

and felt very much obliged to anyone for taking them, when, on turning the corner which led towards the cliffs, I found myself in the centre of a group of rough youths, numbering, perhaps, a dozen, or even more, all bent on mischief or sport. One of the rudest pulled away his companion, saying, "Get out of the way, here is a lady coming, who will give you a tract, if you don't," at which they all broke into hoisterous laughter. I am not at all sure I should have done so, for courage I had none. I trembled from head to foot. All the youths were laughing and shouting, and every eye was turned on me with scoffing. I felt I would rather go on, and not give a tract; but, like a voice within, came the gentle question, "Why not give?" Because I fear. Fear what? Fear whom? A few wretched Sabbath-breakers! This is being ashamed of Jesus! "Ashamed of my Lord!" I repeated to myself, with a cry for help. "No! I am not ashamed of Jesus," I said almost fiercely to my coward heart, and walking into the midst of the group, I offered a tract to the ringleader. Abashed, he held down his head, while I spoke to him, listening, without one look or word to offend. Distributing my remaining tracts to the late unruly meeting, they were received not only with silence, but with a degree of solemnity that amazed me. God was there, and He had blessed me. I went on my way home happier than Alexander when he had no more worlds to conquer, for in the strength of the Lord God I had conquered Satan and my own coward heart. That day was decisive for me. I knew my Rock and my Refuge, and the faithfulness of Him who never calls his soldiers to the warfare at their own cost. I began to learn that all our service will avail little unless the Spirit of God has called the heart into an experimental knowledge of Himself.

IV.

The prayer that follows the tract given, and the word spoken, may give life and wings to the little messenger long after it has been received. There is nothing past with God; all is now. Let us, then, press forward in his name, looking unto Jesus.

I know a place in a Roman Catholic country, where tracts were distributed wholesale. They were gathered indis-

criminately by the peasants and destroyed, and this occurs frequently; while one or two, given in watchfulness and prayer, might be seen to be otherwise than unfruitful.

Once I had lodgings in a very obscure village, neither a place of resort for invalids, nor for strangers. Almost the only apartments in the place had been occupied by a young lady recently dead. Why she had been advised to winter in such a locality I cannot tell, for excepting a large old garden, it had no advantage to offer. She was quite worldly in every sense of the word. Excepting a cough, of which she spoke lightly, there was no cause to suppose she was an invalid. She had travelled from London with a lady who spoke to her of eternal things, at which she only laughed, not, perhaps, in scorn, but with the endeavour (but in vain,) to parry the effort of the lady to draw her into conversation. Before they parted, the stranger told her of the greater joys of those who have the only true source of happiness, adding—

"You may say you are not ill, but I think you are worse than you apprehend; at any rate, life is uncertain; take this little book, and I shall pray that some day it may be a comfort to you!"

The young lady accepted the book rather to please her travelling companion than in any other spirit. But shortly afterwards she fell sick. The cough, that seemed of little consequence, was the forerunner of death. She was confined to her bed; it was then she recollected the little book, the traveller's gift. It was one of James Smith's. That book was scarcely ever out of her hands. She read and re-read it during the last days of her life, and she died resting on Jesus. As I turned over the leaves, literally worn out, and so folded that it opened itself on those passages of Scripture most precious to the shrinking sinner, who would fain lay hold on Him who hath redeemed us with His precious blood, I have no doubt that she had found the "strong consolation" of those who have "fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us." Could the Lord's dear servant have seen that a soul was led to Jesus resulting from her witnessing for Him, and the fruit of her prayer, she would have been of good courage, and have seen how good it is to wait on Him.