented and went.”

Another member of his family, of whom he took leave, he warned, saying :

“You have a Bible in your house ; read it— read it, pray over it, and meet me in heaven.”

As some of his old schoolmates gathered round him, he inquired of them separately one by one :

“Will *you* follow me to glory? — will *you*? — will *you*?”

Some replied that they would seek to do so, others held down their heads, and would not reply: to them he spoke in a severe tone, saying :

“ Well, if you do not care to go to heaven, you will surely go to hell ! ”

On being asked if he had any message to those whom he had not seen in his last illness, he said :

“ Yes ; tell everybody I am going to heaven. Tell the boys that Jesus is very precious to my soul, very near, very dear to me now ; just such a Saviour as I need ! His rod and His staff they comfort me ! I wish I had all the young people in London here ; I would say to them, ‘ Pray without ceasing. ’ If I had put off seeking to know the Lord until now, I could not have given my mind to it. I wish all the boys were here to see how a Ragged-school Boy can die. ”

He seemed to delight in the term “ Ragged-school Boy, ” as if he would magnify the grace that found him. Jesus had loved him, died for him, called him, taught him, and now comforted him with His presence ; and it was the joy of this young servant to witness to the truth of each promise of redeeming love, that “ *God is as good as His word.* ”

“ Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan’s waves around me roll,  
Fearless I’d launch away.”

“ My Jesus has done all things well!—that is the strong plank to carry me over. Redemption!—no fear of that breaking, and leaving me in the middle to sink at last!” This he said alluding to the Jordan.

Then turning to the weeping master, who with his wife tenderly watched over his last hours, he said :

“ You, dear S——, I do love you ! I could not tell you this before ; I can now I am going—I *must*. When I see you arrive in glory, I will make heaven’s vault ring !”

Has not that death-chamber a voice still to that little band of laborers who recall the dreary season, when their hearts were discouraged and their hopes low, and a shadow seemed to have fallen on their work, as they taxed their insufficiency and their unworthiness, in that they had not prospered as they desired ? Yet the Lord whom they served

was, not unmindful of them. He was standing with outstretched hand ready to bless, opening wide the treasure-house of His love, whilst the loudest chiding that came from the God-man was, as to His disciples of old, "*Why* are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Now, "Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded." Looking "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." "Be strong, and of good courage; dread not, nor be dismayed." "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall MY word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

When he could not speak, for pain and

weariness, he made signs for a hymn to be sung ; and strove, as on the eve of departure, to join in the following lines :

“ Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law’s demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

“ Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling !  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

“ While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

One present expressed a wish to unite in prayer with him, but, to his surprise, H—— declined, saying :

“I have done with prayer. All is turned into praise with me!”

The schoolmaster and his wife watched by him until the dawn, when they went to rest. As the night wore on, the dying boy lay calm and still, resting on the promises of the “Faithful and True.” His breathing became shorter, and his speech less articulate; but the blissful peace was unruffled, and the broken words were all words of praise. Early in the morning one of the teachers went to see him; he was quite conscious, and recognized the friend who moistened his parched lips, and spoke some cheering words; to all of which he responded, “Praise God!”

Soon after this the master’s wife returned to her watch by the happy boy; H—— roused himself to welcome her, saying:

“I am so glad you are come!”

“Shall I send for S——?” (her husband) she asked.

“No!” replied H——. “I only wish you to be here when I go. Do you think it will be very long before I am with Jesus?”

“No, dear,” replied his kind friend; and she raised the fainting head, and supported it on her shoulder.

“Then kiss me. Good-bye.”

The words had hardly fallen from his lips when an expression of intense joy kindled in his face, his eyes beamed with rapture, and his eager hand pointed to the glory on which he was entering; he uttered an exclamation of delight: “Light! — Home! — Light!”

These were the only words that could be distinguished, as, sinking back in the tender arms that held him, the Ragged-school Boy exchanged his miserable abode on earth for a light that can never wax dim, to wait with Jesus till He comes to reign; and swell the glad song, “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen. Behold He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen.”

Many a weeping companion visited that little chamber to look upon the empty tabernacle of him who had been both a scholar and a teacher. The ray of rapturous joy the Spirit had shed upon the lifeless face of the Ragged-school Boy, on its passage to its eternal rest, remained like a seal of his happiness to the last. The tongue that had but faltered forth praise in broken accents, was now unloosed in joyful exultation beyond the river, telling with saints and angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, of the faithfulness of Him who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. He was basking in a glory which the heart of man cannot conceive, for he was with JESUS. Is it not written :

“If any man serve Me, let him follow Me ; and where I am, there shall also My servant be. If any man serve Me, him will My Father honor ” ?

We know that it is so, and “the Lord hath done all that He hath spoken.”

“GOD IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.”

## THE RAGGED BOY'S HOME.

'THE LORD SHALL BE UNTO THEE AN EVERLASTING LIGHT, AND THY  
GOD THY GLORY.' — *Isaiah* lx. 19.

"HOME! Light! Home!" The light of a cloudless day;  
It breaks o'er the City whose builder is God, and never  
shall fade away.

No sun, nor moon, nor stars o'er the mansions of rest  
may reign;

For the Lamb is the Light of that golden land, the  
Light is the Lamb once slain.

"Light! Light! Home!" with the Friend that can  
never change,

In the boundless stores of a Saviour's love, unfettered  
and free to range.

He waits with Him there on high, who watched for  
Him here before;

And the song of praise on the ragged boy's lip shall  
falter in death no more.

"Home! Light! Home!" A home 'mid the ran-  
somed band;

Drinking of fountains that never fail, led by a Saviour's  
hand.

Never to hunger or thirst, never to faint or fear;

Only to live in the light of the smile that guided his  
footsteps here.

“Light! Home! Light!” The combat on earth is  
done;

The laborer worked out his little hour, and home to his  
rest is gone.

A robe like the driven snow, a face in the glory fair!  
O, who would not follow the freed young soul, that  
basks in the brightness there!

“Home! Home! Light!” Light in the shadow of  
death;

Light in the soul from the Light of the world, light on  
the path beneath.

A light that for sinners shall shine, as he shouts in his  
triumph — “Come!”

He tells of the Light of the Lamb once slain, and  
points to the ragged boy’s home.

“Light! Lord! Light!” Thou callest alone to bless!  
O, shed on the spirits held captive by sin the Sun of  
Thy righteousness.

O, light for our waiting souls some gleams of Thy  
glory to see,

And give us to trust in the Faithful and True, for our  
strength and our rest are with Thee!

“Home! Light! Home!” Do you look to a Father’s  
home?

Do you point to the light that has gladdened your path,  
and cry to the wanderer, “Come”?

Do you dwell on a Saviour's truth? Do you yearn  
o'er the blind man's night?

Go, seek ye the souls that are sinking in death, and  
tell them of Home and Light!

My dear reader, have you ever asked yourself whose you are and whom you serve? Are you journeying to the many mansions of a Father's house, to dwell in the light and glory of the Godhead for ever? Do you know Jesus? do you love Him? do you follow Him? Then the ragged boy's home will be yours.

Have you heard of that city whose Maker and Builder is God? Have you dwelt with delight on its fair foundations, its golden streets, clear as glass, and gates of peerless pearl? Have you loved to think the inhabitants of that home never hunger nor thirst, that there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, for all tears are wiped away?

Have you ever thought it would be good to be there? When hard words, or hard work, or hard fare, make you long for something better than you can get here, though you

hardly know what it is, do you think of that glorious home which the Lord keeps for them that love Him, and say, "I wish I were sure of going there"?

But perhaps you are looking at your rags, and shoeless feet, your long rejection of mercy, and your many sins, and you say:

"I am not fit!"

No; you are not fit in your old garments; but Christ can make you fit. He has a white robe for you, whoever you are, if you only believe in HIM; a palm of victory for you, if you only grasp it; a crown of glory, if you press on to wear it. You say:

"How am I to win it?"

Oh, sinner, the victory is won for you! Only believe! take up the palm at once! Come, for all things are ready. For your sins Christ offers His perfect righteousness; for your care and sorrow, His peace; for your poverty, His riches. He will adopt you into His family on earth; as an elder brother, He offers you His friendship and His love, and secures you a welcome in His Father's house.

Will you come? Do you think, because you are poor and ignorant, therefore Jesus takes no heed of you? I tell you He does. He loves you! He died for you, whoever you are. The Son of God, though rich, yet for your sake He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich. He has left especial blessing for you; for "yours is the kingdom of heaven." Are you ignorant? "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." He calls you; to teach you, He says, "Learn of Me." The treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid in Him.

Are you sorrowful? He comforteth those that are cast down; as one whom his mother comforteth, so will He comfort you. And if the memory of your sinful life keeps you back, He hath said He will remember your iniquity no more.

It is not a severe judge I ask you to meet; it is the Saviour, a dear, unchanging, and most precious Friend! He has said, "I will never leave you, never, never forsake you." Will you come? If you need light, He will

give you light. Is it peace? He will give you His peace, which the world can never take away.

Do you believe? It is easy to say you believe. If you believe in Jesus, then you love Him, you obey Him, you serve Him, follow Him, and you know that "all things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's;" for GOD IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.

Do not misunderstand me, you who are yet in your sins; the promises given to God's children you have no part in; into that city of the Great King "entereth nothing that defileth," nothing unholy, nay, not the fearful, for all there trust in Him who, by His grace, brought them there. You cannot take your sins with you—your carnal pleasures and evil imaginations. If you love these things better than holiness and heaven, better than Jesus, then there is indeed a message for you, not of peace, but of judgment. When the Lord Jesus shall appear, those who love Him will be like Him; they will have been changed from glory to glory, and, perfected

in His likeness, will gather round the Lord for whom they have waited. But you, who love your own ways and your own sins better than Him, in what bodies will you come?

Even the Word of God is silent here. What a mournful silence! Words cannot add anything to it.

There is a place, but it is prepared for the devil and his angels. The grace freely offered you to-day will then be withdrawn; never more shall you mingle with God's people whom you despise; never more hear the voice of love of Him whom you have rejected, whose arms of tender compassion are open this day to shelter you from the wrath of a righteous Judge.

Let no man deceive you; for while he cheats you with the promises in which you have no part, he explains away the warning and the punishment: Unless ye repent, "ye shall die in your sins." You say, "God is merciful, and though I do not know that He will do it, yet I expect He will forgive me, and it will be all well with me."

You would be content to go to heaven, but you will not forego your foolish pleasures and beloved sins. You are willing to allow that God is a God of infinite love and mercy, but deny His infinite wisdom and justice. The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night. The voice that bids you 'come' now, will soon bid you 'depart.' It is written, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;" for GOD IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.

And you who love the Lord, and labor and see but little fruit, be patient; you shall reap, if you faint not! If hearts seem to lie sullen and untamed beneath your teaching, be not weary; Christ waited long for *you*. Scatter the seed in faith; it may not spring up in the form you look for; it may not be yours to reap, but it cannot perish: that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Angels rejoice over it, the Son of God Himself will guard it as the apple of His eye.

Go forth nothing doubting: faithful labor is the servant's offering, success the master's

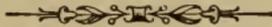
gift. Ask and receive, that your joy may be full. Looking not on your imperfect service, but to Him who has covenanted that your labor for Him shall not be in vain. He can work by many or by few: it matters not if He use a pebble from the brook, a ram's horn, or a broken pitcher; all things are made by Him, and for Him.

They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in heaven. Faith, while it honors the God of truth, works for His glory. When familiar faces greet you on the threshold of your home of light, they may remind you of a word you thought too weak to reach its mark, which was winged with power; the prayer that seemed too feeble to rise to heaven had returned through the pierced hands of the great High Priest in showers of blessing. A gentle whisper, a loving smile, has conveyed to a sinner's heart the first warmth of a Saviour's love, and won a soul for Jesus. Watch, and wait, and pray; for

“GOD IS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.”



WIDOW GRAY  
AND  
THE LITTLE SONG-BIRD.



*"Come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live."*  
Isaiah lv. 3.

"Grant me an ear attuned to know  
Each whisper of Thy love ;  
Lord ! give me strength to slay the sin,  
That scares Thine Holy Dove.  
So may I hear, 'mid every storm,  
The song-bird of my home,  
Whilst safely sheltered in the Rock  
Where Jesus bade me "Come."

*"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."*—Gen. vii. 1.

**W**HERE is one word sweeter to me than  
all others in the Book of books," said  
an aged widow, poor and nearly blind, who

had listened with deep and loving attention to the Word of God, read to her by a Christian. "Tell me, can you guess what it is? It is a song for my darkness, and it is brought by a bird from the Better Land."

Her visitor paused, and after a few minutes' consideration, replied :

"Yes, I think I know ; it is 'Jesus,' that name above all other names, and the loadstone to those who long to love Him more, and serve Him better."

"It is a blessed word," said the widow, "but the name would not be enough for me, unless Jesus were my Saviour. It would not help me to know that He had died for sinners, unless I was sure He had died for me. No, it is not that."

"Then you must mean 'Heaven,'" suggested her friend, "because Jesus is there."

