

**He Restoreth My Soul.**

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

I AM often so weary of sorrow,  
So weary of struggling with sin,  
So timid concerning the morrow,  
So faithless of entering in  
To the beautiful rest that remaineth  
Secure in the city of God,  
Where shall enter no evil that stameth,  
Nor ever the spoiler hath trod.

But aye when the struggle is sorest,  
And dark are the clouds on my soul,  
Dear Lord, the sweet cup that thou pourest  
Has balm, and I drink and am whole  
From the quenchless old well of salvation  
I quaff the pure waters divine,  
And a sense of triumphant elation  
Is thrilled through this spirit of mine.

No hand but thine own, blessed Master,  
Could comfort and cheer in the day  
When the touch of a sudden disaster  
Has cumbered and tangled the way,  
No look but thine own could illumine  
When night gathers black o'er the land,  
And strength that is failing and human  
Lies prone on the desolate land.

But ever thy help is the nearest  
When help from the earth there is none,  
And ever the word that is dearest  
Is the word of the Crucified Son;  
And aye when the tempest-clouds gather  
I fly for sweet shelter and peace  
Through the Son to the heart of the Father,  
That terror and tremor might cease.

He restoreth my soul, and I praise him  
Whose love is my chrism and crown;  
He restoreth my soul; let me raise him  
A song that his mercy will own.  
For often so weary of sorrow,  
So weary of fighting with sin,  
I look and I long for the morrow,  
When the ransomed their freedom shall win.

**THE ORATOR OF EARLY METHODISM.**

GEORGE WHITEFIELD'S early boyhood had not given much promise of this nobleness in his youth. He had been very wayward. He had hated instruction. He had even filched small sums of money from the pocket and till of his loving mother. In later boyhood he had shown a passion for the theatre, and had nursed a strong desire to become an actor. But as he grew older some of his follies dropped out of his life. After he was twelve he gave himself to faithful study in St. Mary de Crypt's school, and a good book which he purchased led him to think very seriously about his soul, and in various ways to mend his life.

One day a poor student of Pembroke College, Oxford, visited George Whitefield's mother. He was called a "servitor" at college, because he supported himself by doing personal services for rich students. He told Mrs. Whitefield that he had earned enough in this way to pay all his expenses the last quarter, and that he had a penny left. His words were like windows through which the poor lady could see a way by which her son might get a college education. With much animation she cried out, "This will do for my son!" Then turning to young Whitefield, she asked, "Will you go to Oxford College?" The young man gladly consented. Influential friends promised their assistance in procuring him admission. He therefore laid aside his blue apron, gave himself to study, shook off every old idle habit, became very attentive to religious duties, and, aided by a friend's gift to pay his initiation fee, entered college at Oxford when he was eighteen years old. A humble mind, patience, a strong will, and a mother's love were the steps by which he had climbed the "Hill Difficulty" that had frowned so darkly on his youthful career.

But entering Pembroke college as a "servitor"

was not reaching the top of the hill. Other and steeper mountains were before him. Many Oxford students in those days were the sons of noble families. They were rich, powerful, and able to give the best services, and to command the respect of poor students who did not belong to the noble houses. Hence, young Whitefield was not treated as an equal. He was snubbed, and treated as a pariah. He was a poor student amidst hundreds of rich students, he found little sympathy among them. That he could truthfully say with the Psalmist, "I am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top."

The sorrows of his young "servitor" were made more bitter by his sense of guilt for the sins of his previous life. All day long he would be sought to escape, and by going to bed he would find pardon, but by a certain time he would be called to the favour of his friends. He wore woollen gloves which were not to be taken off, a pair of gaiters, and duty shoes. He ate coarse bread, and drank sage tea without sugar. He spent whole days and many hours lying prostrate on the cold ground in earnest prayer. In fact, he came near ruining his health by these vain ways of trying to save his soul. His strange conduct caused his fellow students to mock and treat him more rudely than before.

After struggling three years against these great trials, our distressed student became acquainted with John and Charles Wesley and their companions, who were known at the "Holy Club" by the wicked undergraduates and scornful "dons" of the university. John Wesley encouraged him, though even he had not then learned that the pardon of sins was not to be purchased with penances of any kind. But Whitefield soon discovered through the gospel that he could gain that most precious of blessings as a free gift by simply believing that Jesus, in shedding his blood for the sin of the world, actually died for him. This was good news indeed to the despairing young man: and, as thirsty travellers in the desert rush to a bubbling spring to drink, he looked to Jesus as dying for him. Then a ray of light from heaven swiftly darted into his soul, and he was a new creature.

Speaking of that grand moment in his life, he said: "Oh with what joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God broke in upon my disconsolate soul!"

He was now at the top of his second "Hill Difficulty." His long night of sorrow and humiliation was ended. The day of his coming greatness had dawned. His great ability as a pulpit orator began to be seen. Friends were attracted to him on every side. One gentleman gave him an annuity to enable him to remain at Oxford. Bishop Benson, meeting him while he was visiting his mother at Gloucester, ordained him when he was twenty-one years old. Wherever he preached people flocked to hear him. His words moved them to tears, and caused many to repent of their sins. The despised "servitor," the former pot-boy of "The Bell" inn, had suddenly emerged, like a bright particular star, from the darkness which clouded his early days, and shone forth as the coming prince of pulpit orators.—*Rev. Dr. Wise.*

An able lawyer of indolent habits was once ridiculing the activity of a possibly weaker brother, when the judge who was hearing the case coolly interposed the somewhat sarcastic remark, "An engine of one cat-power running all the time will do more work than an engine of forty horse-power standing still."

**A TOUCHING INCIDENT**

THE following, which first appeared in a *Dutch* paper, is one of the most touching incidents to be met with. It is true, it was a very remarkable incident, and it is surely imaginative, it is very suggestive.

There is a poor man in this city who are dependent on his earnings upon a little child for all the present support of their lives. A few weeks ago the young girl and mother was stricken down to bed. It was a sudden, so dreadful when the young girl's physician called them together in the presence of his solemn professional way, in regard to their mother's health, there was no hope.

There was a great crisis among them, Who would tell her? Not the doctor? It would be cruel to let the mother of such a child to their dear one on such an errand. Not the aged mother, who was to be helpless and alone? Not the young husband, who was watching the door with clenched hands and anxious heart? No, there was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the bed he had been playing with unnoticed by them all, and asked gravely

"Is mamma doan' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped from the room and upstairs, as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbours were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed, and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked, in sweet, caressing tones, "is you fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who told you, Charlie?" she asked, faintly.

"Doctor, an' papa, an' gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear, 'ittle mamma, doan' be fraid to die, 'ill you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid."

"Just shut your eyes in 'e dark, mamma; teep hold my hand, an' an' when you open 'em, mamma, it 'll be all light there."

When the family gathered awe-stricken at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

"Hush! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more."

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke, she had passed beyond; and, as baby Charlie said, "It was all light there."

**THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.**

THE following sketch is called the portrait of a true gentleman. It was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting-room:

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, Jesus Christ is his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter to let in or out as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."