

kua oti—"a, ma wai nga mea kua pao na i a koe?" (Ruka xii. 20) a kahore rawa he takiwa roa mou hei utu atu i te patu a te Atua i a Hiperu ii. 2, 3. "Me pewhea ku ora ai tatou ki te paopao tatou ki tenei oranga nei?" He riri, nei teuri: kei riro koe i te whiu, na, ahakoa nui te utu, e kore e taen o koe tekaro (Hopa xxvi. 18). E toru nga kororotanga atu a te tatou Ariki ki nga Parahi i a Hoani te 8 nga upoko, "e mate koutou i roto i o koutou hana;" Mo te aha? No te mea na o paopao ana tatou i a Ia i haeremai nei ki te mura hana—a Ia na ko Ia nei te huarahi, te pono me te ora (Hoani xiv. 6.); "Kahore hoki he ingoa ke atu i raro o te rangi kua homi ki nga tangata, e ora ai tatou" (Māhi iv. 12). "Ki te whakaae atu tatou ki ia nga tangata whakaatu, he mui ke (atu) ta te Atua whakaaturanga a ko te whakaaturanga (mai) tenei. Te tangata koi a ia te Tamaiti, kei a ia ano te oranga; te tangata kahore nei i a ia te Tama a te Atua, kahore i a ia te oranga" (I Hoani v. 9, 11, 12).

A. P.

* Over her, she heard these words: "Going home. I have fought the good fight: I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day. . . . Her eyes closed, and the nurse knew that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. A moment more and all was over—the soul had gone to dwell in that City where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. . . ." Revelations xxi. 4. E. C.

with gall. . . . And they crucified Him. . . . And they that passed by reviled Him, wagging their heads. . . . And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying. . . . My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" Matt. xxvi. 29-46.

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night-nurse rose from her chair by the fire and mechanically handed a cup of barley-water, flavored with lemon-juice and sugar, to the lips of both sufferers.

"Thank you nurse," said the last speaker. "They gave Him gall for His meat, and in His thirst they gave him vinegar to drink."

"She is talking about Jesus Christ," said the other woman, already beginning to toss restlessly from side to side; "but," she added, "talking about His sufferings can't mend ours—at least, not mine."

"But it lightens hers," said the nurse.

"I wonder how?"

"Hush!" and the gentle voice again took up the strain.

"Sandy he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Isaiah liii. 45.

The following day as some ladies visiting the hospital passed by the cot, they handed to each a few fragrant flowers.

The gentle voice was again heard: "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

A few days passed slowly away, when on a bright Lord's-day morning, as the sun was rising, the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and leaning

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The prayers and interest of the Children of God are affectionately sought in connection with this Magazine. Jours vi. 5. 13.