

For perhaps half a minute there was an awkward silence; and then, here and there all over the hall, convicts, many of them shamefacedly, struggled to their feet, until twenty-five of the seven hundred were standing. The keepers were astonished; Mrs. Booth's fondest hopes were realized.

When the prisoners had been returned to their cells, Tony told Skinny all about it. Although he was not one of those that stood up, he was enthusiastic in his praise of Mrs. Booth.

'She's a great speaker, Skin,' he said in closing; 'it's a pity you wasn't der to hear her.'

'Ah!' sneered Skinny, 'I knows all about the likes of her. She's just one of dem winin' slobbs of hypercrits dat goes 'round preachin' so's dey can get de mon. A lot dey'll do for yer! When yer in trouble dey'll hand yer out a tract. I know. But say,' he added, 'did Butch Tobin get up?'

'No,' said Tony; 'but who d' cher dink was the first?'

'Who?'

'Moke.'

Skinny was astounded; for Moke was one of the most skilful pickpockets in the country. Crawling from the bed, he went to the grated door of his cell, and shouted, 'Hi, Moke!'

'Hello, Skin! What do you want?' came echoing down the long corridor.

'I hear yer goin' to be a soldier,' Skinny called back in sneering tones.

There was no reply; but the next morning Moke sent Skinny a note. In it he said he would have done years ago what he did the previous day, if he had heard any one speak as Mrs. Booth had spoken. 'I pray to God,' he continued, 'to help me lead a good life when I get out;' and he strongly advised Skinny to follow his example and write to Mrs. Booth.

This note made upon Skinny a profound impression. Here was one of his own kind talking about praying to God!

A few nights later, when silence reigned throughout the great prison, Skinny lay doubled upon his cot in the semi-darkness, faintly moaning as he lifted his tablets from one place on his palm to another.

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen—twenty!'

What had the doctor said?—'Be careful; for twenty will kill a man.'

Tightly Skinny held his tablets. The night wore on. Dawn was breaking as he returned them to their hiding place.

(To be continued.)

### His Way of Putting It.

The leader of an adult Bible class tells this story:

'More than two years since one of the men, who is employed in the engine room of a large manufacturing establishment, commenced to tell me of the petty annoyances he was subjected to by his fellow-workmen as soon as they learned he had, as they termed it, "Got religion." He said they were constantly ridiculing him, and jeering at him, and at the same time they spread false and malicious reports about concerning him, and whenever it was necessary for work to be done on a Sunday the foreman always insisted that he should attend to it.

'We had many talks together on the subject, and finally made an agreement that he should pray twice a day for the strength he needed to be faithful, and I promised to pray for him every morning and evening.

'Early in the year the same man came and told me a different story.

"Thank the Lord," he exclaimed; "things are running my way now. Last week the boss told the men he was tired of hearing them tell lies about me. He said he had been watching them, and then he discharged the foreman and put me in another room."

"You ought to thank God for that," I said.

"So I do," he replied, with great heartiness.

"Then after a short interval of silence I saw his face brighten, and turning to me he said: "Those fellows don't know where I get my pull from, do they?"

"I could not think of any suitable answer to give him; but afterwards the words of the Psalmist were brought to my remembrance, "My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth."—Plymouth Chimes.'

### The Builder.

The nest of the blind bird is built by God.  
—Old Proverb.—

Thou who dost build the blind bird's nest,  
Am I not blind?

Each bird that flyeth east or west  
The track can find.

Not one in all the lengthening land,  
In all the sky,

Or by the ocean's silver strand,  
Is blind as I.

Thou who dost build the blind bird's nest,  
Build Thou for me;

So shall my being find its rest  
For evermore in Thee.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

### Led by the Spirit.

A retired Congregational minister relates the following interesting experience:

'I commenced my ministry in East Devon in the year 1852. Having received a unanimous call to a church near Ipswich, in Suffolk, in April, 1854, I was invited to spend an evening at the house of Mr. E—, who resided at West Hill, near Ottery St. Mary.

'It was a glorious afternoon in the month of May when I found myself walking along the high road to that gentleman's house. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a beautiful avenue of sycamore trees, leading down to a respectable farmhouse. Although I had passed that way on several previous occasions, I did not remember having before noticed this avenue. Whilst I was looking down it, suddenly I seemed to hear a voice saying to me, "Go down and speak the things which I bid thee." Somewhat startled and not a little alarmed, I said audibly, "Why, Lord? I do not know the person who lives there."

"Go down and speak the things which I bid," my internal monitor replied. Hesitating no more, I went down wondering how I could introduce myself. In answer to my almost timid knock, the door was somewhat suddenly jerked open, and I was confronted by a tall, angular, stern-looking woman. She looked at me with astonishment, and to my humble question, "May I be allowed to come in and read the Scriptures to you?" she said: "Yes, come in; go in there," opening into a neatly-furnished room. "You can sit down." I did so, but observing that she continued standing, I said: "Will you not sit down, too?"

"No; I'll stand, if you please."

'Opening my Testament at the fourteenth chapter of John, I commenced reading, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc., when I was suddenly interrupted by the woman, who said:

"Stop, sir; God sent you. I have seen you before."

"Indeed! I have no remembrance of having ever seen you before."

"I don't suppose you have, but I saw you last night in my bedroom."

"That I am sure you did not. I have never been in this house before," I replied rather hotly.

"Sir, you don't understand me. You don't know who I am. I am the vilest wretch upon God's earth. I turned my only girl out of her home because she wanted to be religious and attend Mr. E's mission-room; for I hated religion, and looked upon all Dissenters as canting hypocrites. Yes, sir, I turned her out, but Mr. E. sent for her, and sheltered her in his home." A little light fell upon me now, for I had heard of the circumstances, and expected to meet the poor girl at Mr. E's that afternoon. "But," continued the woman, "I am, after all, a mother, and loved my girl. Well, last evening I began to think about her, and wished I had not been so hasty. I felt that I was a wicked woman. At last I retired to my bedroom, and, kneeling at my bedside, prayed for pardon. But "the heavens were as brass" to my supplications. I felt that God would not answer one so vile as I. Overcome with grief, I rose to my feet, and, throwing myself on the bed, fell into a troubled sleep, when I dreamed that an angel appeared unto me; and, sir, it was your face that I saw. The angel said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,"—the words you have just read. I awoke and was comforted. No doubt you thought me very rude when I met you at the door, but I was overpowered with astonishment. Yes, sir, I repeat it; God has sent you."

'I replied: "I think so, too," and told how I had been impelled by a divine influence to come to her house. "Since it is so," I added, "will you not sit down while I read this chapter, and then we will seek God in prayer?"

'She at once did so. When we arose from our knees she was weeping bitterly. Having calmed her down, I said: "I am going to Mr. E's now. I shall most likely see your daughter. Shall I tell her to return home to you?"

"Yes, sir, if you will be so kind; and tell her that her poor mother is seeking Jesus, too."

'The next week I left the neighborhood, and did not hear the sequel to this strange event for some years. But one summer, taking my holiday in Dover, in the wife of the Rev. Baron Hart, at that time the pastor of Zion Chapel, I met the daughter of Mr. E. I then inquired about Mrs. Prince, as the woman's name was.

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Hart, "she is a most earnest, devoted, Christian woman."—The 'Chimes.'

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