

me of the love of Jesus, and of the blessedness of trusting in Him and loving Him in our childhood. With many a story he preached Christ to me, and told me how good God had been to him, and then he prayed that I might know the Lord and serve Him. He knelt down in that arbor and prayed for me, with his arms about my neck. He did not seem content unless I kept with him in the interval between the services, and he heard my childish talk with patient love. On Monday morning he did as on the Sabbath, and again on Tuesday. Three times he taught me and prayed with me, and before He had to leave, my grandfather had come back from the place where he had gone to preach, and all the family were gathered to morning prayer. Then, in the presence of them all, Mr. Knill took me on his knee, and said, "This child will one day preach the Gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes. I am persuaded that he will preach in the chapel of Rowland Hill, where (I think He said) I am now the minister." He spoke very solemnly, and called upon all present to witness what he said. Then he gave me sixpence as a reward if I would learn the hymn :

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

I was made to promise that when I preached in Rowland Hill's chapel that hymn should be sung. Think of that as a promise from a child! Would it ever be other than an idle dream? Years flew by. After I had begun for some little time to preach in London, Dr. Alexander Fletcher had to give the annual sermon to children, in Surrey Chapel, but, as he was taken ill, I was asked in a hurry to preach to the children. "Yes," I said, "I will, if the children will sing, 'God moves in a mysterious way.' I have made a promise long ago that hymn should be sung. My emotions on that occasion I cannot describe. Still, that was not the chapel Mr. Knill intended. All unsought by me, the minister at Wotton-under-Edge, which was Mr. Hill's summer residence, invited me to preach there. I went on the condition that the congregation should sing, 'God moves in a mysterious way'—which was also done. After that I went to preach for Mr. Richard Knill himself, who was then at Chester. What a meeting we had! Mark this! He was preaching in the theatre! His preaching in a theatre took away from me all fear about preaching in secular buildings, and set me free for the campaigns in Exeter Hall and the Surrey

Music Hall. How much this had to do with other theatre services, you know.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

After more than forty years of the Lord's loving-kindness, I sat again in that arbor! No doubt it is a mere trifle for outsiders to hear, but to me it was an overwhelming moment. The present minister of Stamborne meeting-house, and the members of his family, including his son and his grandchildren, were in the garden, and I could not help calling them together around that arbor, while I praised the Lord for His goodness.

One irresistible impulse was upon me; it was to pray God to bless those lads that stood around me. Do you not see how the memory begat the prayer? I wanted them to remember when they grew up, my testimony of God's goodness to me; and for that same reason I tell it to you young people who are around me this morning. God has blessed me all my life long, and redeemed me from all evil, and I pray that He may be your God. You that have godly parents, I would especially address. I beseech you to follow in their footsteps, that you may one day speak of the Lord as they were able to do in their day. Remember that special promise, "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me."—*Word and Work.*

WHAT THE WITNESS SAID, AND WHAT SHE OUGHT TO HAVE SAID.

The excellent editor of *The Michigan Christian Advocate* is concerned lest witnesses to perfect love should so testify as to make themselves personally offensive, and in connection with some very good and sensible advice, tells how a good lady testified, and how she might have testified. She wrote out her experience for publication and in it said :

"Some people speak of the difficulty of being faithful to Jesus. I have no difficulty. I trust Him all the time." I find Him near me every moment. I do just what He wants me to do. I never question His right to rule over me. I never have any doubts of His will concerning me. He appears to me every day, and tells me just what to do. You, brothers and sisters, may doubt Jesus if you will, but I, never." The sister meant well. She has an excellent spirit, and so far as we know lives a faithful and