

was nearly dark before I got across the mare to come home. I rode along light of heart, for I had sold the wheat well. All at once, when I was in that gloomy bit of road just before you come to the chalk pit, I heard somebody call upon me to stop, and quicker than I can tell you, four or five men set upon me. In an instant one stood at the mare's head, and I was off her back and gagged. It was no good to struggle—what was I among so many? Yet, gagged and bound as I was, I had a weapon, for I cried mightily in my soul to the God of Heaven, and like a flash the blessed words came to me: 'While they are yet speaking, I will hear.'

"Somehow I had little fear, though the robbers were very busy. They each seemed to know what part to take in the task of stripping me, even to the cutting the laces of my boots and taking them off; all the while using threats, and most fearful language at not finding much money in my pockets.

"Suddenly, all in a moment like, they seemed to hear something, and made off as quickly as they came, leaving me gagged and stripped to my shirt by the roadside. But God had heard my prayers; my life was spared, and I was not hurt at all. I did not wait long in that sad case; I speedily freed my mouth, and just as I had done so, Farmer Attwood drove by.

"Terribly scared he was at first to see a man in my condition in such a night of weather too. He took me for a ghost, but I soon made him understand; and he was a real good Samaritan to me. He wrapped me in his own coat, and helped me into his gig, driving me to his house, where I got into these clothes.

"The mare hadn't gone far, she seemed waiting for me, and is now safe in Farmer Attwood's stable. The rogues had stripped her of saddle and bridle."

"We listened to Richard's story in frightened silence, which mother broke with a tearful, 'Thank God, oh, thank God for all his mercies!'

"Yes," said Richard, solemnly, "while I was yet speaking, he heard. My God sent his angel and delivered me from the power of evil men. Mother, let us praise him."

"Now, do you wonder, children," said grandmamma, "that Janie's text tells me a story, or rather, reminds me of this instance of God's ever-present, ever-powerful love?"

"No, indeed," said I.

"And I shall always remember, too," said Janie, softly.

There is a tendency to depreciate the value of Sunday-school teaching nowadays, says the Rev. H. Griffith Jones, of Baham. In many churches it is very difficult to secure the necessary staff of teachers, and many of those best qualified for the work are prone to look down upon it, and prefer their ease to the call of duty. And yet, is there not something unique in a teacher's opportunity? The minister has a more intelligent and responsive audience, but he addresses people whose character is already more or less formed, and he has to penetrate through many integuments of custom and prejudice ere he can reach the heart; whereas children are plastic, impressionable and retentive, because of their very immaturity.

A Brand Plucked From the Burning

(D. T. Hutchinson and E. T. Hutchinson, in New York 'Witness.')

Who can imagine the terrible degrading effect of alcoholic poison on the human family; it deadens all the noble and exalted aspirations, kills love for everything that is good and pure, and leaves its victim a slave to all the baser passions that a lost soul is subject to, and eventually sends the tortured wretch to a drunkard's grave and his soul to a Devil's Hell.

'O God!' cried the missionary, as he stood by the loathsome object that had suggested these thoughts, 'help us to save some of these deluded souls from the tempter's snare.'

It was Saturday night. Meeting had closed at the Mission Hall, No. 1902 North Sixth street, Kansas City, Kansas. Several precious souls had found peace in believing in the only name given under Heaven among men whereby we must be saved, the shouts of the saints had been answered back by the glad hallelujahs of them that rejoice in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, and we were about to close up the mission for the night, when one of the most pitiful looking objects I ever saw came staggering in at the door, ragged, dirty and drunk, his eyes bleared and bloodshot, his gray hair hanging in tangles around his bloated face. He fell on the floor screeching in the clutches of the terrible delirium tremens.

We got him to bed for the night, but O, what a night! At intervals this victim of hellish designs screamed to the devils to let him be until he was dead, and in his sane moments cried to God not to let him die in that awful condition. All night long the mission workers lay on their faces and prayed their way through to victory. Morning dawned, and with it came a change in the condition of the poor delirious, lost and soul-tortured man. He dropped off into a quiet sleep and we knew God had heard our cries.

As we were preparing for the eleven o'clock service he arose from his couch as weak as a child and as penitent as the Prodigal. After partaking of some refreshments he came into the mission-room where, under the burning words of the God-endowed wife of the missionary, his heart melted, tears stole down his besotted cheeks, and the pent-up agony of his heart found vent in groans that came from its inmost depth.

An altar-call was given, and with trembling step he approached the penitent form and there he cried his aching, throbbing, breaking heart out to God, and that Saviour who never turned away from the cry of a broken and a contrite heart came, and with one sweep of the bleeding hand blotted out the past record and said, 'Thy sins, though they were many, are all forgiven thee,' and I will 'remember them against you no more forever.'

Oh, how wonderful. In a moment a whiskey-besotted, rum-bloated vagabond changed into a child of God; made an heir of Heaven.

But, stop! He is rising to his feet. Where are the bloodshot eyes and bleared face? All gone. See how bright his eyes shine, and there seems to be a halo of glory

in his face. But he is going to speak. There is a deathlike stillness in the crowded hall. The tension is great.

'I was born in the city of New York seventy-six years ago,' he said. 'My parents were quite wealthy. I received a complete education, graduating from the best college in the State of New York. My father died shortly after I came of age, and left me eighty thousand dollars. I became a skilled mechanic, and at different times had charge of the mechanical department of several of the leading railways in the United States, at a salary of from five to six thousand dollars a year. I married a beautiful girl, and love crowned our home with as complete happiness as usually falls to the lot of man. In the course of three years two bright boys came to enhance our joy.

'Five happy years sped by. Wealth came at every touch. A beautiful home, a happy wife and children, who would ask for more? On the fifth anniversary of our marriage we gave a grand party. No wine had ever been in our home or passed my lips, but some of our friends said it would never do to have a party without wine. How my wife pleaded and prayed that it might be dispensed with, but I laughed at her fears and kissed away her tears; but would to God I had listened to her warning words.

'Wine was ordered, and for the first time I was carried to bed drunk; but it was not the last time. That night I took into my bosom the accursed demon that has been the bane of my life, has swept away my fortune, taken my home, my wife and boys, and left me the forsaken wretch that these good people took into their mission last night, and for whom they fought the powers of darkness all that long night.

'And to-night, this Sabbath night, up through the fog and mist and tears (of joy), while I have lost everything else I have found the peace of Jesus, and the love of God is abounding in my heart. I can hardly make myself believe but what thirty-six years of my past life are some terrible nightmare. I see trees like men walking, but I know in whom I have believed, and he will keep that I have committed to him. Pray for me, that I may resist and overcome the appetite for drink.' Amid the sobs and tears and shouts of 'Amen,' the old man sat down, a look of settled peace had taken possession of his face, and as we took him by the hand in brotherly greeting amid the hosannahs and hallelujahs of rejoicing saints, I turned to my faithful companion and said: 'Thank God, one more brand plucked from the burning.'

All teaching for children should be concrete, pictorial, imaginative. Abstractions and generalities glide over the child-brain like water off a smooth surface, but if interest is aroused by some definite incident, picture, or fact, there is some chance of impression and retention. At the same time, mere anecdotal teaching is bound to be superficial; and the habit of some teachers to spend their priceless time in 'telling stories' is debauching to the minds, and debilitating to the characters, of their scholars. Sunday-school work is a serious matter, and can only be done well by keeping in full view the practical end of it all. —The Rev. B. Griffith Jones.