

OLD JACK SIBLEY, THE TURF CARRIER.

During a late visit to a very wild district of Connaught, on the borders of Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo—to visit an elderly lady, who for more than half a century has been working amongst a very neglected and almost wild population—I was invited by a friend to visit a few sick or destitute people; amongst them, Jack Sibley, an old man nearing fourscore, employed till lately in carrying loads of turf from a neighboring bog, but now past his labor.

His cabin was of the most miserable description, even for Ireland. We had to cross a low, dilapidated wall, and then wade through soft, boggy ground, to reach it. On entering it we encountered a cloud of smoke, arising from some damp peat, a few sods of which formed the sole fire; and as there was no window, nor any chimney, except a hole in the roof, the old man was hardly visible on our entrance, seated as he was on the end of a low form beside the scanty fire.

On his rising from his seat, my friend enquired after his health, when the old man dolefully replied he was a great sinner; that he was greatly burdened; that he felt no comfort; that he hoped he might be forgiven at last, but that he was afraid to die.

I said to myself, there is at least one great point to work on—his deep sense of sinfulness; so after some conversation, learning what his occupation had been, &c., I said to him—"Now, Jack, suppose I was driving along the road in my car, and overtook you carrying a heavy load of turf, and said to you, 'Jack, put that load of turf on my car, and I will carry it for you,' and you did so,—how would you feel?"

"Oh, sir," said he, "to be sure I would be very much obliged to you."

"Well, but," said I, "how else would you feel? Would you think you were still carrying the load?"

"Oh, to be sure, sir, I would not."

"Well, now, Jack," said I, "you have no more need to carry that load of sin, than the load of turf when I had taken it from you: for God has plainly told us that He has, 'laid on Christ the iniquity (the sins) of us all.'" I added, I think, the Scripture declaration that Christ has Himself borne our sins in His own body on the tree, and perhaps one or two other texts.

The old man paused for a few moments, and then said, "Oh sir, I see it, I see it. It's new light to me—thank God, thank God! I see it—my Saviour has borne my sins, and I have not to bear them. I see it. Oh, I thank you, God." And then followed a prayer of earnest thanksgiving.

Before leaving I said to him, "Now, Jack, you see that Christ has borne your sins?"

"I do, sir," said he.

"Now," said I, "never doubt this. Mind, if ever you feel inclined to do so, it is the temptation of the devil."—I felt I must

in the following words, as near as we could recollect;—first in almost a low whisper, then gradually rising into an audible voice:—

"Oh God! I do thank you that Christ has carried my burdens. Glory be to God, that light has broken in on my poor soul! I thank you, and I am proud that you have sent me such lovely company, and have lightened me of the load of my sins—we that were such sinners. It's like heaven now. How beautiful! how beautiful! Glory, glory be to God! I hope I'll be lighter and lighter!"

tattered garments and the old worn-out earthly tabernacle, and to join the innumerable multitude, who, clothed in white robes, and washed in the blood of the Lamb, surround the throne, celebrating the praise of that Saviour whose precious blood was his ransom, as of all who come to Him in living faith.

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy hand,
Our woes were laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
To bear all ills for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed.
Now there's no woe for me.
Death and the curse were in my cup,
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee;
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up,
Now blessing's draughts for me."

—The Family Friend.

DO NOT RESIST CONVICTION

When I was a young man, before I left my native town, I was at work in the field one day in company with a neighbor of mine. All at once I saw him begin to weep. I asked him what the trouble was. He then told me a strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting, his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: "My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto thee." "This," said he, "was my mother's favorite text." When he got into the town to which he was going, he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to church, and the minister took this very text; "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought it very strange. Well, he said he would not seek the kingdom then; he would wait until he got a start in life, until he got a farm and some money. Yet that text troubled him. Again he went to church, and to his amazement the sermon was on the very same text. He did not attend church for some time. At last he was in-

duced again to enter the church, and behold, he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought then it was God speaking to him, and his mother's prayers were being answered. But he coolly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian. "I have never heard any sermon since," said he, "that has made any impression on me." I was not a Christian myself, then, so I didn't know how to talk to him. The time came for me to leave home. I went to Boston, and there I became a convert. When I got to be a Christian, the first thing that came into my



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mind, I think, the Scripture declaration that Christ has Himself borne our sins in His own body on the tree, and perhaps one or two other texts.

As my friend feared he might again fall into despondency, we called on him the next day, accompanied by my wife. But—as I felt almost certain it would be—the old man was quite firm. He had found, in his Saviour, pardon for all his sins, and he was not going to doubt it.

After some conversation my wife prayed for him; we dare not kneel from the state of the floor. The happy old man then broke out into a prayer of thanksgiving,

It was indeed a time of rejoicing. His wife, a worn looking, hard-working woman, the only support of him and of a little grandchild, came in and stood listening.

Wretched as the cabin was; comfortless as were the surroundings, the smoke so dense that we could imperfectly see around us; miserable as was the old man's clothing—a tattered shirt, the sleeves in ribbons—I do not think the whole of what he had on would have sold for a shilling;—I forgot all this, and felt we were in the presence of one of God's redeemed ones; soon—probably very soon—to cast off the