

There was a strange solemnity in that group. The men seemed awed; there was no movement, no smile on one of those dark faces.

And now the same cabriolet made its appearance at the door, with an attendant sent by the kind officials of the railway. I saw that the Lord was thus showing me that He had placed me on the hearts of strangers, had I needed help outwardly; and I was not alone, for *He* was with me.

In gathering my shawl around me, my Italian Scriptures, from which I had been reading, fell to the ground. My rough landlord picked it up, and, before returning it to me, he turned the pages with a wistful eye. It opened as it fell—"He that believeth on Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only-begotten Son of God" (John iii.) I watched the curiosity evinced in his countenance as he scanned leaf after leaf, and then, with his eyes still on the little book that had done me good service, he inquired—

"Does this book belong to the lady?"

"It was mine once; it is yours from this moment."

"For me!" exclaimed the man joyfully; "surely, really for *me!*"

"Yes, for you, my friend, that you may remember the day when the English stranger came to your house sent of God, to tell you of the good news of the kingdom of heaven, pardon and peace, which my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my Master, died to secure you."

Oh, it was worth many a night-watch in a foreign land to see the tears stand in those bloodshot eyes, and mark the quiver of those coarse lips, that seemed long strangers to any gentle emotion.

He took the book with reverence between his folded hands, and pressed it to his breast.

As I went out, followed by that strange assembly, I could but mark that they spoke one to another, and evidently with interest. Each one desired to offer me some token of respect and kindness in ready service. My shawls, bag, and personal luggage were divided among them to carry for me, and my rough host was foremost in assisting me into the wonderful vehicle, which might have been a chariot with fleet steeds for all I

knew; for my heart was overflowing with praise as I looked on that group, whom I should behold no more until we meet before the throne of God.

OUR LOVEFEAST.

MY EXPERIENCE.

To God who reigns above

Let all my powers be given,
Who called me by His love

To be an heir of heaven,—
Who called me in my youthful days,
And bade me early seek His face.

When in my early youth

I heard His preached Word,
How oft I felt its truth,
And longed to know the Lord,—
I longed to know *my* sins forgiven,
And feel myself an heir of heaven.

How oft when on the road,

Or in the lonely field,
I felt my sins a load,
And then resolved to yield,—
Resolved to give myself to Him,
Who did my soul from death redeem.

And oft when all alone,

With none but God to hear,
Beside a tree or stone,
I knelt to him in prayer,—
And, weeping, earnestly did pray
That He would wash my sins away.

Thus months and years rolled round,

But brought me no relief,
For still no rest I found,
Nor would I tell my grief:
Ashamed to make my troubles known,
None knew my heart but God alone.

At length I did confess,

And boldly sought the Lord,
And trusted in His grace,
And in His precious Word,—
Then joy broke in upon my soul,
I felt that Jesus made me whole.

O, what amazing love!

That Christ, the Son of God,
Should leave His throne above,—
His holy, blest abode.

Amazing love! that He should die
To save poor sinners such as I.

J. LAWSON.