

had a message for them. They abused him; but he at last persuaded the ringleader to go with him, and the rest followed.

The missionary's heart sank within him, when, after shutting himself in to the room with them, they burst in to a wild outcry, mocking and deriding him. But he lifted up his heart to God, and the hearer of prayer heard that cry and strengthened him.

He began to speak to them of Sodom, and the children playing in its streets, while the vengeance of an angry God was hanging over them. Three times he was interrupted by yells and curses; but the last two times they were checked by the lad who at first had been the most ferocious in wickedness. The missionary at length gained the attention of the whole, and a most solemn hour was past, while he shewed them that the doom of Sodom would be theirs, unless they fled for refuge to Jesus, the covert from the storm.

The lad referred to now listened with earnest attention. He was deeply affected when the missionary said,—“God works in many ways; he may not overwhelm you all at once as he did the children of Sodom; yet He can summon any one of you before Him at any time. Perhaps before this time to-morrow one of you may be standing in his presence.”

When all was over, one stayed behind, to say that he was sorry for what he had done, and that he would come back to hear more.

Next morning the missionary saw a crowd round a house in a low, dirty court. He was told that a boy had been killed in a moment, by a cart having gone over him. The woman who told him said he had been a very wicked boy; but she heard he had been at a Sabbath-school the night before. On returning to the place in the afternoon, the mother, who was in deep distress, asked the missionary to look at the dead body; and he felt awe-struck indeed, when, on beholding it, he recognised the mangled remains of the poor

lad who had listened to him with such fixed earnestness the night before. His tongue, with which in his lifetime he used to swear so fearfully, had protruded from his mouth in his last agony; and his teeth had gone so completely through, that they had to cut out the tongue before they could close the mouth of the corpse.

The mother afterwards told him that neither she nor her husband had been in a place of worship for thirty years, and she believed the lad himself had never been in a church at all; that his father drank all the Sabbath, and that she and the children spent the day in amusement. She said that the evening before, her son came in and sat down in a corner without speaking. She offered him supper, but he refused; and on her asking him if he were ill, he started up and said, “No, mother, but I have heard such things to-night!” He then repeated, almost word for word, the address about Sodom, and ended by saying, “I will go back, mother; I *must* go back; I will go next Sunday, and every Sunday.”

Reader, that poor boy appears only once to have heard the gospel; the *first* seems to have been the last, and yet is there not some hope that he did not hear it in vain? How often have you heard it? And are you *trifling* with it? How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?

### The Bible.

At the coronation of the youthful King Edward VI. of England, three swords were brought to him, in token of his being king of three kingdoms. “There is one sword wanting,” he remarked, “and that is the Bible. That book is the word of the Spirit, to be preferred before all others. Without that sword, we are nothing; we can do nothing; we have no power. From that, we are what we are at this day. From that alone we obtain all power, and virtue and salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength.”