

pastor), and exclaimed, 'Why, this is the place I saw, and that is the preacher I heard!' The circumstances led to his conversion, and at the time he related it to Dr. Hall he was a minister of the Gospel.

An incident not very unlike the above occurred in the writer's ministry. There was a certain lady who attended the church of which I was the pastor, on whom I called one day for the express purpose of conversing on the subject of her personal salvation and confessing Christ. I had been advised against doing so on the ground that it would drive her from the services altogether, as it had in two other instances. But most pastors would regard this as a reason why they should press the matter rather than an argument against it. Accordingly, the visit was made, and the caller, especially after his business was known, received with considerable coolness. The lady did not believe as he did, had her own conceptions of duty about such things, and evidently resented the intrusion. I remember kneeling in prayer, while she sat upright in her chair, hands folded, and fire proceeding from her eyes. The occasion was brought to an end with the feeling that I had lost an attendant on my ministry and failed to win a soul. This was on a Saturday. On the following Monday she was at my house before breakfast, to say that she could hold out no longer and desired to accept and publicly confess Christ. Her story was as follows: On Saturday night she had had a dream, in which she was seated in the church and I was preaching from the words of Joshua, 'Choose you this day whom ye shall serve.' To her surprise, and even amazement, that was the very text from which she heard me preach the next day! It was enough. It would have been for almost anybody. That dream was the voice of God to her, which was immediately obeyed. It had more effect than all the preaching and exhortation to which she had listened for a quarter of a century. It affords pleasure to add that her conversion was a very deep and thorough experience, and that she was one of the best church members any pastor ever had.

There is nothing inconceivable, much less iniquitous, in the thought that God should lead his people by dreams when it pleases him to do so, in this as well as in any other period of time. It is somewhat as in the case of miracles. There was a time when these may be said to have been more necessary than now, but is that to say that God is no longer thus to work supernaturally, and that we are to refuse to hearken to him when he does so? Dreams are not miracles, but there was a time when God employed them very generally to lead his people in the doing of his will. Has he forever ceased to do so, and shall we decline to be influenced by them as though such were indeed the case?

This whole subject falls under the head of special providences, so-called. These are not intended to supersede, much less contradict the revealed Word, but to work in harmony with it; to illuminate it; to stimulate to its investigation; to move its obedience; to substantiate and glorify it. And this, indeed, is the controlling test in the whole matter. Do our dreams coincide with the Holy Scriptures? Do they, in their suggestions, lie in the orbit of the Divine will? Do they move us to serve God, to confess Jesus Christ, to give up sin, to do good, to increase holiness? They have not led us astray, if so. The only certain criterion is that of the inspired prophet: 'To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.'



IN THE DESERT---THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Hannington's Saints.

STORY OF A MISSIONARY BISHOP.

'Sir, if you don't mind we shall die of dignity!' said Dr. Chalmers to one who was maintaining that clergymen should 'stand upon their dignity.'

When James Hannington became the clergyman of Hurstpierpoint, he determined to win the men, women, and children of the village to a Christian life. If he could do it, and 'stand upon his dignity,' very well; if not, he would appear as undignified as the occasion demanded.

One day he was walking along in the village street with a very dignified ecclesiastic, who was attired in a clerical dress, which Mr. Hannington seldom wore. Suddenly he felt a tug at the skirt of his coat. He stopped and looked around, and saw a blushing little girl.

'Please, sir,' she said timidly, for she was afraid of the dignitary, 'haven't you got a bull's-eye for me?'

It was his habit to walk the streets in an old, faded boating-coat, the pockets of which were filled with goodies for the children he might meet. He would stop a child, give to the little one a brief lesson on 'sneaking,' telling lies, and using bad language, and then dismiss the child with a cake or a bull's-eye.

The next time the minister and the child met, Hannington would ask: 'Now, then, what were the three things you were not to do, eh?'

If the answers were correct, the rewarding candy was never wanting.

The wild boys were hunted for and caught. The faithful minister would find out what interested a bad boy, and then show himself to the boy as interested in that pursuit. If the boy had a liking for curiosities or natural history, he was invited to the rectory and allowed to examine the minister's cabinets.

One boy fancied himself a young Mozart. Hannington offered him the use of his own harmonium.

'But when shall I begin, sir?' asked the boy.

'Oh, well,' answered Hannington, looking at him with a quizzical smile, 'I shall be out on Tuesday.'

The lads loved him; the workmen called

him among themselves 'Jemmy.' But to no one in the county did they raise their caps more respectfully than to their 'own Jemmy.'

He gathered lads and young men together into a Bible class and Temperance Association. The members were nicknamed 'Hannington's Saints'; but they greeted the scoff as a compliment.

He was fond of riding, and would gallop for miles over the downs, or ride straight across the country, clearing everything in his way. But one day, needing money for some benevolent purpose, he sold his horse, knocked the stable and coachhouse into one, papered, carpeted, and hung lamps in the large room, and turned it into a mission hall.

A boy was seized by the smallpox. His people were forsaken by their neighbors. The parson visited the cottage, supplied the inmates with the necessaries of life, and prayed with the boy. The people of the village were excited.

An officer called to warn the pastor not to go near the place. As the man went out of one door the parson went out of the other, and called at the infected house.

He would take a lad for his servant, transform him by his own example and instruction, and then pass him on to something better. He had in this way a good many servants, all of whom turned out well.

It was the possession of these sterling qualities that fitted him to be the missionary bishop to Central Africa, to which continent he carried the same zeal he had shown as a young rector; and his body now fills a martyr's grave.—'Sunday Companion.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE SECOND EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

June 9, Sun.—God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love, and of a sound mind.

June 10, Mon.—For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

June 11, Tues.—Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

June 12, Wed.—Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

June 13, Thur.—If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.

June 14, Fri.—If we deny him, he also will deny us.

June 15, Sat.—If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself.