

ties, and to become a people prepared for the coming of the Lord. Finally we decided to set apart Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday for special meetings, three each day, to humble ourselves before God and confess our sins.

On the Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, when we were about to begin the meeting, all my officers rose up in a body and came to the front, confessing that they had been unfaithful to their duties, and then fell on their knees, entreating God to have mercy on them. There wasn't a dry eye in the house; gray-haired professors of religion were crying aloud for salvation, avowing that they had never truly experienced saving grace; members of the church were going to and fro across the room, asking forgiveness of those against whom they had trespassed; and it seemed as though the very power of God had come down on the whole assembly. This had not been going on for long before there was a noise at the door, and we found that the workpeople in the neighborhood had thrown down their tools, torn off their aprons, and were waiting in a dense crowd that stretched across the street, for admission to the church. With that hand, said the venerable old man, 'I unbarred the door and let them in, and they filled the place, crying aloud for salvation. All the work in the neighborhood stood still, whilst God and eternity and salvation filled every heart and thought. Was I not right when I said that when the church is right, the world will come to her pleading to be helped?

'Why,' added he, 'when Dr. Chapman came to hold a mission in my present church a few months ago, we had twenty-seven prayer-meetings weekly, and the results were in proportion; whilst in another church, quite near at hand, with the same evangelist, and without prayer, the results were comparatively small.

'But going back to what I was telling you, we were blessed with some remarkable cases of conversion. There was one man who had been put out over some trivial matter, and had not been in the church for months; but at the invitation of a little girl of twelve he came to the Sunday evening service, and as I gave out the hymn, with the refrain, "Will you go?" broke in with the words, "Yes, I am going right now," and immediately the congregation was turned into a Bochim, and on every side strong men were saying, "We will go, too."

'There was another case. A man had gone out of the church eighteen months before, swearing and declaring that he would never enter it again. His neighbors and children said that he never could be converted. The old minister, on the other hand, had faith to claim this hardened soul for Christ with undoubted assurance. He went to his home and said: "John Pye, I want you to come to church this afternoon." "I have said I won't, and I won't," was the wrathful reply, and he came toward the minister in a threatening manner, to throw him out of the house, but his arm seemed suddenly paralyzed, and from that moment till the Sunday afternoon, three days and three nights, he neither ate nor slept. He then sent for the minister, and entreated him to pray for him. "No," was the reply, "it is no use to pray for you till you have retracted your rash vow and promise me to come to church this evening." At last he yielded. "I'll come," he cried. "Will you pray for me now?" "Certainly." They knelt together, and he found mercy.

'That evening he stood up before all the congregation and said: "No one need tell me there's no hell. I've been in it for eighteen months. You, minister, took my moral boots off eighteen months ago, and I've been

in hell ever since; but, thank God, my chains are broken, and I'm free." I had no need to preach a sermon that night. The conversion of this man became the talk of the neighborhood, and people came from thirty miles round to see what God had wrought.

This is the kind of revival we need, and the conditions are clear and easy to realize. Why can not the godly ministers among us get the more earnest of their people to join them in definite and persevering prayer? Why can not we induce professing Christians everywhere to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit? Why can not we bring all the tithes into God's storehouse, and prove him whether he will not give us the latter rain ere the century comes to a close? Nothing can resist a united, holy, peaceful church.—F. B. Meyer, in the 'Christian.'

### A Prayer That Was Answered

At the Boston Conference on Systematic Beneficence one of the most interesting services was the Open Parliament, in which testimonies were called for from those who had experienced the blessings of systematic and proportionate giving. Among others Hon. Chester W. Kingsley, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was called upon. Mr. Kingsley said that it had long seemed to him that the weakest point in our Christian life was the lack of systematic and proportionate giving and as a result, our great religious and missionary societies are cramped for the means necessary to carry on and extend their work. When he was a young man working for a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and with a wife and family to support, he was impressed with the needs of the cause of God in all the earth. It was difficult for him to see how he could give anything out of his small salary, and he was troubled about it, and that others who could, did not give more; and he made a prayer, "Oh, Lord, give me a hand to get and a heart to give." Mr. Kingsley said that he had offered this prayer, he supposed, more than a thousand times, and, as is well known, the Lord has answered the prayer in both directions, prospering his servant in business affairs and at the same time giving him a heart to provide generous things for every department of the Lord's work. This is a prayer which the Lord has been pleased to answer. It is a good prayer for young business men to adopt—Lord, give me a hand to get and a heart to give.

