

to say,' I commented, beginning to write an order on a page of my note-book.

One of my friends took it, and, in a little while, Nathan stood among us. His sister, quivering, had met him at the mouth of the shaft, her face looked like a dozen deep emotions blended into one. She remained at his side, silent. I stated the case in the plainest of terms, pointing out the old man to Nathan. The young fellow was naturally amazed, and gave the old man a critical survey, but as he turned back to me, I thought I caught the shine of water in his eyes.

'If you will allow me to go home, I will come back when you say,' was all he said, and he looked me full in the eyes.

I would have taken his word without witness or hostage, but I held to the terms. I wrote out the agreement, which he and the old man signed. Then I wrote his leave of absence for two days. He received the letter with a hand that was shaking, and in quick succession he grasped my hand and that of the old man.

'Day after to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, I will be here,' he said, looking an unutterable something into the eyes of his friend.

'I ain't a-doubting that, son,' was the hearty response.

Then we all stood bareheaded near the shaft and watched the gray-haired hero go down to his noble task, his permit in hand. I dream about that sight to this very day; it puts me close to the God-like in man, and close to God.

Nathan and his sister went home on the train, and he had enough money to buy his return ticket.

A little after train-time the next day but one, my party and I stood near the shaft of the mine, and close by were gathered a crowd of men, women, boys, girls, and babies, never before so far from their cradles. Everyone watched the road that led from the railway station, and few were the words spoken by anyone. By and by, I kept my watch open, and it seemed that the minute hand was caught so that it could not move. Then suddenly, a-top the rise of ground in front of us, the form of a young man appeared, walking briskly. It was Nathan Peel. The rough-coated crowd looking on sent up a yell, and women joined in it, the young man coming steadily on. Then the air was split with three cheers for him, closely followed with three cheers for the old man down in the mine, and three for the Governor. They screamed themselves hoarse and so did my party, and so did I. Some say I lost my head and cheered the Governor as lustily as I cheered the others. We had a good time, anyway.

I ordered the old man up, and he and Nathan gripped hands and looked deep into each other's eyes.

'How is your ma?' he asked.

'A great deal better—left her sitting at the window,' the young fellow answered.

'And the sister—how is she?'

'Just as brave as ever, and well.'

'That's good, that's very good,' the old man said, thrusting his hands in his pockets. 'It's pretty tough work you have to do down yonder, my boy; but there comes a night o' rest after every work-day, and time will pass; bound to do it. And now I am going to set to work to see about this here "innercent" business. You must not er-had no friends in your trouble, did you, son?'

The young man shook his head, looking unblinkingly off at the sunny landscape. The kind words had found a tender place in his heart.

'Well, you got one now,' said the old man. 'And when Jacob Conners sets out to be a friend, he's a hustler. You just be a man, and the fust thing you know you'll be alongside the home folks for good and all. Jacob Conner ain't never yet pinned his faith to a horse that wouldn't go.'

His coal-blackened hand was on Nathan's shoulder, and his voice was the heartiest I ever heard. Afterward I had a talk with the old man, and we separated very good friends. In less than five weeks he had the 'innercent' business sifted to the last handful of dust. With his vigorous help justice put her fair hands on the real wrongdoer, and Jacob Conner went back to the mines with Nathan Peel's release in his keeping.

I would have paid a good price to have seen Nathan and the old man meet each other, but I could not leave home at that time. I have seen both of them since, however, and I believe the whole family would attempt to go to the crater of an active volcano in order to serve Jacob Conner.—'Zion's Herald.'

Saved to the Uttermost

A POSITIVE PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

('Ram's Horn.')

'One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.'—John ix., 25.

I was born in 1854, in Dutchess county, New York. My father was a respectable, highly moral man; my mother, a consistent Christian, rejoicing to-day in the knowledge that her wayward, prodigal son is saved for all eternity. I grew up a fairly good boy, and at the age of seventeen left home and secured work with a railway company at bridge-construction. In a short time I secured a situation as clerk in a store in Brooklyn, which soon developed into the position of travelling salesman, which I held for about thirteen years.