"But if I were not sure of going there, it would be no comfort to me to know that Jesus was in Heaven, and I was bound for Hell ! No ; it is just one word from the lips of the Lord Himself. I call it my little song."

bird. Hark! it is this, 'COME!' When I lay in my sins, and thought I was too vile for God to look on such a one, that message came from the Lord to me. I wished Jesus had called me — chosen me; I longed to have been born before He died, that I might have gone and laid hold of Him, and asked Him to save me. I thought I would have held Him fast until He chose me. One night I sat crying over my bit of fire, and all at once there seemed trembling in my ear and heart those welcome words, '*Come unto ME, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.*' 'COME.' 'Oh!' thought I, 'can it be for me?' 'No,' said the devil; 'it does not say, *Come, Bessy Gray.*' 'That's true,' thought I; 'but then it nowhere says, *Don't come, Bessy Gray.*' I began to hope. I wished the Lord were by, to silence Satan. And it was as good as if He had been, for I began to feel the message was for me. Then I remembered a man who preached by the wayside, not far from this, and he repeated over and over again, 'The Lord says, Whoso-

ever will, let him *come*.' So I saw that it was to everybody that likes to *come*. Jesus never turns away from the vilest sinner, for He did not turn away from me."

"It was indeed a song in the night," said her visitor; "and you know now it was the same Dove that moved upon the face of the waters, and descended upon the Son of man who brought it. You will not forget His song, will you?"

"No," replied the widow, while her face beamed with joy, "I am not likely to do that; for He sings the same song for all my wants and doubts and sorrows, and I find it enough to send me on my way rejoicing. I am tempted sorely sometimes to think I have no part or lot in the matter, that a heart so full of wicked thoughts and unbelieving fears can never have been cleansed in the precious blood of Christ. But my little song-bird is there, '*Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;*' and again I hear the voice of love, but I never weary of it, '*Come unto Me!*' so I go

and make my complaint to Jesus; and that's what He calls me for. Some days the bread runs low, aye, and the coals too, and I wonder if the money is all safe for the next week's rent. I ought to be sure of that, for it is in the Lord's hand. Perhaps I go about perplexed and sorrowful for a bit (you see I can do nothing for myself now); I say, What shall I do? I wait and wonder; but soon I hear the same message, '*Come unto Me!*' I go straight to the King of Heaven, and tell Him I need fuel and food; and He sends me enough of both and to spare, aye, more than I asked for. Blessed be His name!"

"I love the word," said her friend; "but I do not think I ever felt its power over daily trials so much as to-day; you have preached me a little sermon on one word. How often you will remember it has cheered you, Bessy, when you hear it from the lips of your loving Lord, who has guided you through the wild wilderness safe into the promised land. '*Come ye, blessed of my Father, inherit the king-*

dom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' ”

“ Yes,” said the happy woman, as rapture seemed to light up her almost sightless eyes, “ and I look to sing it to Him too. Yes, a sinner saved by grace may say to the Lord of Glory, ‘ Come, Lord Jesus ! ’ My eyes, that now discern only night from morning, shall look upon His face ; for He will ‘ come with clouds, and every eye shall see Him,’ and I shall behold Him, and be with Him for evermore. But after all,” she added, after a long pause, “ you must own it was that one little word that did it all.”

“ Yes,” said her friend, “ the Heavenly Dove took of the things of Jesus (John xvi. 14), and showed them unto you. O that we were always ready to listen, and never grieved this loving messenger ! ”

Dear reader, do you know this song-bird of the Better Land, who made the widow’s heart to sing for joy ? Are you born again ? for only by the renewing of the heart is the ear opened to the voice of the Holy Spirit. Are

you, as she once was, weary and heavy-laden? I do not mean with the world's toil and the world's pleasure, but with the consciousness of sins too heavy to be borne, when the soul is awakening to a sense of danger! Oh! then, hear the free invitation, "*Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.*"

What will it serve you, "if you gain the whole world, and lose your own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Will your good works save you? What will it avail you that you have taught the ignorant, fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, if you have not given your heart to God, who gave Himself for you? What are you the better that others are entering the Kingdom of Heaven by your means, and you yourself cast into outer darkness, with weeping and gnashing of teeth? Your heart may have experienced pleasure from your deeds of kindness, then you *have had* your reward; but forasmuch as you have given of the labor of

your hands, and not the love of your heart, it is an offence to God, for you voluntarily reject the Son He gave to save you : it is the sacrifice of Cain. Through the din and turmoil of life, the sweet voice of that Dove soundeth still, " Whosoever will, let him *come*." If you are listening for the praise of men, or the foolish songs and the mad mirth of a world lying in wickedness, or the ring of the gold and silver on the counter, or the echo of your own good deeds, then indeed it is not to be wondered at that the oft-repeated invitation of the Heavenly Dove is lost in the world's clamor ; there is no place for the sole of her foot ; she has returned to the Ark ; or is nestling in the broken heart of some contrite sinner, who finds the burden of his sin intolerable ; or cheering some sorrowful child of God, who totters to the feet of Jesus beneath his weight of sorrow, or life's daily needs. Have you never longed to hear that voice of love ? Oh, pause and listen for it now ! The same loving heart that gave forth that gracious in-

vation on the shore of Galilee sends it forth still, "COME unto Me."

Will your formal Sabbaths, your prayers, save you? Are you trusting in them? Beloved reader, nothing can be more dangerous; it is the worship of Antichrist. All your prayers multiplied a thousand-fold cannot save your soul from hell! The fearful penalty of your sins is paid, the mighty transaction is completed for you by the Redeemer, who "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed" (1 Peter ii. 24); He having made peace through the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20), that you should go free!

What would it have availed the Israelites, had they eaten the paschal Lamb and the bitter herbs *outside* the blood-stained lintel? or if they had chosen sacrifices according to *their own* devices and superstitious imaginations? The will of the Lord was revealed to them in this matter; it is more fully revealed now: there is but *one* Sacrifice for sin, the Lamb

without blemish and without spot. If you are striving to win forgiveness for yourself, you reject the Son of God who died to save you. You must first come to Christ before your prayers will be heard.

You say, "I don't know what you mean by 'coming,' but I believe in Jesus Christ, and I hope God will forgive my sins, and take me to Heaven; I often pray that He will."

You pray! And you do not know if you are forgiven? If your sins are unforgiven, there remains no more sacrifice for sin; you are shut out from Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity; and you are nothing less than one under condemnation of eternal death. 'What is it to come? what faith is needed before coming?' you ask.

This poor widow, unconsciously to herself, explained the whole matter. She did not wait to look at her faith before coming, but proved it by coming, and thus believing the word of the Lord. To know that Jesus Christ was called 'The Saviour,' and died for sinners, would have availed her nothing, un-

less she had made *use* of that knowledge. "The devils also believe, and tremble." (James ii. 19.) The mere assent of her understanding to the covenant of salvation could have done nothing for her soul, any more than the knowledge and belief of some historical fact; but that which gave her rest was, "HE died for ME."

She knew this before she came; for it would have been vain to have gone if He had not died for *her*. She could not have expected a single blessing, since all spiritual blessings are the purchase of Christ's precious blood! If that blood had not been shed for her, neither was pardon, grace, eternal life, nor any other vital possession hers: if she had kept going for a hundred years, she could have expected nothing, she could have received nothing. We must know that certain things are provided for *us*, before we can come for them. I must believe the feast is spread for *me*, before I sit down to partake of it.

"Coming" and "believing," then, are but one and the same evidence of faith. Nothing

is believing, nothing is faith, except *knowing* that Christ loved *me* — gave Himself for *me* — redeemed *me* from the wrath to come — washed away *my* sins — cancelled *my* bond — paid *my* debt, once and forever, by His own blood.

You say, “How am I to know this?” Truly, by the Word of God alone; for that is God’s own testimony to this very truth.

Christ says “COME!” by the Gospel. The invitation to the feast is indited by the Lord of the mansion Himself; it is offered to “*all who will,*” — proof enough that it is provided for me and for you.

“COME!” he cries with a voice of love, speaking by His blood from the cross (John vi. 35); “COME!” by the daily gift of unmerited mercies! “COME!” by the lingering sickness unimproved, by the tender interposition of Providence disregarded; “COME!” by the empty chair on the household hearth, and the added grave in the distant land; by the sorrowful estrangement of loved ones; by the ingratitude and treachery of the trusted,

by the shattered fortune and unsuccessful speculation. "COME!" is the call of the Spirit in my heart, enabling me to see that Christ has taken my place under the wrath of God, and that He offers me His place as the Beloved of the Father.

"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples." (John xv. 7, 8.) It is from this position alone that we can walk with God, work with God, and testify for Him. Believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, you are justified, your iniquity is pardoned, and the kingdom you have entered contains the fountain for daily pollution. (Zech. xiii. 1.) The same voice that cries "*Come,*" says also, "Wash and be clean."

A dear little child of God tried to explain herself in the following simple way, to a friend who appeared to doubt her apprehension of having come to Christ:

"I will try to tell you how I feel that I am

in Christ. One day I was playing in mamma's room; I heard nurse and another servant coming up-stairs; I thought they were in search of me, and I wanted to hide from them. I saw no way but this: mamma's dress was on a chair, so I lay down on the floor and pulled the dress over me; you could not have seen so much as my foot or finger.

“As they passed the door, nurse said, ‘Why, there's my mistress's dress on the floor; I wonder how that is;’ but they did not come into the room, but went up to the nursery, and did not see *me*. Now that's just what I feel about Jesus: God does not see me; He looks at the Saviour, and I am covered in Him!”

I have given this forcible illustration in the simple language of the little lamb herself. The dear child knew she had come to Jesus, and was thus hidden forever from the just indignation of a holy God by the imputed righteousness of Him “who knew no sin.”

“Hear, and your soul shall live.” For those who will not hear the gracious invita-

tion in the time of love will not hear it in the hour of the great ingathering; they may behold the unfolding gates of glory, when the Lord shall come, but they shall not enter therein.

Hark how the Lord pleadeth: "*Come unto Me.*" "Ye will not *come* unto Me, that ye might have life."

Do you think your sin is too great to be forgiven? His love is greater. He cries, "COME." Does sorrow lay you low? His love is deeper. "COME." Have all you trusted in deceived and forsaken you? His love is *unchangeable*. "COME." Do you think you have never truly sought Him? Seek Him now. "He is found of them that sought Him not." Still the Dove singeth, "COME." Have you forsaken Him who so loved you, and would you return? Hark! it is still "*Come unto ME.*" "*Him that cometh to ME, I will in no wise cast out.*" Linger not; the night cometh; the door will be shut; you will have your part in outer darkness; *never*, in that midnight that has no day

to follow its gloom, shall the voice of the song-bird be heard; *never more* will that tender invitation sound in the heart whence hope will be forever shut out. To-morrow it may be too late. To-day—even to-day, “I have a message from God unto THEE.” It fell from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake—from Him whose “long-suffering is salvation.” It cometh from the loving heart of Jesus. Hark! it is the song-bird,

“COME!”

“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I *will* give you rest.” (Matt. xi. 28.)



“THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE IS HEARD  
IN OUR LAND.”

*Cant. ii. 12.*

COME to Jesus! ye who wander  
Far from hope, and peace, and rest,  
Scorned, neglected, and forsaken,  
Sorrowful and sore distressed;  
Come to Jesus!  
Ye by sin and fear oppressed.

Come to Jesus ! ye who never  
Listened to His word before,  
Hear His loving invitation  
Sounding on the Red Sea shore ;  
Come to Jesus !  
And behold your sins no more.

Come to Jesus ! Egypt's chariots  
And her horsemen may pursue ;  
But the Arm revealed to save him  
Bears the feeblest trembler through ;  
Come to Jesus !  
For His love is tried and true.

Come to Jesus ! He hath loved you  
With an everlasting love,  
And His heart of tenderest pity  
Needs no sacrifice to move.  
Come to Jesus !  
And His free salvation prove.

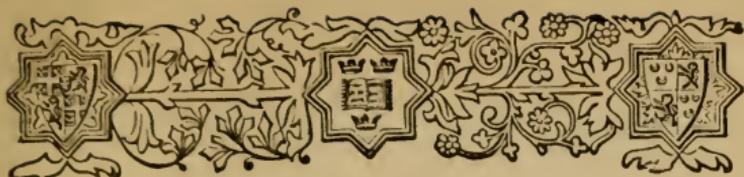
Come to Jesus ! Canaan's country  
Is the pilgrim's happy home ;  
Linger not in Egypt's bondage,  
Sharer of the sinner's doom.  
Come to Jesus !  
Hark ! the Spirit whispers, " Come ! "

Come to Jesus ! cast behind you  
 Filthy shreds that form your dress,  
 And the King shall then array you  
 In His perfect righteousness.  
 Come to Jesus !  
 Hungering in your nakedness.

Come ! put on the wedding garment !  
 See ! the feast for thee outspread !  
 Sinner, 'tis for *thee* provided,  
 And the price is fully paid.  
 Come to Jesus !  
 He, the Lamb, hath died instead.

Thee, poor sinner, hath He lovéd ;  
 Thee He welcomes ; yea, He gave  
 His own life (the costly ransom)  
 To redeem thee from the grave.  
 Come to Jesus !  
 For He calleth but to save.

'Come,' O, come ! the Master waiteth,  
 "Come !" the longing Bride doth say ;  
 Come !" He tarries while we linger,  
 He hath borne our sins away :  
 Come to Jesus !  
 "COME," the Spirit cries, "to-day."



