

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

In 1874, says Mr. Moody, I was asked to go to Cambridge, but I declined; I had no university education, not even a common education; and I felt as if I had no call to go there. But I afterwards felt sorry I had not gone, and pledged myself that if ever I got another invitation I would go. At length a great, long petition came, and I went to Cambridge, and spent three of the darkest days I ever spent in my life. For the first time the audience tried to break up the meeting. For a whole hour everything said or done was turned into ridicule. The next night was just as dark, and the third one darker. On Wednesday I got fifty mothers, and they seemed to just pierce heaven with their prayers. That night, in response to my invitation, fifty-two men sprang up—the tide began to turn, and I believe it was in answer to the prayers of those mothers. That night between three and four hundred undergraduates, including some of the ring-leaders, came into the inquiry-room. It is not preaching which is to reach the people, after all. It is the power of God, and that will come in answer to prayer.

DONT COUNT CONVFRTS.

One of Moody's pithy words at the conference was occasioned by the remarks of an enthusiastic Methodist brother who stated that within a certain time he had been the means of converting a thousand souls. Mr. Moody stated that he had learnt two things by his experience as an evangelist. The first was, never to count converts, for often those he thought most of turned out worst, while those he had little hope of turned out best. The second was, never to tell a man he was converted, let God tell him that. There were many in the audience who needed that good advice, and when we see our daily papers giving daily the number of conversions on the previous evening in some of the city churches, there is surely a loud call upon all sensible Christian men to reiterate Moody's words. If God converts a man He does it once for all. When a preacher, whether he is young or old, converts a man there is no guarantee that he will stay converted for a single day. An infidel told a friend that he knew all about religion because he had been converted five times in his younger days. It is a dreadfully dangerous thing to label any man converted; it is only by their fruits they can be known. The three thousand on the day of Pente-

cost would not have been counted had they not continued steadfast in the Apostles doctrine.—*Pres. Rev.*

NOT MERE FEELING.

"Feeling is of just as much use in religion as steam is in an engine—if it drive the engine it is good; but if it does not it is not good for anything but to fizz and hiss and buzz. There are some people who seem to be like yard engines, that never go anywhere, but keep puffing and blowing, and hissing, and running up and down side tracks, doing nothing, going nowhere. Feeling in religion is of no value at all if it does not propel us along the track of duty toward our final destination—God. Fine feelings, glorious feelings—we all have them after our measure, but fine feelings, quick responsive sensibilities—do you know that they have been the occasion of the ruin of some of the greatest geniuses that God ever gave to the human race? Feeling is a miserably cheap substitute for duty. It takes more than being happy on Sunday in church to be religious.

"My friends, religion never stops short of holiness. It means that, first and last. Religion does not stop at feeling; religion does not stop at tradition, or at respectability, or at ecclesiasticism, or at painted windows, or at spacious cathedral aisles, or eloquent preaching, or delicious music; religion means, always has meant, always must mean, the actual communion of the human soul with God in righteousness and holiness. And that kind of religion costs; it takes the best there is in a man to be religious in that way,"—*Dr. Joseph Parke.*

SEEING THE GOSPEL.

"Have you ever heard the gospel before?" asked an Englishman at Ningpo of a respectable Chinaman, whom he had not seen in his mission-room before. "No," he replied, "but I have seen it. I know a man who used to be the terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him a hard word he would shout at you, and curse you for two days and nights without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast and a bad opium-smoker; but when the religion of Jesus took hold of him he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly, the teaching is good!"—*Word and Work.*