

stand the mysteries of his advent and the blending of his human and divine nature. I was intensely interested in his baptism and temptation in the wilderness; how he met and conquered the three great temptations, the world, the flesh, and the devil. I was thrilled with the beauty, the grandeur and sublimity of his Sermon on the Mount.

'I marvelled at the choice of his disciples, so unlike what ordinary or even extraordinary men would do; instead of selecting men of influence, men of means or even educated men, he chose for the most part simple-hearted, toiling fishermen. I followed him in his tours through the country, preaching, teaching, healing and helping. I noticed how bitterly he denounced everything having the form but lacking the spirit of devotion and service; how he scorned the pretending Scribe and Pharisee, and yet how tenderly he forgave and encouraged the erring ones who repented of their sins and folly. I watched the growth of prejudice against him; how bitter the enmity grew among those who should have been his best friends, until it culminated in the arrest, brought about by one of his chosen followers; the mock trial, the shameful, cowardly sentence by Pilate, the cruel crucifixion, the triumphant resurrection, the final instructions to his followers and the glorious ascension, with his own promise repeated by the heavenly messengers, that he would come again in like manner as they had seen him go away.

'I then followed the disciples in the organization of the church, and saw how they were met on every side with persecution, just as he had told them; and I said to myself, "Is not this the Christ?" I can not account for this man, only by believing he was what he claimed to be, the Divine Son of God, the Redeemer of the world.'

We sat for a time in silence, watching the slowly fading fire. I looked at the clock on the mantel; it was almost midnight. I remembered the stage started for home at an early hour in the morning. I arose and bade my friend good night, expressing the hope to meet him soon again and hear more from him on the same subject. I went to bed with this thought uppermost in my mind: 'He preached a better sermon than I did.'

Jim's Conversion.

(Bewley F. Weaver, in 'Sunday Companion'.)

In the centre of a wide coal-mining district stands the town of D—. My brother and self were conducting a three-weeks' mission. It was a time of Divine visitation, and scores of souls had publicly confessed Christ. Great interest and curiosity had been aroused.

Amongst the audience the second Sunday night, to the amazement of many, was Jim S—, a noted character in the district. He was a ferret-raiser, pigeon-breeder, and dog-fancier, with depots all over the country. He had often mocked those attending the services, and even got a chair, imitating the preacher, amidst the laughter of his ungodly companions.

As the after-meeting commenced, to our surprise he remained, and when spoken to said: 'Mon, I canna gang. I must be saved to-night.' We gathered quietly around him in wrestling and believing prayer. We prayed from a quarter to nine to a quarter to ten unceasingly. He was in intense agony. We prayed from a quarter to ten to a quarter to eleven, and exactly at 11.45 Jim dropped on his knees, with a flood of tears, and with a broken

voice began to sing, 'I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,' &c.; and then in holy rapture cried, 'Glory be to God! The long-expected day's arrived. I'm saved!'

Afterwards from the Word we showed him his standing in Jesus Christ, counselling him to testify for God in the coal-pit, and promising to call and see him the next day. On the morrow at noon (he was on the morning shift) we called to see his father, a godly local preacher amongst the Methodists. We said to him:

'Have you heard of Jim's conversion?'

As the tears rolled down his face he replied:

'Thank God, I have! He was here until nearly two o'clock praising God; but his wife is in a sad way, and thinks he has lost his reason, and is wanting to see you.'

Over the way we went, and his wife opened the door with a careworn face, and greeted us with, 'Oh, Mr. Weaver, I am glad you have come. Jim's clean gone off his head. He has done nothing but praise God all night.' I said to her, 'Where is he?' And with tears she answered, 'He's in the front room. He has been there ever since five o'clock this morning, having a prayer-meeting all to himself.'

As we passed into the room Jim jumped up to greet us, his very face aglow with heaven-given sunshine. The poor fellow had not a Bible in the house, but he had 'The Life of Billy Bray,' and he was reading it, and the pages were wet with the teardrops of the penitent.

Clasping his manly collier's hand, I said: 'Well, Jim, how is it?'

His face filled with joy as he said: 'Eh, mon, it were good last night, but it's better this morning. I'm that happy I'm fit to burst with joy.'

We got on our knees and began to pray, and his wife and child began to cry for mercy. Soon light dawned, and they found peace in Jesus.

On the following Sunday it was laid very definitely upon our hearts to let Jim give his testimony. Never shall I forget his rising after my brother had sung 'He pardoned a rebel like me.' He trembled from head to foot. He was visibly affected.

He was in a tremor of enthusiasm in his first love. Amidst sobs he said: 'You all know me, Jim S—, the dog-fancier. I have depots in nearly every big town, but I have written and told them Jim's saved.' He could get no further, but the work was done. The result was God-glorifying, for some seventeen of his collier companions knelt in penitence in tears.

That night we were in that meeting until midnight dealing with the anxious ones. Three or four years have passed now; but Jim has stood the test, and is now a stalwart Christian.

Revival in Villages.

Mr. T. S. Heley, who has long labored among the villages and out-of-the-way places of England, recently said: 'I feel that we need to give the people God's messages and invitations, direct from the Bible. People have said to me: "Do you only quote texts?" Yes, very often I have only quoted texts.'

'I remember giving a text one day from a pony trap outside a small cluster of houses. A year later I passed by the same spot. A man came out and said, "Do you remember speaking here last year? Well, my daughter, who was lying ill, heard your message and was converted. She has since

gone to heaven." Another man came out and said, "Do you remember speaking here last year? A relation of mine who was lying ill was converted through it. She recovered and is still serving the Lord."

The words 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' have proved the salvation of many. I remember giving it to an old man in an almshouse. Seven years later while in that district a woman said to me, "That text," referring to the one mentioned, "was the means of my father's conversion." She showed me his Bible. It was the man I had spoken to years before, and he had drawn three pencil lines round the words. I gave the daughter a text, and she, too, accepted Christ.

'Such means may be thought humble, but I believe the words of Jesus, "The words that I have spoken unto you they are spirit and they are life." Let the people have God's messages direct.—The Revival.'

In Everything Give Thanks.

(By Hannah M. Gee, in 'Morning Star'.)

'In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.'

In everything give thanks, my God? Ah, no!

The mandate is too stern;
For 'everything' means all of weal or woe—
That task I cannot learn.

Must I give thanks to Thee, O God! on bed of pain,

When quivering lip
Is wreathed with anguish, and those less loved of Thee
Life's nectar sip?

Must I rejoice when cherished plans and brightest hopes

Like broken reeds lie low,
And all my longed-for pleasures, still ungrasped,
Like phantoms go?

Can I give thanks to Thee when poverty's grim face

Peers into mine,
Abides with me, and all the riches of a thousand hills,
My God, art 'Thine?

'In everything give thanks?' When earthly friends have flown

Like summer birds,
And I the wine-press of my grief must tread alone?
Nor tender words

To break the weary silence of a longing heart

Alone in grief?
I turn me to Thy word, scarce reconciled,
in part
To find relief,

And read, 'In everything give thanks; it is God's will.'

Thy will is mine;
Thy tender presence shall my poor heart fill
With love divine

So to the sheltering rock I flee for peace and rest—

Secure am I;
Come storm or sunshine, I am fully blest
If Thou art nigh.

All things together work for good, if Thou approve

And deem it right,
And 'I can do all things,' secure in Jesus' love,
Clad in Thy might.

My 'light afflictions' only for a moment do I see—

Uplift my voice!
'A more exceeding weight of glory is in store for me.'
Therefore will I rejoice.