## “LOVE DID IT;”

OR,

## CAUGHT AT LAST.



*“Love suffereth long, and is kind.”* — 1 Cor. xiii. 4.

*“God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”* — Rom. v. 8.

**I** THINK Old Jem is caught at last,” said a Christian man to his friend, after detailing the particulars of an accident which had befallen one of the most inveterate blasphemers in the neighborhood. “We have sent him tracts, and I have spoken to him of his danger whenever I could meet him; we have long prayed for him, and now, just as I had given up hope, and all seemed in vain — ”

“The Lord is answering,” rejoined his friend, quietly.

“Do you mean by that *we* are not to work?” inquired the first speaker, somewhat quickly.

“Far from it,” replied his friend; “but while we wait, we are serving; when we walk, we must follow Him who goeth before, and watch while we pray. There is always a wide field for the flesh; it is impatient and restless; we are often too eager for active service. God has his own time for granting our prayers, and crowning our labors. If we wait in subjection on the Holy Spirit’s guidance, He works through us, and by us, when the ‘set time is fully come.’”

“Well, you must confess that you have never met with a more discouraging case than this. I should like to be here to see the result. Will you visit the old sailor in my absence?”

The question was put doubtfully to Mr. D —, for he had been peculiarly singled out

for insults and abuse by his avowed tormentor.

After a pause, he replied, "I will go; why not? Surely the Lord is working for us?"

I know not why James L—— was called "Old Jem," for he was not much more than fifty years of age, yet he had borne the name from the day he had first resided at C——. From what we could gather, he was a disabled seafaring man; he could labor in many ways still if he liked, but no one cared to employ him, if any other person could be found for the same service; his fierce, ungovernable temper, and appalling oaths, made him a terror even to those accustomed to the roughest characters. He had a certain amount of education; but his opposition to the Truth, and his determined persecution of all God's people, rendered the difficulties of access to him greater than to many of the most ignorant.

His mother loved him; she had borne him, and nursed him; and mothers love us in spite

of our faults. I suppose his wife loved him once, as she married him; perhaps she continued to love him; but he was a harsh and cruel husband, and she lived but a short time after their arrival in this neighborhood. Be this as it may, I never heard of any one else, old or young, rich or poor, who was even supposed to love James L——.

One evening there was a dispute between him and a tavern-companion; it ended in a fight. Old Jem was beaten; he had met with an antagonist who was stronger than himself. Not only was he severely bruised in the fall beneath the heavy arm of his opponent, but his thigh was broken also.

There he lay! the strong, insolent man, from whom so many shrank in dread, helpless as a child, groaning and blaspheming in turns. Scarcely could two of his evil companions, so ready to help him on in the ways of sin, be found to convey him on a shutter to his home; and when they had at last reluctantly assisted in so doing, they hastened to quit his side, and leave him alone with the surgeons.

It was the day following the morning of the accident when the Christian man, who had promised to visit him, entered the room, and addressed a few kindly words of sympathy to one who, in the days of health and strength, had so often rejected the message of Love, and heaped contumely on the messenger. Unsubdued by a night's suffering, the sailor greeted his visitor with a sneer, accusing him of cowardice in forcing himself on a man who did not desire his company, and who now could not avoid it; adding that he guessed his errand, namely, to read the Bible, and to tell him of other things, to which he would not listen.

He was not wrong in his suspicion, though the appointed time had not come for the disciple to speak of his Master; but "they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength;" they share His counsel, and do His will.

The visitor listened sadly and in silence to the oaths and imprecations that assailed him; for a moment his heart sank within him at the violence of a reception so opposed to what he

had desired, and therefore expected; but the same Lord who controls the tempest, and casts out the evil spirits, has set bounds to the wrath of man, causing it to praise Him, while the remainder of the wrath is restrained.

There was a pause in the torrent of abuse.

Mr. D—— lingered; his eyes wandered over the poverty-stricken room, to the scantily furnished bed, and rested again on the repulsive countenance swathed in bandages, and contorted and inflamed with rage and pain.

He felt that the Lord was speaking in this visitation; that the Saviour was yearning over this soul, in danger of everlasting death, with the depth of love that passeth knowledge. Jesus had shed His precious blood for this bold blasphemer, this hardened sinner. Over him angels might yet rejoice, while the Father proclaimed, "He was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

It is no effort to speak tenderly and act wisely, while under the influence of heavenly

pity. James had guessed truly ; it was the object of his visitor to tell him of the love of God to sinners, and to show him that God Himself was then dealing with him ; and should he desire to hear that message which he now refused, if he would send and say so, Mr. D—— would return and read it to him from God's own Word : it was written for the terror of scorners, and the hope of the lost sinner.

Mr. D—— departed, and the next morning sent a servant with additions for the sick man's bed, fuel, warm food, and other needful comforts. The following day showed that Old Jem was unforgotten, and still the same care seemed over that otherwise comfortless dwelling ; but no message was either sent with the succor, or thanks returned for it. Sullen acceptance on the one hand, and prayerful silence on the other, were all that recognized the tender care of the Lord, who sends the rain upon the seed scattered in His name. But there were wrestling supplications at the throne of grace for the poor sinner, and

many prayers had been already gathered for the strengthening of the faith of His servants ere God's hand was moved. And who can hinder, when the set time is fully come?

By the providence of God, Old Jem was left alone; no one appeared to care to seek him in his affliction, and many were even thankful in the quiet they possessed in the downfall of their turbulent neighbor.

In those long winter nights of pain, and days of inaction (following the amputation of the poor sufferer's crushed thigh), so trying to the active temperament of the once strong man, there was at least stillness, and in the silence of those weary hours, it may be, the voice of the Lord God was heard calling the sins of a long life to remembrance; whether in the thunders of Sinai, or like to Him who spake to Paul, "Why persecutest thou Me?" I know not; God knoweth.

At last, broken down with a sense of his own utterly lost state, a humble entreaty was sent from Old Jem to the rejected friend, beseeching him to come and visit him. Ac-

ording to the will of the Lord, the servant went forth once more in His name who alone giveth the hearing ear, and who had prepared the way before him.

There was nothing in the bearing of James L——'s visitor that would have led an observer to suppose that he had not been always as welcome as he was this morning. He approached the sick man's bed-side, and taking his hand gently, asked him what he could do for him? There was no shade of distrust or of wrongs remembered, to recall to the penitent his former hard reception. The warm grasp of the hand, and frank greeting of the kind face that bent over him, fairly conquered the last stronghold behind which the enemy would have striven to keep the man of God afar off.

Old Jem wept abundantly, as he sobbed forth, "I thought you would not come, sir!"

"Why not, Jem? I told you I would come."

"Yes, sir; but since then I knew I did not deserve it. Sir, I am a lost sinner!"

And this was the first acknowledgment of unworthiness ever heard from the lips of James L——. For more than half a century he had lived without God in the world, a willing slave of Satan, in whose service his time and strength had been spent, and now he was about to receive his wages from the world's hard taskmaster; "for the wages of sin is death"—death eternal! The Lord sent once more an offer of grace, a messenger of mercy.

I said I could not tell you how the Lord dealt with this sinner. I wish I could, for all His dealings reveal more and more of His unfathomable love; but this I know, from that day all things became new to the awakened soul. When a few months had passed, Old Jem went forth from his home, which was in a narrow dark court in the suburbs of London, to his former haunts, no longer the boastful, bold blasphemer, and quarrelsome neighbor, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him; he was born again of the Spirit, by which alone life in Christ, everlasting life, is received.

Before James L—— had laid aside his crutches and replaced his lost limb by a wooden one, no one doubted who was the master he served — even the Lord Jesus ! whom he had once reviled and despised ; and within the last few years the old sailor was itinerating from place to place, preaching with humble zeal the faith he had once sought to destroy.

The covenant is ordered in all things, and sure ; will you question the word of Him who cannot lie ? “ He that hath the Son hath life ; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.” (1 John v. 12.)

More than eighteen hundred years ago, when the set time was fully come, as it was foretold in the Scriptures, the Son of God came down to this world lying in wickedness ; He was brought forth in a stable ; He was subject to His own sin-born servants ; He bore their infirmities and sicknesses ; suffered their contempt and rejection ; daily endured their ignorance, their insults, and

revilings; and in due time bowed His sinless head beneath the wrath of God, which was their portion, in their stead; and died to save them.

“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 iii. 16.) *So* loved us, that He gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God. (Gal. i. 4.) “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” (John xv. 13.)

Dear reader, do you know anything of this love? Has your heart ever melted, as it gazed on the Son of God dying upon the accursed tree for *you*? Has it made the burden of sin press heavily, those sins that crucified the Son of Man? Do you know that peace which is won for you by that priceless sacrifice? Do you know that reconciliation and perfect substitution are made for *you*?

and have you experimentally learned that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus"?

You may not be a blasphemer, neither a drunkard, nor a brawler; perhaps you may *perform* religious duties, "give tithes of all that you possess," and be prominent in many a scheme of benevolence, and yet know nothing of divine love, which is born only of the transforming power of the Holy Ghost in the soul. "Ye must be born again." You may not know yourself a sinner, and yet be at peace with the world and yourself. Ah! that is another sort of peace, springing from a love opposed to the love of God; it loveth darkness rather than light, because its deeds are evil. The love which the world proffers is capricious, exacting, and always disappointing; the love of Christ is tender, ennobling, and faithful; the love of God is life; the love of the world is death; the peace which the world gives is the peace of the hardened heart and the seared conscience; the "peace of God passeth all understanding;" the world

cannot trouble it; it is beyond the reach of Satan to destroy it.

Dear reader, have you peace with God? and if not, wherefore?

If you are of the world (and all those who are not in Christ Jesus are of the world), you can understand nothing of the principle from which this love springs, though you may feel its power; for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Satan has his imitation of love, as he has of all spiritual manifestations of Divine Truth. The wide philanthropy that speaks of embracing all persons and all errors irrespectively in its affections (though there is generally a reserve which excludes the children of the kingdom), the false charity that is content to believe all are in a way of safety who walk according to their own darkness, who make a savior of almsgiving, or honesty, or benevolence, or religious observances, — this is not the love of the Spirit.

If you are contented with the world's joys, you know nothing yet of the love of God by the blood of the Lamb, and cannot be expected to have a care that others miss the mark of eternal life, which has no value in your eyes!

Yet this priceless love has been shed upon you day by day; the gift of every good thing falls through the hands you have pierced with your sins.

His love endureth; He waiteth still to be gracious; He is ready to forgive; plenteous in mercy. Turn ye to-day! Behold His hands and His side! Hearken to the cry of complete salvation that rises from Calvary!

“IT IS FINISHED!”

Oh, my reader, Love did it all!

## LOVE DID IT.

'BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE THE FATHER HATH BESTOWED UPON  
US." — 1 *John* iii. 1.

'Twas Love, abounding Love, that won  
The Father to bestow the Son,  
    To bear His people's shame !  
The guiltless One, by fools reviled,  
The Servant meek — the Holy Child  
    Jesus ! oh, welcome name !

'Twas Love that drew the Saviour down  
From angels' songs and heavenly throne,  
    Upon the cross to die !  
Love bore the taunt, the scourge, the woe !  
That hour of darkness none may know —  
    And all for such as I !

What brought Thee from Thy rest above,  
Thou Holy One, Thou spotless Dove !  
    On man's hard heart to fall ?  
Witness of Three in One to bless,  
Of Wisdom, Power, and Faithfulness,  
    'Twas Love that did it all !

Love did it all ! — undying Love,  
Nor sin, nor time, nor change, can move —  
    Tender, enduring, strong.

The Love that hath my sins forgiven,  
That makes my portion, and my heaven,  
Shall swell my happy song.

I'll tell it in the sinner's ear,  
I'll sing it to the worldlings near,  
And ask no other theme.  
'Twill flow to soothe the mourner's wail,  
And children hold the oft-told tale  
Dearer than fiction's dream.

So lead me, Holy Dove, to rest,  
And ever on my Saviour's breast  
With God Eternal dwell ;  
And there each cross and cloud recall,  
And praise the Love that did it all,  
For Love doth all things well !

The narrative I have so briefly touched on is homely and bald in incident, in that we miss the knowledge of the manner in which the Spirit of God worked on the sailor's soul. I could have found many an anecdote, both of history and home life, more attractive ; but, simple as it is, the Lord carried it home in power to a soul that was soon afterwards brought under the abiding influence of the

Holy Spirit, and it seemed an earnest of blessing. Perhaps it may also suggest to some who possess the heavenly treasure with which the Lord intrusts His followers, to give "not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver."

Many, into whose house salvation has entered, are saying, "How much shall we give of our substance, for the Lord's sake?" when they have yet to learn how much they can forgive for His sake.

It is easier to bestow half our possessions on the poor, to give tithes of all that we call our own, and to restore fourfold for that we have taken, than to stretch out the willing hand (seven times a day, if need be) to the offending brother; and yet "the long-suffering of the Lord is salvation."

