

TE ATUA—TE WA MUTUNGAKORE.

Y HAERE tetahi tangata whakapono i runga i tetahi tino i reira hoki etahi atu tangata haerere. Ka houtu noa atu taua tangata he pukapuka o te korero whakapono ki te tokomaha. Ka havi etahi ka korero hoki ratou te pukapuka. Otira tera tetahi o era tangata e kino ana ia ki te korero tika, ki nga tangata hoki e whakapono ana ki te Atua. Ka tangohia te pukapuka e ia ka whakakopakopaiia te pukapuka e ia ka taputapahia taua pukapuka i i taua marapi ka whakakorakorangia nga wahi ki te taha o te tima kua kite ai nga tangata katoa taua kino, aeha mana nei taua pukapuka. Ka oti taua katahi ka kitea e ia tetahi wahi o taua pukapuka e piri ana ki tona kakahu. Ke tangohia e ia taua wahi pukapuka i tona kakahu ki te porowhita atu engari ka titiro ia ki taua pukapuka i te tuatahi. Kotahi anake te kupu ki tetahi taha o taua pukapuka a ko taua kupu "*Ko te Atua*." Katahi ka hurihia e ia te pukapuka a ki tera taha o te pukapuka he kupu ano a ko taua kupu "*Ko te wa Mutungakore*." Katahi ka porowhita e ia te pukapuka. E mama noa iho te mahi ki te porowhita atu taua pukapuka engari ra e kore rawa e taea e ia te pana atu ana kupu erua, "*Ko te Atua*," "*Ko te wa Mutungakore*." He kupu taumaha era, kua mau tonu o roto i a ia. Ka tauri ia ki te kai waipiro ki era atu mahi he hoki kei kaha ranei ratou ki te pehia ana kupu, engari e kore e taea; kua mau tonu, he mahi nui tana ki te pana pera tonu tae noa ki te wa o tona whakaponotanga. Na ko taua wahi iti noa iho o te pukapuka mo ana kupu erua ki runga koia te huarahi tena ki tona whakaponotanga.

"Ora tonu hoki te kupu a te Atua, mana tonu, koi rawa atu i nga hoari matarus katoa, ngoto tonu, a weloa noutia te ngakau me te wairua, nga ponapona me te hinu wheua, e wawae ana ano i nga whakaaro mo nga hihiritanga o te ngakau."—Nga Hiperu 4, 12.

these, and read them carefully. But one gentleman was there who disliked the truth of God and His people very much. He took one of the tracts and doubled it up, and then deliberately took out his penknife and cut it all up into little pieces. He then held out his hand and scattered the pieces over the side of the boat, to show his contempt for the truth. When he had done this, he saw one of the pieces sticking to his coat. He picked it off and looked at it a moment before throwing it away. On one side of that bit of paper was only one word; it was the word "*God*." He turned it over, and on the other side was the word "*Eternity*." He threw away the bit of paper. He got rid of that easily enough, but those two solemn words, "*God*" and "*Eternity*" he could not get rid of. He tried drinking, he tried gambling, to drive those words from his mind, but it was no use; they haunted him wherever he went, and he never had any comfort until he became a Christian. That little piece of paper with those two words upon it, was the means of his conversion.

"The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—Hebrews 4, 12.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

(MATTHEW 22, 42.)

THE old, old question which has been ringing out over this world for now more than eighteen hundred years—once God's question to the world—is now God's question to you. The world gave its answer at the cross. God is waiting for yours.

Sinners! what think ye of Christ? He died for sinners—for His enemies—for His murderers. Think of Him—the Stranger from Heaven—who sat on the wall at Sychar and offered to that thirsty soul the living water. Think of Him—the Son of God—who said to the wretched woman of Nain, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Think