

soon on board ship ; and for six long years he roamed the rolling deep, with the terrible conviction upon him that he had, in one way, if not another, been the death of his poor mother.

At last he got tired of a seafaring life, and came to Denver, and found the atmosphere congenial to him. He plunged into every form of dissipation. Sometimes his pockets were full of money, at other times he was well nigh penniless.

At the time I was in Denver he was acting as bar-tender in Mr. Thatcher's "Occidental Hall." On that Sabbath morning the proprietor said to him, "No liquor is to be sold here to-day, no dance here to-night. The evangelist will preach here, and we and all hands must turn to and get this place cleaned out and fitted up for the meeting this afternoon at five o'clock."

That was a strange announcement to this godless young man ; but he complied with his employer's instructions and helped to get the room ready for the afternoon service, at which he was present, listening to every word that was said. He was deeply impressed. The reference to godly mothers touched his heart. He thought of the tears and prayers of his dear mother for himself. He remembered the last words she spoke to him, and how, instead of melting his hard heart, as they should have done, and bringing him upon his knees crying for mercy, they only enraged him. Tears filled his eyes ; but instead of giving his heart to Christ in that meeting, as he should have done, he went straight from that solemn service to a neighboring saloon and became intoxicated and remained in that condition all the next day.

A silent voice, in answer to a mother's prayers, said, "Thomas, go to that meeting to-night. Learn to love that dear Saviour your mother so dearly loved. Trust in Him as she did, and then when the end comes you may say, "I will fear no evil: yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

But the Evil One seemed to say to him, "Keep away from that meeting ; be so drunk that you cannot go, and so that if you do go they will turn you out." So he remained filled with whiskey during the day ; but when the hour for evening service arrived, that "invisible hand" drew him towards the hall. He was so intoxicated that it was with difficulty he threw himself up the steps. Angered at finding himself approach-

ing that solemn assembly, and seeing me, he addressed me in a rough manner.

I have said my politeness to him made him more angry than ever, while he could not, under the circumstances, do less than sit during the service. He became sober. The truth penetrated his heart more deeply, and he remained to the after meeting.

The next morning before leaving his room, he knelt down and prayed, and at the nine o'clock meeting he was present, and said, "Pray for me. I am a lost sinner." We did pray for him. He prayed for himself. Christians gathered round him, pointing him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and led him to trust in Jesus. The burden of sin which bowed him down with shame and self-abasement before God soon rolled off his heart, and peace and joy filled his soul ; and from that hour his life was changed. He began at once to work for Christ.

Ever since I was a boy I have occasionally heard John B. Gough swaying vast audiences with his matchless strains of eloquence and earnest appeals, but I never saw an audience more profoundly moved than when he related the story of his experience a few nights after in the "Governor-Gaurds' Hall."

Many in the lower classes of society, who could be reached, to say the least, only with difficulty, yielded to his entreaties and I believe were led to Christ.—*Evangelist Hammond.*

THE REFINER'S FIRE.

I know, though molten heat be great,
Who sits to watch the liquid state ;
When His blest image falls within,
Then doth the Master's work begin.

He will not make the flame too strong ;
He will not leave the flame too long ;
No fear have I of furnace-fire,
Since what He wills I most desire.

In all His words believe I must,—
For though He slay, in Him I trust ;
He is my Light, my Life, my all :
What could affright ?—what can appal ?

His purpose chose me in the past,
When, in the billowy fire cast,
My dazed eyes all my treasures saw
Burn like the stubble and the straw.

No, not my erring will be done !
The Master's work is but begun ;
He'll take the silver from the flame
To stamp His image and His name.—*Sel.*