We cannot love our enemies by looking at them, by enumerating our wrongs, by gauging our own sufferings, inflicted of many; it is not thus that we shall fulfil the new commandment; it is by looking to Him who has forgiven us; oh, how much more than we can

possibly pardon in our worst enemies! It is by feeling the full and free forgiveness bought for us by the blood of the Lamb slain; it is by the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, that all enmity is cast out. The Christian has received freely, and freely he gives his enemies forgiveness.

Love and prayer are vessels that are never stranded; they will surely come back some day freighted with treasure, and with such a breath of the better land in their sails, that none shall question that heavenly country whence they have returned.

Oh, that alms-giving may never be straitened to gold, and silver, and precious stones! It is easier to give of hard coin than to heap the fuel of love upon those who resist, and hate, and misunderstand, and revile you! Easier to part with houses and land, and sometimes with household affections, than with the gratification of resentment. One whose ministry was richly blessed was asked for advice by a young man who sought to walk in the same path. He replied :

“As to advice, I have none to give, except this — towards all persons, at all times, and in all things, endeavor to win by love. Love is the universal conqueror. By tenderness, forbearance, and love, we may greatly benefit those who come in contact with us. If we are only ready to serve our friends, even in their meanest and commonest requirements, like Him who washed the feet of His friends, we shall conciliate their regard, and greatly facilitate the advancement of truth in their souls.”

There are few who have received the Holy Spirit, and taken up the cross, who have not found the foes of their own household the most appalling to meet, and the most dangerous to encounter. The parent to whom submission in childhood has been given, the brother, the sister, the wife, the husband, the familiar friend, who have bitterly resented the progress of divine life in the soul, that sunders the earthly walk and companionship from them, all this is hard to bear; neverthe-

less, from such withhold not the pleasant sunshine of kind words and deeds. Let those share them who neither appreciate you nor love you. Jesus did so; and "if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye?" "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "Saved by His life." The God of heaven sends His sunshine and shower upon the just and the unjust, upon the evil and the good. It does not impoverish the bounty from whence it flows, and will still speak to some careless heart of Him. It may fall on the little seed which no human eye can behold; the thirsty ground is prepared for it; it may sparkle on the rock, or be lost to sight in the rivulet; it is the same sunbeam, the same rain of heaven. (Job xxxviii. 26, 27.)

I know how often I need to be reminded of this myself, by my many sorrowful failures, and by the blessing which has ever followed my desire to walk according to the "new commandment."

"God is love!" and if we know Him, and

have fellowship with His Son, He will give us out of His treasury all that is necessary for us to warm our loveless hearts. The heart of Jesus must have been sad indeed, when two of His dear disciples comprehended so little of His divine message as to desire fire from heaven to consume the cold-hearted Samaritans who refused to receive Him and His little band. "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them," was His gentle reproof.

See the perfect walk of the meek and lowly Master in that Pharisee's house, where He (the Lord of glory) was denied the common courtesy offered to the meanest stranger in Eastern countries! He did not quit that roof (as well He might) under which so little hospitality had been extended to Him. He waited until He could leave the lesson He went to impart, the blessing He was ready to bestow; and then He spoke, first in a simple parable, and afterwards in gentle exhortation, to His ungracious host. (Luke vii. 44.)

Richer entertainment awaited the Heavenly Guest of Simon of Bethany than angels could have furnished! for the tears and sweet odors of a loving, broken-hearted sinner were poured out in profusion on those beloved feet, so soon to be pierced and bleeding! The Saviour could well forego the neglect and suspicion of the self-righteous Pharisee!

So when Peter fell, it was the look of love which restored him: he denied his Lord no more; and if in his after life of faithful discipleship the memory of his fall rose before him, as doubtless it did (compare 1 Peter ii. 22-24), the tender affection and pitiful sympathy which that remembered glance comprehended, must have flooded the soul of the rash but ardent-hearted disciple with its reviving beams, and strengthened him in laying down the life he had once so heedlessly offered for that Master's sake.

Kind words, and smiles, and little thoughtful services to the unloving and the unlovely may be counted as nothing, less than nothing,

by the world; but they are costly in the sight of Him "who seeth not as man seeth." He beholds the blood of Jesus, the love of His dear Son, softening the heart naturally hard as the nether millstone. He has heard the cry that ascended for patient forbearance, and has seen the inward glance on the Lamb slain, before which no evil thing can live. And many such day by day cast these their mites into the hidden treasury; dear are they to Him whose name and essence is Love. There are some to whom self-devotedness in this service is less a free-will offering than to others; and, generally speaking, these are those from whom the sacrifice may not so often be required. Let not those who are called to bear this special cross imagine that they are singled out for peculiar chastening, as though some strange thing had happened to them. Each receives discipline, whether it is used to act on a nature hard, sharp, and inflexible, or one feeble and vacillating. There is a way to meet each need. I never knew of but one by which the lion may

lie down with the lamb, and a little child may lead them, even the holy child Jesus. It is just realizing our oneness with Him who is power, wisdom, holiness, and love !

Who has not experienced the influence of a loving and beloved friend, when the jarred nerves and overstrained brain are revenging themselves by querulous retorts and fretful murmurs? Who does not remember the glance of love, the soft, cool touch of some dear hand upon the aching, fevered brow in those hours of soul-sickness? How unconsciously its silent tenderness soothes the ruffled spirit, and stills the hasty words, or half-rejection of its kindly office! Well, if you can call Jesus "Friend," this is always yours to give and receive. Realize all a mother's love a thousand-fold; add the tender wife's devotedness; the faithful sister's gentlest sympathy; the friend partaking of each who has shared the deepest in your sorrows and your joys; and then, if you can do this, you

have only the faintest shadow of that love that never changes nor grows cold.

Oh, loveless heart! how quick to resent, how slow to show forth the love that dwelleth richly in thee! Wilt thou cast away as worthless thy gold, or let it lie cankered in the coffer, because senseless ones know not its value? Rather dwell continuously in the pavilion of peace, in which the realized presence of Jesus thy Lord shelters thee! Then shalt thou read therein the renewed evidence of a Father's love, and show forth the power on those brought within its influence.

The exercise of long-suffering may bear the sympathy of Jesus only; the work of patience-perfecting may be sharp; the furnace fires may be heated beyond their wont; the self-denial to the will may be a keen wrestle of the flesh; but it is all known to Him.

A dear and suffering Christian friend of my own, on a bed of sickness which has now proved the portal of heaven, shrank for a

while from the prospect of prolonged anguish which opened before her. In the vision of the morning, as she lay in her bed, there appeared to her a minute crown, twined here and there with thorns, and by the side of this tiny ensign of the Saviour's deep, abounding love lay another crown, composed wholly of thorns, large, murderous spines, such as doubtless composed the wreath of painful mockery that bound the brow of the holy Son of God. "I thought," said my friend, "the angels might have brought it; for some one seemed to say, pointing to the large, heavy crown, 'I wore this for thee; wear thou thine for me;'" and meekly she bent her head, and wore the wreath, and now she has laid it by for the crown for which she waits. Count not the scars of the thorns, nay, count them not scars, but mouldings of infinite beauty, which shall show forth fairer in the temple of the Lord for each touch of the Master's hand. Oh, my friend, it is not an enemy that hath arisen in the night to spoil the great masterpiece —

"LOVE DID IT!"

## THE AVENGER.

"MINE EYE ALSO SHALL SEE MY DESIRE ON MINE ENEMIES, AND MINE EARS SHALL HEAR MY DESIRE OF THE WICKED THAT RISE UP AGAINST ME." — *Psalm xcii. 11.*

YEA, though I wait for weary days, and seem to pray  
in vain,  
Strong in Thy faithfulness, O Lord, I come to Thee  
again.  
My foes are Thine, and I, bowed down, upon Thy  
promise rest,  
The Helper of the helpless, THOU, the God of the  
oppressed !

Thine is the sword ! Thou bad'st it smite ; this blunts  
its edge for me :  
And I, through Him for sinners slain, shall more than  
conqueror be.  
Fight Thou 'gainst them that 'gainst me strive, plead  
Thou my cause, O Lord !  
And on this battle-field be Thou my Buckler, Spear,  
and Sword.

Thou, mightiest to save ! to Thee all grace, all power  
belongs ;  
Thou hast my many sins forgiven ; forgive, O Lord, my  
wrongs.  
Thy murderers in hate arrayed, did first Thy pity meet,  
And I, my enemies would bring as trophies to Thy feet.

Forgive! for them on Calvary's mount Thy precious  
blood was spilt;

From Sinai's thunders save them yet, and cancel all  
their guilt.

Forgive! for, oh, one glance of Thine the hardest heart  
can move,

Draw them beneath the quenchless beam of one sweet  
look of love.

Each hand, in fierce array opposed, shall strike but at  
Thy will,

The words that wound, the storms that burst, Thy wise  
decrees fulfil.

As the frail bulrush to the breeze its spear-like beauty  
bends,

So let Thy Spirit o'er them sweep, and change my foes  
to friends.

O Lord, the night is waning fast, the dawn comes on  
apace,

Not shortened is Thine hand to save, not past the day  
of grace;

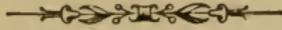
Grant broken, bleeding, contrite hearts to all who  
'gainst me rise,

So let me see my heart's desire upon mine enemies!





## BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.



*“Be of good comfort, rise ; he calleth thee. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus. . . . And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.” — Mark x. 49-52.*

**W**HEN will you accept Christ as your Saviour?” inquired a lady of her servant, a young Swiss, busily employed in polishing the floor, which in the principal houses in Switzerland and Germany is inlaid with various-colored woods, in place of the carpets to which we are accustomed in England.

The young man thus addressed raised his head, and pausing in his work, replied, “No, I have not accepted Christ as my Saviour ;

but, oh, I long to be saved before it is too late — too late — too late !”

The last words were broken by stifled sobs, and his tears burst forth unrestrained. He dropped the implements with which he had been engaged in his work, and wrung his hands in anguish ; then clasping them despairingly, he looked upwards as if imploring pardon.

“ O Christian, what joyful tidings !” exclaimed the lady. “ Once you received every invitation of the Saviour with indifference, because you felt no need of pardon ; but now you realize that you are *lost*, your heart desires Him who came to seek and to save the lost.”

“ I am overwhelmed with the depth of my sins,” said the young Swiss despondingly. “ I can see nothing else. I have lived more than a year under your roof, madam. I have listened to prayer and faithful exhortation, and I have cared nothing for my soul, nothing for my Saviour.”

The distress of his face as he pronounced

these last words showed the principal feature of his contrition: it was his *Saviour* whom he had slighted and rejected.

One evening in the early spring the family had been aroused by frantic cries proceeding from an upper room, from the nurse of the little infant. She had left the nursery, and by the light of the moon that shone through the uncurtained window of the adjoining chamber, she declared that a frightful ghost had arisen and passed before her.

Her excitement was such that the child was taken from her charge, and a strict watch kept over her during the night. The results threatened to be serious.

Much prayer arose from the family for prudence and light to guide in the path of perplexity that had suddenly opened before them; for all the first symptoms of brain-fever were now manifest in the nurse. The Lord had promised that "all things" should work together for good to them that love Him; and the constant desire and prayer of

all was that by His infinite power these untoward events might work for His glory.

The following morning the mistress of the family questioned each member of the household apart on this mysterious appearance. From many circumstances it appeared clear to all that Christian was the culprit. The lady proceeded to speak to him privately, and if possible to lead him to confess, not only for his own sake, but to calm the fears of the poor nurse, whose terror gradually heightened to a distressing crisis every evening at the same hour, and rendered her remaining in the capacity of nurse a position of difficulty and danger.

The Lord was answering, though as yet no sign was given that He had heard.

Christian burst into tears, and after a few minutes' silence, confessed that he had disguised himself, and, concealed in the shadow of the long, narrow room, had waited quietly until he heard the footstep of the nurse, when he darted forth into the moonlight, and confronted the terrified woman, whose screams

brought others to the scene, when he fled. He went on to say that he had not slept for anguish of heart, and that he had prayed that the poor girl might be restored. His misery through the night had been used to break his stubborn heart. It was a cry of despair. It was not unheard ; for it trusted in the power of the Saviour, of whom he had so often heard, but whose love he had until then rejected. The anxiety for the nurse, whose precarious state involved the well-being of the infant in her charge, and the state of suspense in which the family remained, contributed to bring Christian at last, a broken-hearted sinner, to the feet of the Saviour. With a heavy heart he had driven some of the family to the railway station for a lengthened absence, and he returned to the house in so much depression, that one of the family who was left, was struck by his sadness, and sent him word that she would gladly read and pray with him soon, but at that time was occupied. But in touching earnestness he replied :

“Oh, let it be *soon*, mademoiselle, let it be *soon*, if you please!”

“I read to him,” said my friend, “Isa. liii. 6: ‘All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;’ and then I paused, and asked him if he believed this to be true. He assented; but when I went on to the last part of the verse, ‘and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of *us all*,’ and inquired if he thought that was true also, he was silent.

“I turned to 1 Peter ii. 24, ‘Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.’

“Still no response; but the same expression of despair. By way of making it clearer by illustration, I said, ‘If God should take the burden of sin which is now upon you, and put it on this chair in front of you, could it be on the chair and on you at the same time? And if God the Father tells us that He has

taken our sins and laid them on Jesus, shall we not believe that "He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him"?" (2 Cor. v. 21.) His face brightened at once, and he replied joyfully:

"'Yes; I can and do believe that Jesus has borne all my sins away. Yes; He died on the cross for me also.'

