

stains, thinking Joe was gone mad with drinking.

But a great change had come over Joe. He became one of the most regular attenders at the chapel, and never missed a prayer-meeting or a week night service. He could not learn to read, but his mind was ready to grasp a good hymn; and several of these he committed to memory. He was also very powerful in prayer; and when Joe was on his knees in the prayer-meeting there was always a holy influence. He carried his religion with him down the coalpit; and it had come to my knowledge that he was in the habit of exhorting his fellow-workmen during the dinner-hour to flee from the wrath to come, and several had been powerfully wrought upon, and were giving evidence of a newness of heart in their lives.

"Now," thought I, "if I can manage to get Joe into the pulpit at Norton some Sunday morning, he will take a good deal of that sinful pride out of them. And if the Squire is offended at him, let him take himself off; for since he came the great object I have in view—the conversion of sinners—has been frustrated."

It was not long before I had my opportunity. The person appointed to preach sent me word he could not go, and he requested me to get a substitute. "Now, Joe," said I to myself, "thou shalt have a turn before the Squire and his lady. May God bless thee, and make thee the means of doing these poor blinded people at Norton good." A difficulty, however, was in the way. There was a rule of the Connexion that no person should preach in any of the pulpits without permission from the Circuit Committee and the Superintendent Minister. Of course, I being the Superintendent Minister, was easily persuaded; but the difficulty was with the Circuit Committee. When I brought the matter before them of the inability of the planned preacher to attend his appointment at Norton on the following Sunday, I asked them if they had any one to propose in his stead.

"No," they all said. "Have you any one?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Who is he?" asked one.

"Mr. Joseph King," I replied, and waited the next question with some anxiety. But the next question showed me my man was not known to them under the title of Mr. Had I said Joe King, they would have found me out at once, and no doubt refused the requested permission.

"Is he a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost?" said the chief official.

"He is," I replied.

"Then he will do. You can let him know to-morrow."

If they had asked me whether Mr. Joseph could read or write, or questioned me about his knowledge of doctrine or Scripture, I should have been puzzled. But I could conscientiously say that he was a man 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' I rejoiced as I wended my way home that night, for I thought I saw the hand of God in this attempt of mine to get Joe into the pulpit at Norton.

I saw Joe the next day, and told him he was appointed to exhort the people on the following Sunday at Norton. He stared at me for a moment or two, and then said—

"Is that true?"

"Certainly, Joe," I replied. "Don't

say another word about it; but let the Lord know in prayer; and He will enable you to say something profitable to the people."

Joe's eyes filled with tears, and he promised me faithfully he would attend.

Sunday morning came. The birds sang, and all nature seemed glad to welcome the return of God's holy day. Joe wended his way towards Norton, joining with the birds in singing God's praises, and at the same time lifting up his heart in prayer for a blessing on his coming labours. On passing through the village he attracted considerable notice, for his dress was something extraordinary. He wore a pea-green coat with brass buttons, a red plush waistcoat, and buckskin trousers; his necktie was of a glaring yellow, and on his head was a wide-awake hat. A score or two of children and young persons followed him to the chapel, and when he arrived there and made known his errand, there was quite a commotion. The officials could not believe their own eyes, and one of them pompously said to him:—

"Who sent you to preach?"

"Joe, quite unconcerned, replied,—

"God and Mr. Langworth."

"If that man goes into th' pulpit,"

said another, 'I'm off home.'

But Joe had come to preach, and preach he would; and very soon he was on his knees in the pulpit. His bristly hair, more like a hedgehog's back than anything else, was just seen sticking above the pulpit top.

Soon there was a whisper that the Squire was coming. And sure enough he was, and what seemed to the people worse than all, there were five ladies with him. Several of the officials went out, and both the women and men that remained held down their heads for shame. But Joe gave out a hymn which he knew well, and after the hymn he engaged in prayer. The Lord blessed him wonderfully in praying, and when he rose from his knees he saw not a few of the congregation in tears. Joe took for his text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' He could not preach a sermon in the orthodox manner; but he began telling the people how wicked and sinful he once was; how he had been left when but a child without parents, and sent into the coalpit to work among wicked men; and how he soon learned to curse and swear and drink worse than any of them. He told them about his grandmother's prayers, and the tears trickled down his cheeks as he related his last interview with her. She got him to kneel down by the bedside, and put her trembling withered hands on his head, and with tears made him promise he would meet her in heaven. He promised her; but when she was dead and buried he forgot his promise, and became more wicked than ever.

Thus Joe went on relating his past experience, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the chapel. When he spoke of God's mercy in sparing him through all his wickedness, and how at last He troubled him so much with a guilty conscience that he was obliged to cry for mercy, there was loud sobbing in the Squire's pew. Joe saw the Squire weeping, and in his joy shouted out, 'Glory; glory be to God! Though I was as black a sinner as the devil could make me, and far deeper sunk in the miry pit than any of you here, the Lord lifted me out, and pardoned all

my sins, and set me free, and proved to me that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, does cleanse from all sin.'

I'm on my way to glory. I shall keep my promise to my poor old grandmother, and shall one day meet her in heaven.' The Squire wept; the five ladies wept; and the congregation wept.