In my travels from city to city, and from town to town, I slowly but surely became a slave to the habit of drink. The firm paid my travelling expenses (including my drink bill incurred mostly through entertaining and treating my customers) and as my salary was a very liberal one I managed to put by quite a sum of money, as I aspired to some day enter business for myself.

At first I managed to drink moderately, but there came a time when in spite of myself it seemed, I found myself no longer the master but the slave. My employers remonstrated with me, and I promised and resolved to do better, but instead I became worse, so that they were compelled to discharge me.

With my savings and some backing from influential business friends, I started a wholesale business in blank books, stationery, etc., in Philadelphia, and having a thorough knowledge of the trade and considerable business ability, I was, for a short while, fairly successful, but from first to last it was a continuous daily fight with my appetite for drink and in the end I was beaten. My business career lasted about two and one-half years. Then for a few years I went on fighting and struggling, steadily going down lower in my own estimation and losing the good opinions and respect of my friends. Position after position was obtained by me, but I could not hold them. My condition became very pitiable. Constant dissipation resulted in partial paralysis or 'locomotor ataxia' of one side, while my eyesight was so sadly

impaired that I was nearly blind. Doctors whom I consulted, emphatically declared I must quit drinking or become totally blind.

On the 18th of March, 1893, through the advice of friends, I entered Franklin Sanitarium, Philadelphia, and at the end of three weeks was discharged believing myself cured of the habit. My cure lasted about five weeks, and then after a protracted spree I was taken back to the sanitarium for another treatment and cure which lasted only until I could get around to the nearest saloon on Race street. Oh, how I loathe the thought of my horrible slavery and sin, and only tell of it that men may praise and magnify my God and Saviour who has lifted me up into freedom.

Then I drifted westward. I came to Chicago during the late summer of the World's Fair. I made some money, but squandered it as fast as made. My home was a cheap lodging-house, and I frequented the lowest dives; a lost, a hopeless almost blind wretch.

On the evening of July 3, 1895, in a stupid, drunken condition, I staggered into the Pacific Garden Mission on East VanBuren street. I have no knowledge or remembrance of how or why I entered. My first consciousness of my surroundings was brought about by a song sung by a young girl, which strangely moved me. I do not remember the details, but I know that some one induced me to go to the front, and I staggered forward, falling over a chair in my drunken helplessness, on the way. Throwing myself down on my knees among a group of others, some nearly as wretched as myself, in my extremity I cried unto my mother's God, and, in spite of the power of Satan and the accursed drink that held my body and brain, he heard and delivered me. How do I know that he did?

I left the Mission shortly afterwards, SOBER. I went across the street to the 'Vestibule' lodging house and upstairs to the dark closet of a room, and there I knelt again and poured out my heart in thankfulness and praise to God. I pleaded with him for one night's restful sleep, for I dreaded the usual restless turning from side to side on my miserable cot that had been my portion for so long. I went to bed feeling that my prayer was answered, and I slept peacefully and calmly as a child until eight o'clock the next morning. This, to me, was an undoubted miracle.

The Fourth of July came on Saturday, and I knew there was no hope of getting work that day. My room-rent was paid for that night, but I had no money, and on Sunday morning I began to feel hungry and weak, but very hopeful. I attended the convert's meeting at the Mission that morning, and Mr. Harry Monroe, learning of my need provided my dinner and my lodging that night. I got up on Monday morning expecting great things of the Lord, and he, as usual, gave me more than I hoped for.

I went hither and thither that morning looking for a job of work, but found none. Near noon, as I sat resting myself with other men in the public room of the lodging house, a man came in and said that he had work for two men. Three men—I was the third—offered themselves. He explained that the work was carrying a banner—a painted advertising sign—up and down the business streets of the city, the pay to be one dollar a day. One man accepted the terms, the other declined. Then the employer turned to me:

'Do you want the job?' he asked, smil-