"The burden was gone. He went on to tell me of a dream he had the preceding night. He was walking through a forest with some of his companions, when the trunk of a large and beautiful fir-tree in his path suddenly opened, and two large branches, like arms, extended to receive him. As he turned away from it, it closed; but when he returned, it opened as before. This he interpreted as being the Lord Jesus Christ waiting to receive him if he would go; but if he again went away it would be too late.

"I then read to him John v. 24: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, 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 ;' also John i. 12 : ' As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name.' ' Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' (Rom. v. 1.)

“ All these precious assurances in God's own Word he was enabled to receive into his heart by faith. Together we thanked God for having put all his sins away by the blood of Jesus, and that, clothed in *His* righteousness, there was now no condemnation for him. He was now at peace with God ; he had passed from death unto life.

“ Before he left me, I asked him what had made him first begin to think he was lost. He replied, that his cousin, a young Christian in the household, resolutely refused to combine with the other servants in customs which were neither honorable nor honest to their employers. Also, he said he thanked God for bringing him into a family where Christ was

set forth faithfully before the servants, and the Scriptures read daily and commented on.

“ ‘ Had I remained with my former master,’ he said, ‘ I might never have heard of these things, never have come to Jesus, or known His love to poor sinners like me.’

“ He left me full of trust and joy in the Saviour ; and I little thought how brief would be his life and testimony. During the many occasions I had of praying with him, and reading God’s Word with him, during the following weeks, not a shadow of doubt ever crossed his mind. His face was lighted up with a holy joy, which testified to all those who came in contact with him, that Christ Jesus had taken possession of that heart, in which hatred and jealousy and envy had long reigned.

“ The Bible was indeed a light and a lamp to him. He listened in eagerness for every new promise, that he might appropriate it to himself ; and as I paused on one and another, and told him that what Jesus was for His people now, He would be for ever, his face, like a

child's, said as plainly as his words, 'And all this for me!' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'

"As he left me at our latest interview, he said, 'I have been so refreshed and encouraged. I could sing all day long, did I not think of the unconverted; and then I can hardly refrain from weeping.'"

The very week that he believed in the good news of salvation, he desired to spread it far and wide. His great concern was first for his mother, and long he prayed, and asked me to pray, before he wrote to her to invite her to partake of the gospel feast. To his great delight he found that she believed. Then he was led to invite two young converts to join him in gathering their former companions to a little meeting on Sunday; and though he never succeeded in collecting more than two or three together, yet the blessing that fell on his own soul, from the prayerful reading and meditation on the Word of God to instruct them, advanced him in the knowledge of Him whom he desired to serve.

Diligent as he was, he could hardly find time to do all he desired; yet with all this, and without neglecting any duty, he visited and read to a poor sick man in the village. I saw one of the letters he had written to a relative, closing with, "I dare say you will laugh at me for what I have written, but I am constrained to do so while I can, before it is too late." I scarcely remember to have heard him pray through these last weeks without his closing his prayer with thanksgiving that the Lord had graciously saved him before it was "too late;" yet we knew not that his departure was nigh.

On the Friday the subject dwelt on at family worship was "Prayer, and the faithfulness of God in answering the prayers of His people." He said at the close: "I have not yet succeeded in assembling the boys together for our meeting on Sunday evening. I see how it is, I have not prayed about it as I ought. They promise me to come, and I expect them, but they never come; I must

pray that they may keep their promise." It was his last Sunday on earth.

He had asked me to seek for several answers to prayer out of God's Word, to help him and his friends the following week; and while I was engaged in this pleasant task, I was called away to hear that he had exchanged prayer for praise, and service for rest. That morning there was such an expression of celestial joy on his face after family worship that every one remarked it. The reading and commentary had been on the love of Jesus; and truly that love, shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, irradiated his whole being. In less than an hour he was in the presence of Him whose love had been the source of this unutterable joy.

He paused at the door to inquire of his mistress if the carriage would be required before the afternoon; if not, that he desired to take the horses to bathe. The lady replied that he might do so. She could not but remark the earnestness of his few delighted words on the substance of what had been

spoken that morning. He added, "Never since my conversion have I felt such joy as now fills my soul." Then he went forth, and we saw him no more. How precious was the living testimony he left for our comfort! He had found rest in the Shepherd's bosom before the wild waters of the Rhone had carried him from our sight.

It was a summer's day, the 24th of June. The richly-wooded mountains rose in grandeur, and the blue Rhone, darting and dashing in its rapid course, rushed through the valley, enlivening the whole scene with its cheerful voice and sparkling waters. The large walnut-trees were almost golden in the bright sunshine; the orchards and the glowing flower-plots all were in the glory of summer. There was no cloud in the sky, no shadow on the spirits of those who had parted with him who went forth to return no more. But, like the avalanche that falls often in the sunny noon, or in the stillness of the setting sun, we know not at what hour

destruction may come, or what awaits the foot that crosses the threshold with its glad, elastic tread, set on service for the Lord of the harvest, or one going forth to do the bidding of the adversary of souls, to perish for ever.

All in the household went on as usual, when there was a stranger's step upon the gravel walk that led to one of the principal rooms; a loud, hurried knock for admittance; a still more rapid utterance; and all was told.

One hour before, Christian had, as he proposed, taken one of the horses to bathe. The bank of silver sand still bore the impress of the horse's hoofs, evidently reluctant to enter the water. Once, twice, thrice it was clear that the animal had strongly resisted, and then breasted the rushing wave, swollen and turbid by the melting snow of the mountains. The next moment the rapid Rhone engulfed horse and rider like a whirlpool, and they were seen no more. All this was witnessed on the bridge near at hand. Preparations were made at the chateau, with the vain hope

of restoration when he should be brought in. The sunny day closed, but no tidings of Christian. The faint expectation was cherished that possibly he might have been rescued, and carried to a *châlet* on the border of Lake Lemman; but as night drew on, even that last hope vanished.

The dead horse was thrown up two days afterwards, some miles distant from the spot. But three long weeks of waiting passed before the remains of Christian were cast up by the waters of the lake on the shore of Ville-neuve, where in the little cemetery they await the manifestation of the sons of God. It was a time of mourning through the whole village, and it was only then we learned to how many he had spoken of the Lord, urging them in the same strain to come "before it is too late." He took leave of the youths with whom he had read and prayed the preceding Sunday: "Adieu until next Sunday." His last words came to them with power as a message from God!

How little could we all foresee that in less

than a quarter of a year from the time the lost sheep was found, his brief hour of testimony and service would close!

Dear reader, there is yet *time!* Eternity lies before you — an endless life, with its boundless joys, in the presence of Him who calls you even *to-day*; or eternity with the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not quenched. (Mark ix. 45.) “Choose you this day whom ye will serve.” Receive ye the “gift of God” or the “wages of sin”? Everlasting punishment, or life eternal?

Christian was the only son of a poor widow in one of the northern cantons of Switzerland. By means of many privations and hard labor on her part, she brought him up in his childhood to the best of her ability; but at last, the better to provide for him, she took the place of a servant. The child was thus thrown on the care of strangers, and lacking the tenderness of a mother's love, his naturally proud spirit became obstinate, impatient of restraint, and full of suspicion,

finding in every one neglect and unkindness. He fondly loved the mother whom he saw but seldom. He knew that it was for his sake she had taken a place of service. It pressed upon his affectionate regard for her; and in order to relieve her of the burden of his own maintenance, he engaged himself as a farm laborer when little more than a boy; but the wages were so low that they barely sufficed for his own necessities.

He was about twenty years old when his cousin, a housemaid in a Christian family, procured for him the situation of coachman, and thus brought him under the teaching of the gospel; and here for the first time he heard the blessed news of the grace of God, which changed his life of bitterness and hardness into joy and peace.

He showed great aptitude in qualifying himself for the place, and was so diligent in informing himself of everything relative to his duties, that he became a truly valuable servant, as far as his work was concerned; but his pride, self-love, and obstinacy seemed

only to strengthen as he became sensible of his own acquirements. It was not until he had learned to live unto the Lord, that the service he confessed to find hard became easy and pleasant, under the gentle yoke of the heavenly Master, who had said, "*Learn of Me.*" Although in vigorous health, the brevity and uncertainty of life seemed ever present to him; and never was he heard to pray but he ended in praise for the precious time granted him to tell of a Saviour's love, and lead others to the same happy confidence in the promises of God.

Many verses, particularly on the preciousness of Jesus, were found marked in his Bible. From first to last the grace of God in Christ Jesus, who came to seek and save him, was his one glad theme.

May the oft-repeated warning from the lips of the faithful watchman come with a trumpet sound to some slumbering, cold, rebellious heart, "The long-suffering of the Lord is salvation." Day waneth; the night cometh.

Come before it is too late! too late! too late!

“If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” (John viii. 36.)

Oh, lost ones, return ye! return ye!

For why will ye die?

One wilderness opens around you,

Another is nigh.

No light in death's shadow awaits ye!

No peace reigneth there!

No balm for your wound and your weakness!

No rest for your care!

Ye lone ones, ye sad ones, ye lost ones,

The night wanes apace!

Dark terrors have gathered around you;

The message of grace,

That had freed you from death's darksome prison,

Is offered no more;

The Lord of the feast is uprisen,

And closed is the door!

To-day there is time! He beholdeth

But one glance above!

Break, break, stubborn heart! there await thee

Swift answers of love —

Sweet sounds 'mid the songs of the angels —

*“Let him go free!”*

Go lean on the heart that was broken —

Broken for *thee*.

“God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God.” (John iii. 17, 18.)



## THE NEW SIXPENCE;

OR,

“GOD IS GOOD! GOD IS LOVE!”



*“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.”—Matt. viii. 20.*

*“My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe My ways.”—Prov. xxiii. 26.*

**R**EAD the Word of God from Genesis to Revelation, and you will see that one thread runs through all: “God is good; God is love.” These words contained a germ of strength and revival to the writer when setting forth on her pilgrimage, coming as they did from the lips of a dearly loved and honored servant of the Lord in a brief part-

ing interview. The winged words fled forth like birds to their home, and from that hour have nestled in the heart to which the Holy Spirit guided them.

In various dark and perplexing wilderness paths, when "neither sun nor stars for many days appeared, and no small tempest was around," they have solved many a difficulty, and dispelled unbelief, with their sweet song in the night.

Give them entrance into thy heart, dear reader, and hear what God the Lord may speak by them; but if thou dost not bid them welcome, may they wait, like doves, at the window, with folded wings of hope and faith, ready to enter thy soul, when thou hast found a place therein where the Son of man may lay His head.

"God is good! God is *very* good!" The words fell in tones of admiring wonder from the lips of a child scarcely five years old, as, gazing from a high casement window, alone she watched the setting sun. Rich violet and golden clouds, like chariots with fiery

steeds, seemed careering to the west, and beyond them the pale opal green reflection, like a sea of unbroken light, imaged forth heaven to the little lonely watcher. Heaven! where God, and the angels, and her mother dwelt, and where some day the motherless one thought to lean again on the tender breast that had sheltered her infancy.

She knew not of the flaming sword at Eden's gate, that turned every way, to keep the way of the Tree of Life, nor that the children of the exiled Adam cannot pass it. The white robe, washed in the blood of the Lamb, the white stone, the song of "Abba" in the heart, alone give entrance through the walls of Salvation and the gates of Praise.

The old house was silent, all within seemed desolate; costly toys and books lay scattered round, alike uncared for; the young heart was throbbing with strange feelings; it was experiencing its first hungry cry for love and sympathy, which never yet found rest but in the Infinite. It was the first whisper of the Holy Ghost to the little one. "Give ME

thine heart, and let thine eyes observe MY ways.”

No mother's love soothed her childish sorrows; no tender voice showed her the Saviour of little children, who stood ready to embrace her, or told her that He had laid down His life for the youngest lamb of His blood-bought flock.

The topmost branches of the distant trees were now tinged with gold, the sky deepened into crimson glory, and the light fell on the upturned face where a tear still glistened. “Beautiful world! beautiful heaven! God is good! God is very good! I wish I had something to give Him!” repeated the child deliberately. The long wistful glance was withdrawn from the fair scene without, to the lone chamber, gloomy in the coming twilight, and more so from the contrast of the brightness above. Now her eye ran over the most cherished toy, the newest picture, and the best-loved book; but either they had lost their charm, or were in some way unfitted as an offering; she passed them by with an un-

satisfied inspection, and stood lost in thought. Ah! now she has it; her eye brightens, and the little feet trip on the delightful errand. In the innermost drawer of a cabinet of childish treasures is a sixpence, new, bright, and valued, set apart for special purchases. With a cry of exultation she unfolds the new white coin from the paper which enwrapped it in the tiny purse, her fingers trembling with joy. She exclaims, "I will give it all to God!" And now kneeling on the footstool, which brought her cheek on a level with the casement, the little one placed her gift on the ledge of the window, and resumed her watch, confidently believing that as God was "good," and as she had given Him what she valued most, so assuredly He would accept that which she brought Him. She expected some white-winged angel would cleave the amethyst clouds, and come down to do the bidding of Him who reigned above. But all was still; the glory slowly passed away from the sky, and the gloom deepened; no angel appeared, no voice from heaven broke the silence; but

still the child kept her watch of faith, repeating at intervals, as if to assure herself that all was right, "God is good!"

