

and from that hour, sir, I have sung the sweet songs of Zion."

"What became of Canaan, Phil?"

"Oh! I took him into my house, sir, and my wife made him welcome. He stayed with us two days, and led all, myself, my wife, my dear old granny to the Saviour; and then he went away."

"Did you see him again, Phil?"

"Only once, sir. He took a fever at Merton soon after he left us. I went to see him when he was dying. He knew me and said: 'Good-bye.' He then pointed to heaven and whispered—

"We shall range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever."

"He died rejoicing in God, sir, and went yonder," said Phil, and he pointed to where the setting sun was spreading its golden light far away up the sky. "Ah, I often think of his bright smile as he lay dying, and of his grave in Merton church-yard. But he is heaven, sir, in glory and peace, in the heavenly Canaan he loved so well." And then good Phil rose from under the old cedar and went into his cottage singing—

"Victory, Victory, when we gain the victory,
Oh how happy we shall be, when we gain the victory!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF PRAYING.

JIMMY, THE CONVERTED PARISH' PRENTICE.

MANY years ago I had the pleasure of meeting a little old man, who, his face beaming with joy and radiance, ever seemed living in the presence of God. He always seemed full of heaven and always seemed to be praying. Morning, noon, and night, and oftentimes in the silent hours of darkness, praying Jimmy, for such was the name by which he was known, might be heard singing and praising God, or wrestling with him in fervent and believing prayer. When close upon four score years and ten he visited the village in which I was staying, and on several occasions addressed the little society, urging on them a life of holiness and consecration to the service of God. On such occasions his joy seemed full, his face betokened his sentiments, and his every word, his every breath seemed love. There was nothing

great in his addresses; he spoke out of the fullness of his heart in ungarbed simplicity; but there was a depth and reality which went home to every one present. He spoke as one standing on the verge of the grave, and as one who had had a foretaste of heaven. It seemed as though he would give himself, his life, his all, could he but persuade the people to love *his* Jesus, to seek *his* Saviour. He said little about his own history in public; but in private he related to me several circumstances connected with his life, of which had I not have seen manifold proof, I could not have believed. But they were told with such simplicity, humility, and without the least ostentation, that I could not for a moment doubt his word. He simply narrated such as would glorify God, and show forth his loving-kindness, grace, and power. When a child he was put out with a wealthy farmer as parish 'prentice, (children from the workhouse in those days were given to persons to bring up, their services being considered equivalent to the expense incurred in feeding and clothing them.) When about nine or ten years of age his employment was to keep away the birds from the springing corn, and other sundry jobs. He was treated like a dog, and kicked and cuffed by all. The meaning of a kind word or act was to him a thing unknown. At that time in the village nearest to where he lived the Methodists had just started a meeting-house, and Jimmy, curious as boys are, went to see what it was like. He found there something different from the cold, cruel, hard-heartedness to which he had been accustomed, something which seemed to strike a chord in his nature, and which won his heart. Before long Jimmy had found a Friend—the Friend of the fatherless, the Lord and Saviour; and from that time to when I saw him, a period of some four-score years, never lost hold of his confidence and assurance of faith. Jimmy's love was not transient nor half-hearted, but soon began to bear fruits. When his master heard that he went to the meeting-house, he ordered him never to go again, and time after time horse-whipped him on the bare back until the blood streamed down. Jimmy, however, did not murmur, but simply would go to an out-house or shed, or lie down in a ditch to hide from his persecutors, and to tell Jesus all his troubles, and pray