

Work Among the Prisons. No. 6.

"THE LORD REIGNETH."

A FEW months ago, a Christian prisoner in the Central Prison came to me, and in great trouble said, "There is a man in our shop who is so bad and hard that I can scarce get along with him, and I am so discouraged; but he told me yesterday that if you would speak to him, he would listen. Do see him, please." I went to see him in his cell, and found him quite ready to talk, and to my surprise he expressed himself as deeply troubled about his soul, and was convinced as to the sinfulness of his former life. Further, I found that all this time, while his outward conduct had been so painfully trying to his fellow-prisoners, he was reading his Bible anxiously and earnestly. How little do we know of the inward workings of the Spirit! I left him, quite certain that the work commenced was of God, and that his convictions of sin was deep. The following Sunday, "the truth as it is in Jesus" was laid before him. He listened earnestly; but while plainly seeing that God had laid all his sins on Christ, he could not fully realize that they were

which please accept thanks. My good friend, I feel a great change, and for this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named, that He may grant me according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in my heart by faith."

Is there anything too hard for the Lord?

W. H. H.

Look Out for the Rocks.

A GENTLEMAN crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us above the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Young men think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

There is no sea half so treacherous as the human heart. Reader! be ever letting down your sounding line. Examine yourself.



Hasten, sinner to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this ev'nings' stage be run.

Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME;

To-day is the day of Salvation.

taken off himself. With deep feelings he followed the words of each text, and his anxiety increased every moment until it seemed that in his effort to lay hold, his heart fairly broke, and he burst into tears. When his agitation subsided somewhat, I rejoiced to find that his contrite heart had been accepted, and he had laid hold with simple faith on the finished work of his own Saviour. His growth in Christian knowledge has been rapid, and his simple acceptance of God's Word has read me a lesson which has served to remove some dust out of my faith's sight. His favourite texts are Rom. viii. 35, 39, "Who shall be able to separate," &c. The following is a letter received from him a few days ago:—

"Your's of the 12th has come to hand, for