A low knock at the chamber-door filled her heart with awe, and her eyes with tears. She knew she should not wait in vain; God had accepted her offering, and had sent for the new sixpence. She took it in her hand, nothing doubting, and opening the door, she beheld — not an angel radiant in beauty — but a man bowed down with years and infirmities. He stretched out his trembling hand (his need was met before it was made known in words), reverently was the coin dropped within its palm; he blessed the child, she closed the door, nor remained to listen to the departing steps of the stranger, but the light feet tripped back for one more glance at the last beam of day that told where the sun had set.

Had she chosen, there would have been the angel visitor and the track of glory; still her heart was satisfied that a messenger was really sent at her desire, — God had stooped

to a little child's simplicity; and again and again she repeated, as if to comfort herself with safety in the darkness and loneliness with a memory of the glory that had now departed, "God is good! God is *very* good!"

He who heareth the cry of the ravens, and the young lions in the forest, honored the simple trust of an ignorant little child! Lord, give us the faith of little children!

You are inclined to smile, dear reader, at this childish simplicity. Have you no silver sixpence dearer than the toys which have ceased to charm you? some household god that you keep in the inner drawer of the secret cabinet?

It may be very small in others' sight, though very dear to you; none taking account thereof but your own loving heart; so small, you hardly know if God would accept such an offering.

The great salvation may not be a strange story to you. You may have learned that five sparrows, sold for a farthing, have been noted by the eye that never slumbers or sleeps

and He will not reject the offering of a loving heart, and yet you have not brought it.

Years have gone by. The old house is deserted ; the chamber is empty ; and men have forgotten the name of the child that dwelt there. God has not forgotten ; God never forgets ; God is good ! The world's joy which bringeth sorrow, the world's sorrow which worketh death, and the heart's sins, and the life's sins in a soul that had found no rest in the Redeemer, have left no trace of the hopeful-hearted little watcher of the sunset glory.

There is no beauty without now. The sky is leaden, dull, and heavy with the smoky atmosphere of a great city ; the chirp of the sparrow on the eaves, and the tramp of men going forth to their daily toil, are the only heralds of the early morning.

Yet it is the same watcher, and still alone ; yet not alone, for she knoweth Him whom to know is life eternal. (John xvii. 3.) The cabinet in which she is seeking holds untold gifts for her, bought at the costly price of the Blood of the Lamb slain. Her hands are

empty; she had nothing to bring but her sins, which He hath taken and cast into the wilderness of forgetfulness, and a new heart is given unto her for her heart of stone, and she is "accepted in the Beloved." She hath Jesus; and "with Him also" the Father "freely giveth all things."

Listen! you shall learn what hath filled her heart with thanksgiving, and her lips with praise.

"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." (Isa. xliii. 1-3.)

In faith she beholds a "beautiful earth!" where all things shall become new; "a beautiful heaven!" for the Lamb is the light thereof!

The memory of the silver sixpence, laid in

leathen ignorance upon the altar of the unknown God, rises before the watcher; her lips tremble in thankful repetition of the words that formed her childhood's anchor; and at the dawn of a brighter day she cries, "God is good! yea, God is very good! God is a faithful God! God is love!"

Dear reader, have you brought the new sixpence to the God of nature? or the broken, bleeding, contrite heart, with all its sins and wasted energies, its corrupt inclinations and abominable pollution, to the God of your salvation?

"Our God accepteth the whole heart or none,  
And loves to heal the bleeding, broken one."

Have you, then, given your heart to Him who gave His life for you? "Give" of thine own free-will, otherwise it is no free gift. "ME," not another, not to the world. "Me!" thy Saviour, thy Friend, thy Surety. "Thine *heart*," not thy money, nor thy time, nor thy labor; but that heart for which I have paid the penalty you could not pay, the

weight of the wrath of God, and quenched the flaming sword of justice with the Blood of the Lamb slain.

You may deceive the world, sometimes deceive yourself; you cannot deceive God. You may be naturally amiable and benevolent. You may have given your money for missions, your name to subscription lists, your labor to schools and committees; nay, your knowledge of Scripture may be not only an acknowledged fact, but given for the edification of others; and yet the Lord may be pleading with you in His love, "Give ME thine *heart*," and you have not done it.

It is not your money He asks for. The gold and the silver are His, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He can command the wealth of those who have never even considered the great sacrifice. Your labor is in vain, your wisdom is foolishness; for until they all spring forth out of the love that the Holy Spirit begets in the new-born soul, they do but grow from nature's root of pride,

which would fain make God a debtor to the sinner in the work of salvation.

It is but the fruit of the old man, the thorn and the blossom of the thistle of nature, alien by the curse from the new Adam.

In giving and in taking, the Lord is ever pleading. The vibration of some chord in your heart, in sympathy or admiration of His works, may draw forth your new sixpence; your eyes may fill with tears as you gaze on the beauties of the green woodlands, or the rushing cataract, or the changing beauties of the sky; and you may declaim on the goodness of God; nay, some cup of water, sought even in peril from the brook at Bethlehem's gate for a weary soldier of the King, hath its *earthly* reward, and the glow of pleasure that thrills your being is a faint taste of the joys of the Kingdom; the holy Dove broodeth over the dark waters; it is a whisper, "Give ME thine *heart*."

You are brought back from the Grave's gates; nights of pain and days of lassitude are exchanged for the sweet return of health:

a new beauty seems to have awakened in the earth, and every sound has a song. Or some cherished one is restored to you, when your last hope had failed. Cares, which had for years perplexed and harassed you, are suddenly removed, you scarce know how; and the pinching poverty and uncertain employment have now changed to comparative ease and affluence; it is the south wind of the heavenly Spirit. Oh, open your heart to its tender influence! The God of your mercies whispers, "Give ME thine *heart!*"

The angel of death has entered your dwelling and removed the desire of your eyes. The voice, sweet to your ears as the song of the early birds, is hushed; and the rippling laughter and light footfalls have ceased to make glad your household. Or your own familiar friend, who has shared your sorrows and your joys, has been withdrawn; or, worse still, has lifted his heel against you. You have loved and trusted, and been forsaken. You leaned on an Egyptian reed, and it has pierced your feeble hand; and the fruit you

thought so fair is now bitter ashes to your taste. The bankruptcy, the unsuccessful investment, the dishonesty of the servant who has wasted your substance, the unfaithful partner who has involved you in difficulties, the vessel that has never reached the port, or the shipwreck of some sweet hope dearer than gold or silver. Oh, friend, it is the north wind; it tells you, "He hath created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, that bringeth forth an instrument for his work." He hath "created the waster to destroy." It is the voice of Love, "Give ME thine heart, and let thine eyes observe *My* ways." For if you are still dead in your sins, how can you see? "Except a man be born again, he cannot *see* the kingdom of God." You are blind; His Spirit dwelleth not within you; how can you take heed to His ways? Your own ways shall bring you death; but His ways are life and peace. Jesus is "The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

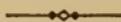
In proportion as the eyes of the child rest

on the father's countenance, so will he guide him with his eye. And the spiritual ear unstopped, and turned to listen to the Father's voice, shall surely hear that voice behind him guiding him in the path his eye observeth, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

Oh, ye who know these truths, and, tarrying in Egypt, have forgotten the joys of your adoption, let the song of welcome resound in your Father's house! Come! return! feed on the children's portion, the bread-corn bruised, the finest of the wheat; with honey out of the stony rock shall you be satisfied. He offers you water from the rivers of His pleasure, and the new wine of the kingdom that maketh glad the heart that mourneth. Come! let people know that He dwells in you, and walks in you, and is your God, and that you are His servants. "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and

daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." (2 Cor. vi. 17.)

And you who linger in Kadesh, press on to the Promised Land! though sinful fears and unbelief oppose your progress, the Angel of His presence goes before you. Pass not through the fields and the vineyards of the enemy; drink not of the waters of their polluted wells; at best they will prove but broken cisterns. Go ye by the King's Highway, and turn not unto the right hand nor to the left; but let thine eyes observe His ways.



### THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD.

"IT IS WRITTEN, MY HOUSE SHALL BE CALLED THE HOUSE OF PRAYER,  
BUT YE HAVE MADE IT A DEN OF THIEVES." — *Matt. xxi. 13.*

IN the poor Inn's rudest chamber  
 The Holy Babe is laid;  
 The herd and hind surround Him,  
 Where angels homage paid.  
 The voice that ruleth nations  
 Is changed to human wail;  
 The glory of the Godhead  
 Enshrouded 'neath a veil!

The young Child softly slumbers  
On a village maiden's breast ;  
Earth, to the Lord Creator,  
Affords no place of rest,  
No shelter for the homeless,  
Beyond a stable-shed ;  
No place, O heavenly Stranger,  
Where Thou canst rest Thine head !

The lowly shepherds round Him  
In worship bend the knee ;  
The host of heaven, amazed,  
Behold the mystery.  
See ! frankincense and spices,  
The gifts the wise men bring,  
Myrrh for the death that waits Him,  
And fine gold for a King !

In this cold heart, my Saviour,  
No place for Thee is found !  
Amidst the world's wild clamor,  
Thy still sweet voice is drowned.  
Oh, give Thine Holy Spirit !  
Thy temple, Lord, prepare ;  
Cast out the thieves and merchandise  
That crowd Thine house of prayer.

These, in the dark recesses,  
Have kept my Lord afar,  
He doth withhold His presence  
Where the money-changers are.  
What buying and what selling,  
And what idols are within !  
What fire strange and sacrifice  
Upon Thine altar seen !

There is no silent chamber  
Where Love its peace can bring,  
No place, O Dove the spotless,  
Where Thou canst rest Thy wing.  
Gold may be there, and spices,  
Yea, and the bended knee,  
And wiser than the Heavenly One,  
The wise men now would be.

Forbear to smite, O Father !  
Thou 'lt not forbear to save ;  
On the Sacrifice I cast me,  
Thy tender mercy gave ;  
Upon the young child Jesus,  
Born in a stable-shed,  
On Him the scorned and crucified,  
As dying in my stead.

Upon my Priest Anointed,  
Thy well-beloved Son !  
For me reviled, accused, accursed,  
Jesus, the Risen One !  
Jesus ! the King with many crowns,  
In kingly might adored !  
Jesus ! the sun of this world's night,  
Of heaven and earth the Lord !

. . . . .

Back to the manger's cradle-bed,  
Amidst the world's rude scorn,  
I turn my gaze — 'mid lowing herds,  
Behold, the Babe is born !  
He shall not perish — no rude hand  
That holy life can mar ;  
For I have followed, led by Thee,  
Thy glorious guiding star !

Dispel, Lord, with Thy voice of love,  
Each dark, bewildering sin ;  
It is Thine house not made with hands,  
Oh, come and dwell within ;  
And make it, Lord, Thy resting-place,  
And fill it with Thy light ;  
My rescued soul, in this Thy shrine,  
Shall serve Thee day and night.

And you who live under the means of grace, who have the title of "sons," who have been treated as children, so far as provision, protection, and instruction are concerned, who have a name to live and yet are dead, consider your ways! The Son of God from the bosom of the Father took your place as a rebel and an outcast, with all its fearful consequences; and to this rebel, to this outcast, is offered the place of the child, bought for him by the blood of the Son of God; and this position he occupies as long as the day of grace remains. But how long, oh, how long may it last?

To-morrow! to-day! this hour! your soul may be required of you! then whose shall those things be that ye have provided? The servant shall be as his master; and the provision for this life of laborious pleasure shall only enhance the miseries of the life to come!

Oh, listen! to *you* are these words of salvation sent. It is a cry from the very heart of God; the depth of yearning affection breathing in the appeal is unutterable. It comes

bathed in the blood of the Redeemer, and baptized in heaven's own love — “‘Come!’ My lost one, My redeemed, ‘Give ME thine *heart*,’ thy *sinful heart*; and, ‘A *new heart* will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.’ (Ezek. xxxvi. 26.) By all I have done for thee, by all I long to bestow on thee, ‘Give ME thine *heart*.’” Oh, observe His ways! “I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee.” (Isaiah xliv. 22.) This may be thine.

“My son!” How precious such a title! how full of encouragement! and this is offered to a runaway, a prodigal, an enemy; but the heart of a Father yearns over you as over an erring child: for He would have all men to be saved. He is not willing to give you up; return and be reconciled, and rejoice His paternal heart. Yea, rejoice all heaven. Oh, ponder on the marvels of that love which

condescends to beseech His enemies to be reconciled to Him! Oh, turn ye! turn ye! why *will* ye die? To-day He repeats His gracious invitation, "Give ME thine *heart*, and let thine eyes observe My ways. All My paths are peace."

"GOD is good; GOD is LOVE." Oh, happy, rejoicing believer, let not Satan rob you of the sweet assurance that you are a son indeed! The disciples in the storm were no less the dear disciples and friends of Jesus, because the fierce tempest beat upon their little boat; nor was it that they were forgotten of Him, that He allowed the fourth watch of the night to break over the dark waters before the sweet, assuring presence of their Lord floated over them. In the solitary night-watch on the mountains, His love had won for them the faith that kept the feeble one from sinking, and saved the tremblers on their lonely voyage. "It was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them."