### Making of the New Man.

Give a boy some regular, responsible occupation; something to do that must be done; something to do the first thing in the morning—blackening shoes, tending fires, cleaning cellar, porch, or walk, carrying milk or papers.

Give him hammer, nails, and all kinds of tools. He will soon learn to handle without hurting. Encourage him in making things—playhouses, boxes, carts, derricks. Give him a garden to cultivate, pets to take care of. Again, give him something to do that must be done, that he will do because he is interested.

How often arises the question, what to do, such a big question that it is dodged by sending the boy into the street, bidding him not to keep 'running in.' So he stays out until his boy's appetite—his big boy's appetite—brings him in.

Then, how is he met on that ground? Is there not a continuance of more or less nagging during the meal to insure good manners?

There is really no greater point in the temperance work than in feeding the boys.

They should have good, strong, nourishing food, and plenty of it. Let the meals be something to be remembered, something to be anticipated.

Feed the boy; feed him well. Make a man of him; keep him at home also; interest him in some plans for the evening, for rest and recreation. Let there be something to do, somebody coming, somewhere to go. Hold the boy from making too freely his own plans or following those of some questionable comrade. The devil is abroad after dark—don't let him catch our boys out!

A boy should go so far as practically to select and buy his own clothes—at least his furnishing goods. He should make out and check off his own laundry lists, lay out his mending, and be able to do it.

He should be often required to care for his own room, and to cook a simple meal, as breakfast, when the cook fails to materialize, or Sunday supper.

These are all manly accomplishments—anything manly in a man that better qualifies him to protect and help a woman, to be her knight, her true helpmate in every way.

Stir yourselves, fathers and mothers; come on, girls! Surely, there is no greater, grander mission than this, having a hand in the making of the new man. Let us make him what we want him to be.—Jenness Miller 'Magazine.'

### A Russian's Penitence in a Train.

'Some Records of the Life of Sir A. Blackwood' is the title of a new book published by Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row, from which we take the following:—Sir Arthur was travelling to London in company with a young Russian gentleman. They were alone in the railway carriage, and after conversation on other matters the Russian was startled by the inquiry whether he had found Jesus. A conversation ensued in which he gave vent to many doubts upon various points of divine truth, and went on reasoning for a good while in a very argumentative spirit. At last I gave him a little tract, called 'I have my ticket?' He held it in his hand for some time, and then, suddenly turning round to me, said, 'Mr. Blackwood, I will be frank with you; I will not read this. I had much rather not.' I was surprised, but only said that he must do as he liked, and we parted. His refusal to read the tract weighed on his mind all day; but in the evening so determined was he not to do so, that he bought a weekly newspaper and read that instead. On reaching his station he got out and went to the omnibus, but found it full. It was pouring, and he had to go on to the next station, whence he would only have a mile and a half to walk. Having only a few minutes to spend in the train, he thought he would not begin another article in the newspaper, but instead would just look at the tract, and so would be able to tell me he had read it. He did so, and, by God's grace, when his eyes reached the words, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' the veil fell from his eyes, and he believed in Jesus. Being alone in the carriage, he fell down and poured out his heart in prayer to his new-found Father in heaven.—'Christian Herald.'

Let your kindness, your self-denial for others come before God only, saying nothing about them. The best service is that which no one knows but himself. Serve in your closet in praise and prayer, and your Father which seeth in secret shall reward you openly.—Dr. Andrew Bonar.