

“ Let me hear the gentle voices,
 Ever whispering unto me ;
 Ever calling me from sinning,
 Bidding from the wrong to flee.

“ Let me turn from selfish wishes,
 Drive unkindness from my heart,
 As I think, my Heavenly Father,
 How good and kind to me Thou art.”

MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

OPEN-AIR EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS AT HUNTLY.

At one of these gatherings the Rev. Denham Smith spoke. His address was pretty lengthy and somewhat discursive, but singularly pointed and impressive in many parts. After some prefatory remarks, he related the case of a military officer who, on a Sunday afternoon not long since, called on him at Kingstown, and told him he had been impressed at his service that morning, and was under deep anxiety. He was astonished and delighted at this, having known the officer before as one that had lived separated from God. After a little conversation the officer went home. Soon after he was called to see him lying in the attitude of death; and his question was, how was he to know that he was saved—that his sins were forgiven? He directed him to Rom. x. 6, “Say not in thine heart,” &c.; and after an illustration of its statements the dying man asked that the Bible might be laid upon his chest, and his wasted finger laid upon the lines. After the exclamation, “Precious Gospel; blessed Gospel, I do believe,” he died rejoicing. This story was woven through the entire length of Mr. Smith’s address, which lasted over half an hour. But, as we have said, many of the incidental passages were of great beauty and power. Thus in urging his hearers to “take no thought” for earthly things, he said—the birds sing as gaily before breakfast as after, though they do not know where breakfast is to come from. The larks go up in the morning singing grandly over your Grampians, though the poor little chaps do not know where breakfast is to come from yet. One of the incidents related by Mr. Smith was that of a minister in the west of England. When he came down to breakfast one morning his countenance was pictured over with deep anxiety. Again and again he was asked if he was well, and gave no answer. At last, to the inquiries of his wife he said, “During the night I dreamed I had died. In my dream, it appeared as if my solemnised departed spirit hovered over the body it was leaving to take a last look of the clay. In a moment of time my spirit seemed ushered into the presence of the Great Judge, who, the moment I stood before His presence, presented this solemn interrogation, ‘Hast thou watched as one that must give account?’ Feeling conscious that I had not watched for souls as one that must give account, I said to Him, ‘No, Lord.’ Then the question was put, ‘Hast thou watched for thine own soul?’ Feeling conscious that I had been living without the living reality of religion, I answered, and I felt I could conscientiously no otherwise answer, ‘No, Lord.’ Then, I saw in my dream that the lip of the Judge was quivering, as if the word was about to come from that lip—‘Depart!’ when the horror of the word awoke me;” and, as he said this, the tears streamed down his face—“You may believe, my dear wife, and my beloved children, I bless my God it was only a dream.” But he had scarcely uttered the words, when his eye grew wan, his countenance assumed a more deadly hue, and he fell a corpse in the very chair where he had told his dream. Mr. Smith added, he did not, in any wise, pretend to discriminate, or determine what the condition of the dying minister was, though he could not conceive that one who had been brought under such concern, and quickened to know the value of Christ, would be cast off, but, if the dream, in its deep