

"A VISION OF THE NIGHT."

IN a large theatre, the Athénée, in Arcachon, about four hundred people have crowded to listen to an evangelist from a neighboring town tell of Jesus and His love. Such a sight is not an unwonted one in our own country, but in the south-east of France, gospel meetings are not so frequent, and almost all of these were Roman Catholics who were hearing for the first time the sweet story of old.

With eager faces riveted on the preacher, they listened, while he pleaded with them to flee to the Saviour, to find instant salvation in His finished work on the cross. He shewed them what a "refuge of lies" it is, that tells the sinner his poor attempts at good works can give him heaven. But whilst he spoke of the love of God who sent His son into the world, that believing on Him we should not perish, He warned them too, of a surely coming judgment, and implored them to come to Jesus before it was too late.

Concluding in deeply solemn tones which thrilled through the hearts of his hearers, he related the following incident from his own life, which may have a warning voice even to some in our more privileged land.

"Brought up by a truly godly mother, who, from my earliest childhood tried to lead me to Jesus, I was never without serious impressions. I wished my mother's Saviour to be mine, and I

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