

So saying, my friend led Big Ben up to me. "Do you know me at all?" said Ben, looking me straight in the face.

"Why do you want to know?" I inquired.

"Cause you told 'em about me in your sermon. All the mates said that you meant me. I've been a-bed and couldn't sleep for a-thinkin' how you knew about me, and who told you."

Perceiving that God had been speaking to this man I said, "God knows all about you, and He told me to say those words. You had better give up to Him. Come, let us kneel down."

The man did so, and began speaking in prayer as if mechanically, uttering words after me. It was not long, however, before he put in some ejaculations for himself. It was surprising to witness, though I have seen it often, how the use of the tongue or voice stirs the heart. Now it was as though the man could not stop praying and pleading for mercy for his soul.

As the prayer waxed warmer and warmer his convictions deepened, and he acknowledged what a sinner he was. This thought only added greater earnestness to his prayers. After pleading in this way for more than half an hour, he stopped, as if in despair.

"Is there no mercy for me?" he said; "I know I am a proper bad un. O God, have mercy on me, a sinner. I will give up drink, bad words, everything. Oh, do have mercy on me."

It was evident he was trying to buy his forgiveness with his sacrifices, in the same way that mariners throw overboard their lading to save the ship; but that is not the way of God's salvation.

I said, "God can save you, and He is willing to do so, but only for Christ's sake. You owed a debt, and Christ has paid it. Come and acknowledge God's love in sending His Son, and thank Him for it. 'Take salvation, take it now, and happy be.'"

This was like a new idea to him.

"I've been sinning a lot of years," he said, "and will the Almighty pardon me right off like that all at once?"

"Yes," I replied, "He will do so for the sake of the finished work of Christ. God is able to forgive the vilest sinner through the death of Christ upon the cross. Let us praise Him; say, 'Glory be to God, Jesus Christ died for me.' None but sinners can use these words. Christ did not die for angels, therefore, angels cannot sing this song, only sinners; and you are a great sinner; 'Glory be to God, Jesus Christ Christ died for me.'"

It was a long time before I could get him to utter these words: but, when once he began to do it, it was astonishing to see the light breaking into his soul. He was perhaps less conscious of the change which was coming over him than we who were observing him.

That face that had been dull and stupid was now lighted up with an intelligence and an energy which were wonderful. He rose from his knees, and, standing up, said, "Glory be to God, Jesus Christ died for me. He did. I can see it plainly enough. Why, it is as plain as knowing I am a sinner, and there's no mistake about that!"

We united together in singing a verse and chorus of praise, and then sent the man on his way rejoicing.

The next day he came back, bringing some of his mates with him. He was most intent, and earnest in his endeavour to show them the way of salvation, and appeared greatly surprised that they could not see it.

"It's all so plain," he said.

His labour of love, however, was not without success among his companions; and, besides this, I rejoice to add that Big Ben's conversion was the means of bringing to Jesus the "helper" who first bought Ben with the half-pint.

"DR. DUFF, what is your theory of missions?" "I have no theory; anything and everything to advance the cause. If I could advance missions by standing at a street corner and beating together two old shoes, I would not hesitate." We are of Dr. Duff's opinion. There is an excessive conservatism that attaches itself to methods after they have become stereotyped, or even fossilized. A good method may lose its vitality and inspiration. So a theory may cramp and cripple our effort. We need to be on the alert to watch the hand of God, and the moving of the Providential Pillar. Let God's plans be ours, and let us not fail to find what those plans are, as revealed by the very signs of the times.

## Our Young Folks.

### EVERY INCH A MAN.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine  
As I went down the street,  
A woman whose hair was silver,  
But whose face was a blossom sweet,  
Making me think of a garden,  
Where, in spite of the frost and snow,  
Of bleak November weather,  
Late fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,  
And the sound of a merry laugh;  
And I knew the heart it came from  
Would be like a comforting staff.  
In the time and the hour of trouble,  
Hopeful and brave and strong—  
One of the hearts to lean on,  
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,  
And met his manly look—  
A face like his gives me pleasure,  
Like the page of a pleasant book—  
It told of a steadfast purpose,  
Of a brave and daring will;  
A face with a promise in it,  
That God grant the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway, singing:  
I saw the woman's eyes  
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,  
As sunshine warms the skies;  
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"  
He cried, and bent to kiss  
The loving face that was lifted  
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;  
I hold that this is true—  
From lads in love with their mothers  
Our bravest heroes grew;  
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts  
Since time and earth began;  
And the boy who kisses his mother  
Is every inch a man!

