

to deceive you; I do not believe a word of the Bible." "Very well, I am glad to welcome you." Before two months had passed away that pale faced lad again called on me. Oh! if there was ever a time when those poor feeble hearts of ours feel that they are utterly nothing it is when some poor sinner says to us, "How shall I be saved?" He said he had met with three questions that troubled him—that Jesus was able to save everybody, that he was as willing as he was able, and that he would save now. "Why," said I, "you don't believe that." "No, but I never closed my eyes last night thinking about it." I read to him the passages containing the proofs of these three points, and then added, "If you only believed the Bible how simple it would make it." "Ah, but I don't," "Then pray to God to help you to believe it." "But I don't believe there is a God." "Well, take this little testament, go home and ask God if there is any God." He went home, and for 36 hours laid the matter before the Lord, and on the third morning he returned, threw his arms around my neck exclaiming, "I have found Him; it is all true." It was the same old word of God, "Jesus died for sinners." Take another instance—the case of a young man whom Dr. Skinner said was the finest mind that ever went from the New York City Theological Seminary. He was the first one after I had found Jesus, to take me by the hand and wish me God's speed. Said he to me, "Brother, take the Gospels; live in the Gospels, get into their meaning and Spirit that you may find the mind of Christ. Bury yourself in the Gospels!" I enquired, "How did you find Jesus?" He replied, "You know I was an infidel till I was 35. A poor young man of inferior attainments said to me one day, 'I was wondering whether you ever read the Bible just as any other book, or whether you read it to find out what you previously thought was untrue.' Here was an idea I had never thought of. I determined to read the Scriptures with a different spirit. I began at Genesis, and, brother, I did not get through Genesis before I found Jesus Christ." What was it? It was the Word—the blessed word of the living God. The precious promise has never been broken, "My word shall not return unto Me void."

Then again, the teacher should wrestle with God in prayer for his scholars. Do you know the meaning of that agonizing prayer, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me"? A week ago last Sabbath one of our teachers at our preliminary prayer meeting said that he had three months ago lost a boy from his class. His father had removed him because, he said, "His manhood was being sapped." The Spirit of the gentle Jesus had taken hold of the boy, and the father thought his manhood was gone. We unitedly offered up an agonizing prayer for that poor boy. When we went into the school-room there sat the boy in his seat. You may call it what you will, but God *does* answer prayer most wondrously.—The reason why we get so little is because we do not open our mouths wide that God may fill them. How little do we expect the actual conversion of the children to God while we apply God's truth.

One more instance: A poor, miserable fellow lay in a cellar in a state of great pain. His mother came to me and begged me to go and see him again. Said she, "Jesus went lower than that for souls; won't you go again and see my poor boy?" It seemed to me there must be salvation behind that mother's bursting heart. I went and saw the poor fellow. He spurned me, and his wife who was a Jewess spat on the ground to show her contempt. I said, "I do not come, my brother, for anything but to speak kind words to you." That man lived a year and a half. My pastor sat at his bedside during the last minutes of his life; and, "never," said he "during a ministry of 40 years, have I witnessed such a clear, plain evidence of real conversion to God." After his death, his Jewish wife came to the Session, and said, "I feel that the religion that could make out of my poor husband what he became, must be a religion from heaven. I think I have found that same Jesus. Will you take me in?" What was it? It was that feeble mother's prayer that could not let Him go unless he blessed. Oh! the power of earnest faithful prayer! Now for the result. Going to my country home one night a short time ago, a man stepped up to me and told me