When the service was over, the Squire took Joe in the carriage to dine with him. When they arrived at the big house in the park, the servants were full of wonder at seeing the grotesque guest of their master. They looked at each other, and one of them went to the old coachman and enquired who this man was. When they learned that he was a 'Methodist parson,' they began to giggle and laugh, and say the Squire had brought him for a joke, to amuse the lady guests. But what was their astonishment to learn, when dinner was over, that the Squire and Joe had retired into one of the private rooms, and were praying together. Yes, God's arrows had pierced the soul of the wealthy Squire. Joe's sermon in the morning, by God's blessing, had opened his spiritual eyes, and showed him his lost, sinful condition. He had had a grandmother, who had made him promise her before she died he would meet her in heaven. So far he had neglected to get ready for heaven, but now he cried for mercy, and that cry reached the mercy seat, and answers of pardon descended. There was joy in the presence of the angels in heaven over the Squire's repentance that Sunday afternoon.

In the evening the chapel was crowded, and many could not get in. Joe again delivered a powerful exhortation. A rather humorous incident occurred during the evening service. The candles wanted snuffing, especially those at each side of the pulpit. Now Joe was one of those men who never attempted to do anything which he was sure he couldn't do. There were snufflers to snuff the candles with, but Joe knew very well if he had used them he would have snuffed the light out altogether, and so he used his fingers. This left a black mark on his fingers, which somehow was transferred to his upper lip, and gave it the appearance of a moustache. The people, at seeing this, could not keep back their smiles. But soon Joe's powerful words made them forget his appearance, and many of them could see him only through their tears. It was a glorious time. Many found peace with God, and many more went away from the chapel groaning under their burden of sin, to weep alone until they found forgiveness of God through Jesus Christ.

The Wednesday week following I had to go to Norton to preach in the evening. As I was passing through the village an old woman called out—

"Halloa! Mr. Langworth, you have done it at last."

"Done what?" I asked, feeling somewhat timid; for I had not then heard how Joe had gone on.

"Why, man, there never was such times before. Glory be to God. That fellow you sent has turned Norton upside down. Hey, praise the Lord. My old man has gotten converted, and our Sally. Glory, glory!"

"Many will praise God throughout eternity that Joe the collier went to Norton."

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What Shall We Do?

"WHAT shall we do for our girls and boys?" Is questioned in anxious tone;
"But what of the friendless ones, I pray,
Who battle the world, alone?"
Aye, some have parents and home, in name,
Warm clothing and wholesome food.
Yet starve for home love, and thirst the while
For a life that's true and good.

Who strive for the right when temptings are strong,
Who fight 'gainst curses and rum;
How best can we reach these needy ones,—
Who into such hearts may come?
How cheer the poor vagrant, beggar child,
Whose heart is ready to sink
When from his basket the best is grasped
And pawned away for drink?

And what of the outcasts, orphaned ones—
The street-arab girl and boy,
Who weave in the web of their humdrum life
No threads of comfort or joy,—
Who live without mother, home or friend,
Are jostled by crowd and wind,
Who think through the days and dream at night
Of something they never find!

Who go about in their tattered clothes
To earn their pennies for bread;
And find on steps, in cellars or barns
Their cold and comfortless bed.
And in the gray light of morning roam
The hedges and highways broad,
With never a step in church or school,
And never a thought of God.

How can we lift this helpless throng,
Their bodies and souls be fed;
How save from ruin and make them think
There's something better ahead?
If life is a strife to every one
Whose heart with sorrow is bowed,
How dense the shadows, and long, to those
Who find no rifts in the cloud!

From blackest mould of the fern-grown wood
Most beautiful fronds are brought;
And the grandest sculptured works of art
Are from roughest marble wrought.
As richest treasures of mineral wealth
In the under soul abound,
So down in the drift and debris of life
The brightest gems may be found.

O, smile on the child as you pass along,
Heavy-burdened souls help to live;
Out yonder, sometimes, we yet may need
The smile they, in turn, will give.
God pity these poor, unfortunate lives,
Supply what earth may withhold,
And save all the children, rich and poor,
At last in the upper fold.

—Selected.

JOHN FLETCHER was by nature a man of a fiery, passionate temper; yet John Wesley says of him that "for twenty years and upwards before his death no one ever saw him out of temper or heard him utter a rash expression, on any provocation whatever." This was indeed a victory worth winning. It was the subjugation of an unruly nature by the indwelling Holy Spirit. Seeing that God is no respecter of persons, He must be as willing to do this great thing for every believer as for John Fletcher. What hinders any man from being as meek as he? Surely, nothing but his own lack of earnest purpose, persistent prayer and utterly trustful faith. "The fruit of the Spirit" in every disciple is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."—*Zion's Herald*.

ON Chautauqua lake on the Sabbath-day some of the steamers run as they do on other days. But they do not approach the docks of the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, but pass up and down far out in the middle of the lake. The reason of this is, the gates of the grounds are firmly closed against all ingress on the Sabbath. So when the heart is sealed against sin, the crafts of the tempter may hover round, but they find no place for entrance.