—Christian Intelligencer.

### GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY REV. I. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GALT.

#### THE GODLY MAN'S SPIRIT.

He seeks to have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. Acts xxiv. 26; Acts xxiii. 1.

He is thankful. I Thess. v. 18.  
He is careful for nothing. Phil. iv. 6.  
Jealously affected in a good thing. Gal. iv. 18.  
Rejoices in the Lord. Phil. iv. 4.  
Kind, tender hearted and forgiving. Ephes. iv. 32.  
Pure in heart and speech. Eph. iv. 29.  
Speaks truth. Eph. iv. 25.  
His conversation is in heaven. Phil. iii. 20.  
The strength of Christ endows Him with ability. Phil. iv. 13.

He has learned to be content in all conditions. Phil. iv. 11-12.

Puts off the old man with his deeds, and puts on the new man. Eph. iv. 22-24.

Puts on charity and lets the peace of God rule in his heart. Col. iii. 14-15.

He lives in the spirit of prayer. I Thess. v. 17.  
Abstains from all appearance of evil. I Thess. v. 22.  
His charity described. I Cor. xiii.

#### FATHER KNOWS.

A gentleman was one day opening a box of goods. His little son was standing near, and as his father took the packages from the box he laid them upon the arm of the boy.

A young friend and playmate of the merchant's son was standing by looking on. As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said:

"Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind," answered Johnny in a happy tone; "father knows how much I can carry."

Brave, trustful little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in Him that God desires all His children to possess.

### THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRLS.

Mabel cannot eat her supper. She feels sad. She has a pretty pink china bowl and plate. Her spoon is silver. The milk is rich and sweet. The bread is good. But Mabel cannot eat. She sits and thinks.

What is the matter?

When Mabel went to walk, Nurse took her by an old house. Mabel saw two little girls sitting on the door step. Their dresses were ragged, their hair was not brushed, their cheeks were thin and pale. One of them was talking. Mabel heard her say, "I am so hungry."

Jane said she knew the little girls; their mother was very poor. Sometimes she she could get no work. Sometimes Nan and Nettie had to go to bed hungry.

When Mabel got home and began to eat her supper, she thought about the poor little girls. It made her feel so bad she could not swallow. The tears came in her eyes. She called mamma and asked her if she could send her supper to Nan and Nettie.

"No, my darling," mamma said, "you may eat yours, and the poor little girls shall have some, too."

Then mamma got a basket. She put two nice loaves of bread in it. She put some milk in a pail. She put some cookies in a basket, too. She called Jane, the nurse, and told her to go as fast as she could, and take some supper to the poor little girls.

Nan and Nettie stood by the window. They were watching for their mamma. It was almost dark. Nettie was crying. She said: "I want some supper! I want some supper!"

Nan wiped Nettie's eyes with the corner of her apron. She told her their mamma would come pretty soon.

The door opened. It was not mamma. It was Jane.

"Don't cry," said good Jane. "Get your bowls and spoons quick. Here is your supper. A nice little girl by the name of Mabel sent it to you."

Nan and Nettie opened their eyes wide. They peeped into the pail of milk. They took the cover off the basket. When they saw the big white loaves and the pretty cakes they laughed for joy. They ran to the pantry and got two yellow bowls. Jane poured some milk in them. She cut bread and crumbled it in. Then each little girl took a bowl and began to eat.

It made Jane laugh to see them.

"Don't eat so fast," said Jane. But in went the spoons—in the bowls and out, in the little mouths and out.

"Oh! how good it is," Nettie said.

"So good!" said Nan.

When Jane got home she told Mabel how happy the bread and milk made Nan and Nettie. Then Mabel was happy, too.

### DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friends hearing her complaint, said:

"God gives us many things to do; but don't you think He gives us something to be, just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about being," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

Her friend answered:

"God says:

"Be kindly affectionate one to another.

"Be ye also patient.

"Be ye thankful.

"Be ye not conformed to this world.

"Be ye therefore perfect:

"Be courteous.

"Be not wise in your own conceit.

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight grew into darkness.

The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what He commands. It is easier to do with a rush than to be patient or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.