

£1,000 for this work by a particular day. In the course of the meeting one of our number burst forth into rapturous expressions of gratitude, as he was irresistibly convinced that our prayer was heard and would be answered. I confess I did not share his absolute confidence, and the absolute confidence of my wife and some others. I believed with trembling. I am afraid I could say nothing more than 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'

The appointed day came. I went to the meeting at which the sum total would be announced. It appeared that in a very short time, and in very extraordinary ways, £990 had been sent to the West London Mission. I confess that, as a theologian, I was perplexed. We had asked for £1,000—there was a deficiency of £10. I could not understand it. I went home trying to explain the discrepancy. As I entered my house and was engaged in taking off my hat and coat, I noticed a letter lying on the table in the hall. I remembered that it had been lying there when I went out, but I was in a great hurry and did not stop to open it. I took it up and opened it, and discovered that it contained a cheque for £10 for the West End Mission, bringing up the amount needed for that day to the exact sum we had named in our midnight prayer-meeting. Of course, this also may be described as a mere coincidence; but all we want are coincidences of this sort. The name is nothing the fact is everything. And there have been many such facts.

Let me state one other in reference to money, as this kind of illustration will, perhaps more than any other, impress those who are disposed to be cynical and to scoff. I was engaged in an effort to build Sunday-schools in the South of London. A benevolent friend promised to give £100 if I could get £900 additional within a week. I did my utmost, and through desperate efforts, with the assistance of friends, did get £800, but not one penny more, we reached Saturday, and the terms of all the promises were that unless we obtained £1,000 that week we could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise might have been postponed for years, and, indeed, never have been accomplished on the large scale we desired.

On Saturday morning one of my principal church officers called, and said he had come upon an extraordinary business; that a Christian woman in that neighborhood whom I did not know, of whom I had never heard, who had no connection whatever with my church, had that morning been lying awake in bed, and an extraordinary impression had come into her mind that she was at once to give me £100! She naturally resisted so extraordinary an impression as a caprice or a delusion. But it refused to leave her, it became stronger, until at last she was deeply convinced that it was the will of God. What made it more extraordinary was that she had never before had, and would in all probability, never again have, £100 at her disposal for any such purpose. But that morning she sent me the money through my friend, who produced it in the form of crisp Bank of England notes. From that day to this I have had no idea whatever who she was, as she wished to conceal her name from me. Whether she is alive or in heaven, I cannot say; but what I do know is that this extraordinary answer to our prayers secured the rest of the money, and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London, in which there are more than one thousand scholars to-day.—'Illustrated Missionary News.'

A Revival at a Dance.

Shortly after Brother Walker had left me to visit some old friends and relatives in West Tennessee, I journeyed on toward my home in Christian County, Kentucky. Saturday night came on, and found me in a strange region of country, and in the hills; knobs, and spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. I greatly desired to stop on the approaching Sabbath, and spend it with a Christian people; but I was now in a region of country where there was no gospel minister for many miles around, and where, as I learned, many of the scattered population had never heard a Gospel sermon in all their lives, and where the inhabitants knew no Sabbath, only to hunt and visit, drink and dance.

Thus, lonesome and pensive, late in the evening, I hailed at a tolerably decent house, and the landlord kept entertainment. I rode up, and asked for quarters. The gentleman said I could stay, but he was afraid I would not enjoy myself very much as a traveller, inasmuch as they had a party meeting there that night to have a little dance. I inquired how far it was to a decent house of entertainment on the road; he said seven miles. I told him if he would treat me civilly, and feed my horse well, by his leave I would stay. He assured me I should be treated civilly. I dismounted and went in. The people collected, made a large company. I saw there was not much drinking going on.

I quietly took my seat in one corner of the house and the dance commenced. I sat quietly musing, a total stranger, and greatly desired to preach to this people. Finally, I concluded to spend the next day (Sabbath) there, and ask the privilege to preach to them. I had hardly settled this point in my mind, when a beautiful ruddy young lady walked very gracefully up to me, dropped a handsome courtesy, and pleasantly, with winning smiles, invited me to take a dance with her. I can hardly describe my thoughts and feelings on that occasion. However, in a moment, I resolved on a desperate experiment.

I rose as gracefully as I could; I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. The young lady moved to my right side; I grasped her right hand with my right hand, while she leaned her left arm on mine. In this position we walked on the floor. The whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness in the young lady, shown to a stranger. The colored man, who was the fiddler, began to put his fiddle in the best order. I then spoke to the fiddler to hold a moment, and added that for years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first asking the blessing of God on it, and I desired now to ask the blessing of God upon this beautiful young lady and the whole company, that had shown such an act of politeness to a total stranger.

Here I grasped the young lady's hand tightly, and said, 'Let us all kneel down and pray,' and then instantly dropped on my knees, and commenced praying with all the power of soul and body, that I could command. The young lady tried to get loose from me, but I held her tight. Presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some fled, some sat still, all looked curious. The fiddler ran off into the kitchen, saying, 'Lord a mercy, what de matter! what is dat mean?'

While I prayed, some wept out aloud,

and some cried for mercy, I rose from my knees and commenced an exhortation, after which I sang a hymn. The young lady who invited me to dance lay prostrate, crying earnestly for mercy. I exhorted again; I sang and prayed nearly all night. About fifteen of that company professed religion, and our meeting lasted next day and next night, and as many more were powerfully converted. I organized a Society, took thirty-two into the Church, and sent them a preacher. My landlord was appointed leader, which post he held for many years. This was the commencement of a great and glorious revival of religion in that region of country, and several of the young men converted at this Methodist preacher dance became useful ministers of Jesus Christ.

I recall this strange scene with astonishment to this day, and do not permit myself to reason on it much. In some conditions of society, I should have failed; in others I should have been mobbed; in others I should have been considered a lunatic. So far as I did permit myself to reason on it at the time, my conclusions were something like these; These are a people not gospel-taught or hardened. They, at this early hour, have not drunk to intoxication, and they will be at least as alarmed at me and my operations as I can be at theirs. If I fail, it is no disgrace; if I succeed, it will be a fulfilment of a duty commanded, to be 'instant in season and out of season.' Surely, in all human wisdom, it was out of season; but I had, for some cause or other, a strong impression on my mind, from the beginning to the end of this affair (if it is ended), that I should succeed by taking the devil by surprise, as he had often served me, and thereby be avenged on him for giving me so much trouble on my way to General Conference, and back thus far.—From Peter Cartwright's Autobiography.

Hymn for Our Soldiers on the Ocean.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bids the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep
And calm amidst the storm didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
Who bade their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour:
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

- Feb. 4, Sun.—The Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.
Feb. 5, Mon.—Thou shalt not oppress a stranger.
Feb. 6, Tues.—Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.
Feb. 7, Wed.—Thou shalt not raise a false report.
Feb. 8, Thurs.—Keep thee from a false matter.
Feb. 9, Fri.—I will not justify the wicked.
Feb. 10, Sat.—Ye shall serve the Lord your God.