

houses and bar-rooms. Then the thirst for gold, the "gold fever" had seized upon him too, and he had come to the mines, to work for the first time in his life. His companion had fixed upon this out-of-the-way place, fancying they would get more than their neighbours down below, and not be so liable to intrusion. But after long days of toil, and just when they began to discover that there was gold to be found, and that in plenty, Dickson was seized with the fever and ague and in a few days' time he died. For three days the other had been so stupefied with the fever that he had not realised the extent of his misery, but on the fourth day he awoke and found his appalling position.

"All morning," he said, looking at me eagerly, "the words rang in my ears, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will answer you.' I must have heard it in church long ago, and I prayed to God to send me help, and he has heard my prayer. But the next world that Dickson wanted me to tell him about, what of it, how could I tell him about a thing I did not know myself."

"Surely," I said, "you were taught something of heaven and hell, and that we all must die some day." He laughed at me, with the wild gleam coming into his eyes again as he answered, "Who was to teach me about dying—my lady mother? No, she would have shrunk from speaking of that, it was life, life for her. What had she to do with death? and as for the lessons of church, they are long ago knocked out with the roughing I have passed through."

The fever asserted its power again, and before I had time to speak a word of comfort to lead him to the fountain of life, he was raving once more worse than ever. It was very sad to sit and listen to him calling upon his mother, and stroking the blanket, and fancying it her soft velvet gown. Then the recollection of the last interview would thrust itself upon his mind, and he repeated over again her words as she cursed him for ruining the father who was so lenient to him, and for causing such misery to the mother who bore him. After one of the violent attacks, he gradually sank, and in the course of another hour he died.

It was a solemn lesson, more solemn than any sermon I ever heard, or could hear, and I knelt down in that little tent beside the dead miner, and prayed as I never had done before, pouring out thanksgiving to my Father in heaven for baving given me a mother who had taught me where to look for help, and strength in the hour of temptation.

On reaching the camp that night I intimated to my friend Joe, that I should "make tracks right away" for San Francisco. No, this time I was deaf to his persuasions; the largest nugget that ever was dug would not have tempted me, for the sight of that dead miner, lying far in the lonely backwood, was too vivid in my mind. I returned with some men the next morning, and buried him close to the creek, under a live oak tree; but I could not even carve his name had I been willing, for he died without telling me who he was.

## CHRIST'S POWER.

UNDER the title of "The High Places of the Bible" (Loughley, 3s. 6d.), the Rev. John Thomas has written a very readable, instructive, and inspiring book. Mr. Thomas excels in descriptive power, and some of his exhortations and perorations are very forceful. For instance, in the chapter on The Mount of Prayer, after detailing the various lessons inculcated, the author concludes in the following words:—"The central figure in all the scenes that surround the mountain of Galilee is Jesus. Jesus by his own power feeding the hungry thousands out of the small but all-inclusive gifts of an humble few, and yet returning to those givers far more than they surrendered. Jesus, treading the stormy deep in the grey of early dawn to succour these same men, who vainly battled against wind and wave in unequal strife, and by His presence and word calming sea, and sky, and bringing the weather-beaten sailors safe to land. Jesus, between the two conditions, on the lonely hill, apart, during the still night, in prayer. The lessons are not seen at once, but are suggested by these incidents. Just as His people must, so did Jesus gain strength and power for His mighty mission, by prayer—not just this prayer he might have offered, when the twelve were near; but, by the agony of soul in fervent wrestling with God, when all the world slept and He and God were left alone! Oh, my readers! to do God's work, we must know what it is to tarry all night with Him! Jesus knew

the power of personal, long-continued agonising before God, when no human presence diverted, or hindered, or generalised the prayer, and He used that power; so, He was strong to work, to suffer, to help, and to bless. He who spends whole nights with God, can spend whole days with suffering, sinning, repentant men, and shed a hallowed blessing on them, as from the hand of the reconciled Father. Readers, we learn of Jesus how to pray; we learn of Him the vast importance of prayer; we learn of Jesus the grave necessity for prayer; we learn of Him, also, the prevailing power of prayer. But, there is another precious truth suggested by this scene, Jesus praying. "He ever lives to make intercession for us." He is on the mountain, apart, and by His prayers He obtains for us "grace to help in time of need." We may be seeking in active service to do good to souls, feed them with the bread of life; Jesus takes our small and mean supplies, and as we go from His intercession to our work, He multiplies our powers until they accomplish all that is to be done, and leave us richer than before! Oh, tempest-tossed soul! Thou art toiling with rowing, the sky has gathered blackness! the night is dark, the winds howl and rage around thy frail bark—the sea rises and lashes thy groaning, shivering vessel till every timber quivers and every joint starts. The laughter of devils seems to mingle with the shriek of the storm. And thou dost think that thou art alone, fighting alone, struggling alone, and that thy ship must go down. Oh the ship won't go down! Jesus is on the mount of prayer! He sees thee down there in the hollow trough of the sea. He sees thee again, poised on the treacherous crest of the angry wave. He sees thy vain toil and struggle, and forth from Him has come to thee the power of salvation—"saving to the uttermost;" and in the grey of dawn, before the morning comes, He will come to thee, my reader, and in the omnipotence of power—the power of prayer—which is thine as well as His—thine because His, He will shed peace and calm about thee; and thy weary panting heart shall grow reposeful and restful, for He will come into thy shattered bark, and steer it to the shore. Do I ever doubt the present meditation and intercession of Jesus? Let me then turn my eyes back to the days when He trod Galilee, and Judea, and went through Samaria—let me creep up the lonely hill, and hide me behind some sheltering rock, and listen to the midnight agonising of the "Man of Sorrows," as he pleads His father's promises, and opens up the rich treasures of his own trustful faith; and then let me watch from my hiding-place as He, the Son of Man, and of pain, and of weariness, and of tears, goes down the slope with quick steps to the sea, and on the pathway of storm hastens to give succour, and peace, and rest, and above all Himself, to the despairing and heart-faint disciples. Can I doubt Him then? No! My Lord, now that He is exalted a Prince and a Saviour, still occupies the mount of prayer; and whether His disciples are trying in sin's wilderness to feed the hungering thousands with a too scant supply, or whether they battle for very life, or sink exhausted before the wild storms of adversity and woe, He will do for them all they need, and crown all He does with the abiding gift of HIMSELF!"

We trust many of our readers will get this book.

## "THE MON IS IN HEAVEN."

DR. HAWKER, in reply to one who came and asked him if he was not going out to see something very grand that was going on in the town, said, "What are all earthly sights to me? Mine eyes have seen the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. What care I about earthly sights? My eyes and all that belong to me are heavenward." That gracious old minister of the Gospel, Mr. Gadsby, once went to see the doctor, and he was not prepared to like him; he had heard that he did not dwell sufficiently on the experience of God's people. But, after sitting with him some time, on his return home a friend said to him, "Have you seen Dr. Hawker?" He replied in his Lancashire dialect, "I have not seen the mon. I have only seen his feet and his legs. The mon is in heaven. I never heard such talk in my life. He knows Jesus Christ most intimately."—Rev. G. D. Doudney.

Conscience is the magnetic needle which is given to us to direct our course. Worldly wisdom, like a spyglass, may show breakers ahead, but cannot guide across the ocean.