

they move, to commend to their religion, and thus, in a loving way, to win souls to Him who is its author. They should speak with tender and earnest directness to the impenitent of their duty to the Redeemer. They should make it a point of conscience always to be in their places in their house of worship when the pastor is in his, unless God himself interposes obstacles that cannot be surmounted. At all times imperative on the followers of Jesus, these duties should be enforced with special unction whenever the Spirit commences to work with increased reviving and awakening power.

The newspaper reports of the immense gatherings which assemble to listen to the earnest presentation of the gospel are arousing the minds of the Church and the world. Let pastors and congregations awake to renewed zeal, and by their united labours in the particular fields reap the harvest of the general scattering and of their own localized sowing of the seed.

"Go, work to-day in my vineyard."

[As a *practical illustration* of Christian Work, we follow up Mr. Moody and the *Presbyterian*, with passages from the Life of Mr. Cross, who was for more than 40 years connected with the London Tract Society, and who, after hours of business, did work for Christ among the poor of the great city, after the fashion herein recorded by himself. —Ed. C. C. M.]

POWER OF PRINTED TRUTH.

About the year 1826 the harangues of Robert Taylor, an apostate clergyman, Carlile, and others, were fatal to the best interests of unwary young men. Perhaps, at no former period had infidelity assumed a more daring attitude of defiance. A "manifesto," or declaration of rejection of Christianity was diligently forced into circulation. At this critical juncture,

when all that was valuable to individual happiness and to society was jeopardised, Dr. Pye Smith (author of "Scripture Testimony to the Messiah") was requested to prepare an answer to this document. He replied; and this reply was published as a pamphlet.

Shortly after its issue my attention was directed to it. I had gone into a coffee-house, and taken up the "Times" newspaper. It contained copious extracts from the Doctor's work, which was noticed with much approval. I commenced the perusal of this unusual, and, to me, unpromising article for a secular journal in a spirit of indifference; but as I passed along the columns, a conviction was forced on the mind that the Christian advocate had the best of the argument. As I walked home that evening I reflected thus: "Is it so, then, that the believer has the best of the argument? Can Christianity be sustained by such a strong evidence? In what relation do I stand towards it? Surely it claims my immediate and closest attention." A train of reasoning passed through my mind, and I felt my judgment convinced and my heart subdued, and at length gave way to tears.

The state of my mind had been that of hazy scepticism. I had been biased by the raillery and sneers of the debating-clubs and coffee-room discussions of the day. As in the case of many other young men, revealed religion was disposed of as either priestcraft and imposture or weak-minded enthusiasm, without a single hour being devoted to an impartial and careful examination of its claims.

Well do I remember the hour when I retired to my bed-chamber that night. I sank on my knees, and tried to repeat the long neglected Lord's Prayer. I found it had been partly forgotten. I arose deeply humbled. "There is not a schoolboy," I thought,