Ah! it is dark indeed when we see only the blackness of night, when we hear only the

wild breakers roar! Oh, then, trust in the NAME of the Lord! for it "is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." (Prov. xviii. 10.)

Ye are *sons*, and must learn to suffer ere ye can reign. Say not, because peculiar temptations and perplexities beset you, "Can I be a child of God?" Cast back the doubt on him who has forged it; "for he was a liar from the beginning." "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." (Heb. xii. 11.)

God's judgments are abroad upon the earth; with the natural understanding, men may perceive them as dark providences, but they wear a far other aspect to the child of God. To him whose eyes are upon the ways of the Lord, they are often unveiled; but even when mystery has enshrouded them, the little links of circumstances pass not by unobserved; for faith in the dark hour rests on the faithfulness of the Promiser. "*All things*

work together for good to them that love God," (Rom. viii. 28,) and such are content with the Divine *plan* to accomplish the Divine *purpose*; and there, as elsewhere, behold the seal of the heavenly commission, "GOD is good! GOD is LOVE."

Flesh may quail, and tears flow; may be it was for this the blow fell; but every tear is numbered. The thorn-crown is not a crown unless worn by an heir of the kingdom, nor tribulation the badge of sonship, save in the fellowship it brings. "There is one event to the righteous and to the wicked." (Eccles. ix. 2.) The fortitude the natural heart may bring forth is only of earth; for "every fruit yieldeth seed after its kind," and not after another kind; therefore the natural man sees no more of the ways of God when the affliction is removed than before. Not so the new man; he has observed the ways of the Lord, and thus has learned more of His wisdom, His faithfulness, and His love.

Nor does the Lord exonerate the instrument He has suffered to afflict His people.

He does by no means in this justify the ungodly. The bitter waters are rushing to destroy; He *permits* them to sweep over the seed of His right-hand planting. To the eye of the natural man they seem only to carry desolation; but He who has permitted the flood will *restrain* its bounds; beneath His hand it shall fructify the furrows, and fertilize, and not destroy the grain.

David was observing the Lord's ways when he could say of Shimei, "Let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David. Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so?"

Joseph's eye had been upon the ways of the Lord, when he said to his intended murderers, who had unwittingly made him a ruler, "Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life," (Gen. xlv. 5;) and in the delicacy of this reception we trace how graciously the heart, itself forgiven, pardons injuries it has received, when it observes the ways of the

Lord. The sadness on the brow of Nehemiah was but the shadow of the Lord's hand in the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and the prayerful cupbearer, in observing the ways of the Lord, prospered in that whereunto he was sent. (Neh. ii. 3-8.)

What have our friends done for us, compared with what the Lord has permitted our most bitter foes to work for us? Oh, ye who are indeed sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, observe His ways! Feeble and foolish of yourselves, He is your Wisdom, and your Light; His righteousness is yours; draw from it. Keep the sweet legacy of a dying Saviour's peace unbroken, so that you may observe His ways also, and the roll of every billow on your tempest-tossed path shall but whisper, "GOD is good! GOD is LOVE!"

The Father looketh on the beloved Son, in whom He is well pleased; upon His Anointed; upon our Shield. He hath won for thee the trial of faith and patience, of meekness and long-suffering, and they are as much thine as

the exceeding great reward. He hath promised, that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth;" and "if ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" (Heb. xii. 6, 7.)

"Only, Lord, say to me '*My* son,' and then, whatever Thou wilt after!" Welcome dark days and starless nights; welcome rough places which shall be made plain, and the crooked ones which shall be made straight! "GOD IS LOVE!" Welcome the tribulation in the world, which has been overcome; its sorrow and sickness; its pain and poverty; its scorn and oppression: "in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loveth us." (Rom. viii. 37.)

Forget not your song in the night, for He giveth it. The song of the midnight bird is the sweetest. The song of the soul in the dark, stormy hour fills the courts of heaven with melody; for while the rough billows around us seem to say, "He will be favorable

*no more,"* yet the very taunt of the tempter shall remind us how we have before rejoiced in His presence; and while we observe His ways, we shall rest upon His faithfulness. He has written, "I am the Lord, I change not." (Mal. iii. 6.)

"GOD IS GOOD! GOD IS LOVE!"



### LOVE'S OFFERING.

"NOT YOUR OWN, FOR YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE."

1 Cor vi. 19, 20

No more my own, Lord Jesus,  
 Bought with Thy precious blood;  
 I give Thee but Thine own, Lord,  
 That long Thy love withstood.

I give the life Thou gavest,  
 My present, future, past;  
 My joys, my fears, my sorrows,  
 My first hope and my last.

I give the love, the sweetest  
 Thy goodness grants to me;  
 Take it, and make it meet, Lord,  
 An offering for Thee.

Smile ! and the very shadows  
In Thy blest light shall shine ;  
Take Thou my heart, Lord Jesus,  
For Thou hast made it Thine.

Thou know'st my soul's ambition,  
For Thou hast changed its aim ;  
The world's reproach I fear not,  
To share a Saviour's shame ;

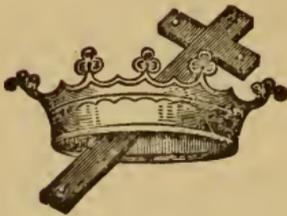
Outside the camp to suffer,  
Within the veil to meet,  
And hear Thy softest whisper,  
From out the mercy-seat.

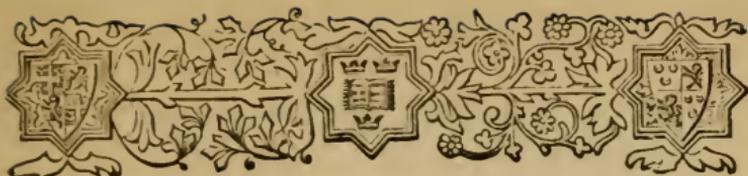
Thou bear'st me on Thy bosom,  
Amid Thy jewels worn,  
Upon Thy hands deep graven,  
By arms of Love upborne ;

Rescued from sin's destruction,  
Ransomed from death and hell,  
Complete in Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Thou hast done all things well !

Oh, deathless love that bought me !  
Oh, price beyond my ken !  
Oh, Life that hides my own life,  
E'en from my fellow-men !

Now fashion, form, and fill me  
With light and love divine ;  
**T**hus one with Thee, Lord Jesus,  
I am forever Thine !





# NAOMI'S NIGHT WATCH;

OR,

WHAT CAN A CHILD DO ?



*“ Then said I, Ah, Lord God ! behold, I cannot speak :  
for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me, Say  
not, I am a child ; for thou shalt go to all that I  
shall send thee.” — Jer. i. 6, 7.*

**D**EAR CHILDREN : This little story is for you. A child is the subject ; and a dear child, now a lamb in Christ's fold, was the cause of my writing it. The Saviour of sinners waits for you. Are you willing to be saved — to be made holy and happy ? To some younger than you He has said, “ Come,” and taken them in His arms, and blessed them ; and “ the blessing of the Lord, it

maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." Come!

Who is willing? These are willing children looking for  
their Lord,  
Springing to the arms of Jesus at His first endearing  
word;  
Let them come, the Shepherd sought them, He has  
called them, they are blest;  
Feed His lambs, His blood hath bought them, and He  
bears them on His breast.

Who is willing? Weeping sinners, broken-hearted,  
see, they come!  
Lo, behold the dead arising from the darkness of the  
tomb!  
Blind, they grope amid the shadows; waiting by the  
way, they cry,  
"Give us light, O Lord, to see Thee; for we hear Thee  
passing by."

What can a child do? I will tell you, if  
you have never discovered it. A child can go  
to Jesus; and when a child goes to Jesus, He  
will teach that child what even a little one of  
His can do for Him.

Children cried "Hosanna!" when the dear

Saviour went up to Jerusalem. The scribes and learned men were very angry. They did not like to hear the happy shout of childhood giving a welcome to the Lord whom they themselves rejected; but Jesus loved to hear their joyful voices. He loves little children.

His disciples thought that the mothers were taking up too much of the Master's time, when they brought their infants to Him. They wanted to hear Him discourse of other things; for "He spake as never man spake." They wished Him to tell them a parable, or to speak of that kingdom of heaven of which they questioned Him. Ah, they had yet to learn that smiles and blessings from our dear Saviour could fall on the little ones, who could not receive anything else! They may not understand hard sayings; but they can comprehend deeds of love, and gentle, sweet tones of voice, and the soft pressure of His loving arms; and I have sometimes thought that those little ones whom He had thus blessed were the same who afterwards shouted

before Him, not only in the temple, but also when He entered Jerusalem, meekly sitting on an ass.

I know one who used to wish to have been born when Jesus took children in His arms, for she was a lonely child; and she thought, if Jesus had been on earth, she would have gone to Him, and He would have loved her. She did not know that she could go to Him now, and that He did love her, and had taken away all she loved, and made her lonely, that she might go to Him, and that He might take her up in His arms and bless her. Oh, never forget that Jesus loves little children!

There was a man who wrote about Jesus, who did not know Him as the Son of God who came to save sinners by dying for them on the cross, and he said that Jesus had never been seen to smile. When I read this, I thought if the man could have asked these Jewish mothers, they would have told him otherwise. Cannot you see Him with one infant nestling round His neck, and another clinging to His knee, and one timid little girl

waiting until she can slide her fingers into His tender hand?

Oh, children, come to Jesus! He is waiting for you.

“But how can I come?” you say. “He is not here now.”

You cannot see Him; but if you ask Him for a new heart, and He gives you His Holy Spirit, *then* you will learn what a Saviour Jesus is — the Saviour of little children; *then* you will know Him and love Him.

And now I will tell you of a child who found Jesus, and what she did when she believed that God the Father in heaven hears all the wants and wishes that His beloved Son presents to Him.

There was a village in Ireland where very few of the people loved the Lord Jesus, and if any one did so, they were persecuted, because they would not pray to the Virgin Mary. You know, the Lord has expressly forbidden us to worship any but the God of heaven, and to pray to others is idolatry worse than heathen.

There came to the village a gentleman who loved the Lord. He thought it was worth being persecuted, if he could only win one soul to know and love the precious Saviour that he had found. He rented a house, and built a schoolroom, a very small one; and then he offered to teach the children on the afternoon of the Lord's day. At first only six came; but he taught them to sing hymns, and to learn texts, and told them in a simple way about Jesus. They loved him, he was so gentle with them; he had always a kind word or a pleasant smile for each; and they began to feel so much happier at school than at home, where there was often much quarrelling, and drinking, and smoking, that they wanted to remain longer than the two hours their friend gave them to meet him in the schoolhouse.

At last he opened the school every day, and the six scholars soon became sixteen, and then he had a Christian woman to help him, and she kept the children employed in many ways. You might see some of them without shoes

or stockings, or caps or hats, coming over the hill even on a wet day, taking their poor morsel of brown bread and potatoes for their dinner, and waiting until the two hours were passed, which left them free again to go into the schoolhouse.

Now I know some little English children who do not love their school so well, but who would rather find excuses for staying away, than accept any hardship for going. Not a few of these children had to bear hard blows, for the priests were angry with their parents for sending them where they would learn about Jesus; but many of the unruly ones had become gentle and patient since Mr. T—— came amongst them, and some of the parents were thankful to get even a little education for them; so they let them go.

Now there was a notorious drunkard in the village. He had formerly been a small farmer, but his wife died, and he became a drainer on the land he once owned. So violent and cruel was he, that all his children, as soon as they were old enough, left him for

service ; but there was one, the youngest, Naomi, who was slightly lame and very delicate, and could do nothing but knit, who remained at home. This little girl was often the subject of his cruel treatment, but only when he was drunk. I am sorry to say this was every day that he could get money for whiskey.

Naomi was nine years old. Poor child, she had no mother to teach her what to do, but she made up the peat fire, and tried as well as she could to keep the hut clean ; but it was a very dark, dirty, miserable place, and those places are generally so where the careless drunkard lives.

The child was often alone for whole days. Her father would go to the neighboring town, and never leave it while he had a sixpence left, and then return to be angry with poor Naomi because she had no dinner for him.

The poor child set off one day, she knew not where. It was a bright sunny morning, and it cheered her at first to see the spring flowers and bright ferns putting out their green

buds, and to watch the rills of water among the fresh moss that you find so often to brighten your way over the mountains in dear Ireland. She was miserable, poor child; and she cried, she scarce knew why. The sunshine and the flowers were nothing to her; they could not dry her tears, nor comfort her forlorn heart; even the very birds on the bushes seemed happier than she was. On and on she went, getting very tired, when she saw what appeared a pretty new cottage. The door was half open, and weary little Naomi sat down upon the step. She heard the sound of children's voices, singing :

“Come to Jesus ! come now !  
Just now, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus, just now.”

Again and again the shrill voices sang forth the hymn, and Naomi, who had never heard so many singing, was half terrified as well as delighted.

Then some one spoke to the little ones. It was a text from God's Holy Word, that this

poor child had never heard before. She did not know the meaning of it, but the voice was so kind and gentle that it soothed her. She ceased to sob, and was comforted, she knew not why.

The children left the schoolroom, and the poor wandering one drew to the roadside; they were soon bounding away, and the mistress, with one holding her hand, went in another direction. No one remarked Naomi; and when they were all gone, and the school locked, she returned to her former position on the step.

But the Lord Jesus saw the lonely one. You know, He loves little children, and so He sent His dear servant Mr. T—— to comfort her.

He had been delayed on the road, and was too late to see his scholars; the door was locked, and at its threshold sat the little stranger.

Mr. T—— asked her why she remained there so sad and still.

She replied she wanted to be as happy as

those children. Then God's dear messenger asked her if she wanted to learn about Jesus,

Yes; she wanted to sing their song.

Would she go to the school the next day?

No! she dared not; her father would kill her, and the priest would kill her father; and then —

"No," said Mr. T——, "I do not think so. Jesus Christ will take care of weak ones who want to come to Him."

"I will tell you," said Naomi; "I will come, and hide it all from him."

"That will never do, my child," said Mr. T——. "Jesus Christ did not hide Himself from His murderers. He gave Himself up to save you from everlasting fire and the worm that never dies; and you must not steal after Him to save yourself from pain. Jesus came as a feeble babe, born in a stable, all for you; and lived thirty-three years in poverty, and had so many sorrows that He was called the 'Man of Sorrows.' Oh, little girl, He loves you! It would be better to be beaten *for* Jesus, than to be beaten *without* Jesus. Bet-

ter to suffer for well-doing here, than to suffer for evil-doing hereafter."

Naomi thought so too. The next day, and the next, she was found at school. She learned the hymn to which she had first listened; and, what was better, she learned to know her dear Saviour. She knew He heard her prayers and answered them, and she believed the things that were read out of His Word, because the Bible is God's own book, and could not lie; and it said, "Come unto Me;" "Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

This child became prudent beyond her years. She did not try to conceal that she went to the Protestant school, nor did she speak of it.

Many a day the poor girl found a meal prepared for her at the schoolhouse, and she was taught many ways of making their rough home neater and more cleanly.

Her father seemed to miss her less and less, and to care nothing about her. He only remarked, when he was sober, that his poor, delicate child became more gentle and pa-

tient ; for he often struck her, though sorry enough he was after he became sober. Now the little daughter longed for her father to know Jesus too ; but how to tell him she knew not. The Lord sees the desire of the heart, and He helps the helpless ; and He loves to help little children. One evening the father of our Naomi came home more intoxicated than usual, and threw himself on the settle, which is a long wooden seat by the open fireplace. Naomi had cleaned the house, and made up the peat fire quite bright, and she hoped her father would soon go to bed, for she was very weary ; but he lay motionless, and as if inanimate.

The morning broke through the half-shattered casement ; the first rays of the sun fell upon a pale-faced child, whose anxious eyes through the long night had kept their sleepless watch. All through the still, dark midnight hours, like a little ministering spirit, sat the poor motherless child, keeping watch over her wretched, drunken father, gently moving the peat from time to time, lest the

last glimmer should fail before the day broke. Her father woke with a strange, wild stare, and saw his child sitting at his feet, her chin supported on her hands, her elbows on her knees, on a high chair.

Jesus was smiling on her, though he was not speaking parables. He was holding her to His bosom, and thus she was sweetly drinking in, she knew not how, some of the mysteries of the kingdom.

"What are you doing there?" said her father, fiercely, as he raised his head, half frightened perhaps by the pale, moveless face in the glow of the dawn.

"Watching you, father," replied Naomi, meekly.

"How dare you watch me!" shouted the man, springing up ready to strike her. "What is that for?"

"Father, I was afraid Satan would come and take you away to burn you in everlasting fire, where the worm never dies, and the fire is never put out."

"Everlasting fire, child! What is that

you said? Going to burn me in everlasting fire!"

"Yes!" replied the child. "Satan takes you to the whiskey-shop, and you go. Satan bids you say wicked oaths, and you say them, you like to say them; and at last he will take you away and burn you in everlasting fire! and I have sat by to watch for fear he should come to-night."

The terrified man stared around, and crept to the side of the child, as if the little pale maiden could save him from the dreadful fate that awaited him. At last he said slowly, "Where did you learn that about — everlasting fire?"

"At the English gentleman's," said the child firmly, "the Protestant school; and, father, I wish you would go there too, and hear what Mr. T—— says about Jesus."

The father did not reply. Naomi prepared a meal for him, and piled up the peat, and took down the bag with her books and work, and timidly approached her father, and bade him good-bye. He took no notice of her, so

she went unmolested on her way to the schoolhouse; for her father made no effort to detain her, but silently watched her preparations, murmuring to himself, "Everlasting fire! Everlasting — fire, never put out — with Satan."

When the little girl returned, the old man was sitting in the same place, on the settle by the fire.

The child drew near; she saw his face look very sad, and she felt sorry. She did not know what she should say to comfort him; but she asked him if she might sing her hymn, and repeat what she had learned that morning, and he let her do so.

Poor little Naomi! though she had had a sleepless night, she seemed to mount the hill that afternoon more easily than ever before; for the consciousness of her father knowing she was on her way to the Protestant school, without beating her, filled her heart with joy. Never before did the ferns look so green, or the birds sing so sweetly; the honeysuckles were putting out their first blossoms, and

everything seemed glad because Naomi's father had not laid a heavy hand on the little lame girl. Her frock had many a rent in it, and though she had grown much taller, the blue petticoat had not grown longèr ; but the bare legs and feet were clean, her brown hair was smooth over her pale face, and with her bag slung at her back, you would be surprised to see how nimbly she climbed the hill. The short crutch that helped her along a year or two ago made her stoop now, but she did not make her lameness an excuse for being late at school. Ah, if you could have seen her, you would learn how the Good Shepherd helps His lambs!

She rose early every morning, that her father might not miss anything she had been accustomed to do for him before she found the hill school. She knew that it was her duty to attend to her father's comfort, and do the work in the house ; for God does not bless those who neglect the service He gives them, and whether it be to go to school, or clean a house, or write a book, or wash linen,

or dig in the ground, or nurse a baby, or wait on the sick or aged, if we desire to do it for Jesus, He will teach us how to do it, and will lead us to do it so that we may have a blessing in it. And the child who asks for help from the Lord will always have time for everything that is needful to be done; and not only so, but she will find some spare moments to give to those who have not yet learned the secret of peace and joy, which is the heritage of them that follow Jesus, even through much tribulation.

The next morning Naomi went to school as usual, but her father did not leave the house, nor did he even ask her where she was going; but when she came home he listened to all she had gathered, and tears stood in his bloodshot eyes. And so it was on other days.

At last a priest came, and was very angry indeed because Naomi had gone to the English school. He found that Naomi's father had, in a way, been there too, and he threatened him, but in vain; for the man was growing as brave as his child, and he had

been to thank Mr. T—— for his kindness to his young teacher. And Mr. T—— found that the wanderer he had gathered into the fold had become a child-missionary, and had carried the words of salvation to her drunken, miserable parent, now miserable no longer. The man became not only a sober man, but he learned to know Jesus.

There are many sober people who do not know Jesus. Many who take the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors know nothing of Jesus Christ; but think if they keep from one sin that makes them abhorred of others they are fit for heaven; so they make a Saviour of the pledge.

Naomi's father did not think so. He saw his meek, patient child following the Lord. She had warned him when no one else had warned him, and he never loved her so dearly as that day when the half-frightened child took her way to school, and left her father with the dreadful warning ringing in his ears, "Satan will burn you in everlasting fire."

Oh, dear children, may you love those who

Speak faithfully to you! and do not think, because you are not a poor drunken Irishman, nor a little lame girl, that therefore you do not want a Saviour. There is not one Saviour for the rich and another for the poor; there is but one way, and Jesus is that Way, and the Door, the only door, into heaven; and when that door is shut, where will the unrighteous be? There is only outer darkness and "everlasting fire" for them. Now you see this little child was in the arms of Jesus; she loved Him; and only those who love Jesus want others to love Him too; and whenever a little child stretches out its hand, and lays hold of another in love, it will draw the other to Jesus, unless that other resists.

Every one who loves Jesus, even the poorest, the weakest, the most ignorant, has a service for Him.

The love of Jesus is like the flame of a lamp, and when it burns in the soul some one is warmed or enlightened by it.

If the stars were not bright in the sky on sunny days they would be useless in dark

nights. They shine all day long; and those who are in deep pits see them shine, because they are then out of the light of day. So with those who love Jesus; they will serve Him by shining, though unobserved by any one but Him.

Now this is a true story I have told you; and I could tell you the name of the kind man whom Jesus sent to speak gentle words of invitation to our dear little Irish girl. I do often pray that there may be many as ready to hear of the dear Saviour as such kind men are to tell of Him, so that when he takes them in His arms, they may stretch forth their willing hands for all to share the love He has for little children.

When the sun shines in the morning, it makes no noise, but it leads those who know God to bless Him; we feel that it is from Him. And when the light of His love shines out in another we feel it, and we bless him; and God's service is a loving service.

Dear children, I have written this little history with the longing desire that Jesus may

bless it ; and all of you who listen to it, or read it, may learn something of that blessed One, the Son of God, the Saviour.

Up in yon bright home in paradise are thousands of children ; soon you shall behold them with palms in their hands, with harps of gold, and hear their glad songs—joyful little ones, who have been taken in the arms of Jesus, on whom His loving hands have rested.

Little ones, those dear hands were pierced by cruel men for you ; and He bore the wrath of God that you may live forever in a happy home, where sin and tears are not known.

Soon you will die ; you may live to be a young man or woman, you may live to be old. But oh, you may die to-morrow, or even to-night !

A dear child, the age of Naomi, who loved Jesus, was full of peace when leaving a loving mother, and father, and sister, for the Lord Jesus ; and before he died, his mother said to him, “ Is Jesus near you now, dear ? ”

“ Oh, mother,” he replied, half reprov-ingly,  
“ yes ! He has never left me.”

He will never leave us, for He loves His own — “ loves them to the end.” (John xiii. 1.)

You will think of our little Irish girl when you read of Ruth and Naomi in God's Word. Ruth followed her mother-in-law out of the land of idolatry, into the place where men worshipped the one true God ; and doubtless, from the faithful love she bore her Israelitish mother, she had already cast away her idols ; for she said, “ Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee : for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God : where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried : the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.” (Ruth i. 16, 17.)

This was love that the Lord commendeth, and her obedience testified how much she honored the mother she followed. Had she

remained selfishly in the country of her birth in the idolatrous worship out of which she had been led, how much blessing would she not have lost! There was no better inducement for her outwardly to do more than her sister, but she had learnt something of Israel's God, and in following the forlorn widow, who was returning sorrowful and empty-handed to her native place, she was content to share that poverty and loneliness, to minister to one who had led her to know her God. Ruth was a gleaner to help their scanty subsistence in the golden harvest-fields which afterward became her own as the happy wife of Boaz. Little could she foretell the honor that awaited her when she accompanied her mother-in-law as a stranger to the strange land. She became the grandmother of king David, from whom the earthly parents of our Lord Jesus descended. She was poor, but poverty did not leave her without a service and a blessing.

But our little Naomi was lame as well as poor. True, but do you not remember Mephibosheth, who was lame of both feet? his

nurse let him fall when an infant; but this did not prevent him from having a seat at the king's table (2 Sam. iv. 4, and ix. 7-13); neither will it prevent us from a place with our heavenly King, or exempt us from some sweet service for Him.

Mephibosheth had a service, even to love king David, which he did very dearly; and love, pure faithful love, is a very precious gift, and cannot be bought with gold, or crowns, or kingdoms; and to those who rule and wear crowns, who are often surrounded by flatterers, the words of truth and love are very costly. Aye, and to those who do not wear crowns, the heart knows it is the dearest gift in this dark world of tears and tribulation. So, when the Lord set Mephibosheth at the table of the king, He not only gave him a service, but He protected him; and when a treacherous servant strove to persuade David that the lame prince was his enemy, God enabled him to vindicate himself.

The lame youth sat every day at the king's table, and when the grand lords questioned

among themselves what it meant, they learnt of David's faithful remembrance of his friend Jonathan, and how, for the love of this dear companion of his youth, he sought out one to whom he could show kindness for this lost friend's sake. And well the poor lame boy repaid him; he loved the king, he lamented his benefactor, and cared not for rank, or money, or land, for the joy he had to see the king safe again in his own kingdom, after he had been a fugitive before his people. (2 Sam. xix. 30.)

So you see that there is no impediment to seeking and finding the Saviour but in our own wicked hearts; and what may at first seem an obstacle, is often made the source of blessing.

Had Naomi been able to go into active service, very likely she would have left her miserable home, like her sisters, and so never have found the school on the hillside, and heard the sweet invitation of Jesus, and thus have loved Him in early years. Perhaps her poor father might not have been led to the

feet of the Saviour, and learned how precious He is to the old sinner as well as to the young.

It is said in the Word of God, "The lame take the prey;" and here you see, as elsewhere, the Lord remembers them; so, dear reader, do not think that poverty, or weakness, or any bodily affliction, can be any hindrance to you, either from finding the Saviour, or in following Him when you have found Him; and the same loving hand which was nailed to the cross for your sins, is stretched out in love and tenderness to you, as it was to our little lame Naomi.



