

MEMORANDA.

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thought, 'This is a lucky name, I'll stick to it!' The next morning he was given a bowl of hot bread and milk, before being sent out in the street (for this home was only for a night.) He wandered on and on, fearful of meeting his old companions; thinking over his new name, when heedlessly crossing a crowded thoroughfare, he was run over.

A crowd collected, the unconscious form was placed on a shutter, and carried to the nearest hospital. He revived as they entered.

It is usual in the Dublin hospitals to put down the religion, as well as the name and address, of those admitted. They asked him whether he was Catholic or Protestant. "Sure, he didn't quite know. Yesterday he was a Catholic, but now he was 'John Three Sixteen!'" This reply elicited a laugh.

After his injuries had been attended to, he was carried up into the accident ward. In a short time his sufferings brought on fever and delirium. Then was heard in ringing tones, and oft repeated: "John iii. 16! *It was to do me good, and so it has!*"

These persistent cries aroused the other patients. Testaments were pulled out to see to what he pointed. What could he mean? and here one and there another read the precious words: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." ('It was to do me good, and so it has!' the sufferer cried.) Luther called this verse, "The Miniature Bible." When those poor sick folk read the tender words, and heard the unconscious comment—"It was to do me good, and so it has!"—the spirit stirred within them, and God the Holy Ghost used that text then and there to the conversion of souls. There was "joy in the presence of the angels of God," over sinners that repented. The sovereign power of God the holy Spirit used this one text from the lips of a poor ignorant boy, in that hospital ward, and souls were saved.

Consciousness returned, and the poor little fellow gazed around him; how vast it looked! and how quiet it was! Where was he? Presently a voice from the next bed said: "John Thr-ree Sixteen, and how are you to-day?"

"Why, how do you know my new name?"

"Know it? You've never ceased with your John Thr-ree Sixteen, and I for one say, 'Blessed John Thr-ree Sixteen!'"