

above the other. Bad as the ravages of floods are, they are much mitigated by this simple arrangement.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

John Jurgons

A TRUE SKETCH.

(J. W. Walton, in 'Gospel News.')

A business friend of mine, a Greek gentleman, educated in Paris, was discussing with me a very interesting topic a short time since, when it became germane to my side of the question, for me to point to our porter, a tall, muscular Russian, a member of the Salvation Army, with the remark:

'There is a scientific fact, a man whose life was suddenly and completely changed. I call the phenomenon conversion: how do you account for it?' Since then 'Big John,' as we used to call him, has passed from this earth, and it is proper to give his story publicity, to the glory of the only God who can save after this sort.

John Jurgons belonged to an ancient Swedish stock, annexed to the land of the Czar by some war of conquest. His father was a book-binder in Pernau. He followed the sea, and, like many other rovers, left his early Lutheran training behind him. When first known on the lakes his reputation was that of a fighter, particularly when in his cups.

His great strength, for he was six feet and nearly three inches tall, together with his lower nature ruled him. Of course he was unhappy, and so disgusted did he become with his life, that at the end of a debauch several years ago, he resolved to end his life. Taking with him a rope, he went alone into the woods at Ashtabula Harbor. He first tied one end of the line to a limb and then used his sailor's skill to form a running noose.

But in view of the awful thought of appearing before his Judge, he knelt down and in his ignorance asked God to forgive the sin he was about to commit. His prayer was no sooner offered than answered. Instantly the Spirit of grace spoke peace to his poor soul, and he rose from his knees forgiven and saved. Returning to his ship he began to praise the Saviour.

In less than two weeks he was doing the same thing in the little 'Floating Bethel' on River street in Cleveland. The Rev. J. D. Jones more perfectly instructed him in the way of life. With the insight into human nature with which that rare man is endowed, he took the new convert with him to a meeting of the Salvation Army, held at 'No. 1 Barracks,' in a hard quarter of Cleveland.

On his first visit John was moved to bear testimony against the methods of the army, as being 'too fussy, too much noise in your religion.' The chaplain told him that he had been hasty and hurt these good people's feelings by his criticism. Upon that, John sought the captain and begged his pardon for having hurt his feelings, but he still insisted that he was right.

Upon looking into the matter further, however, he became satisfied that there was 'method in their madness,' and two weeks later he begged leave to join them, and was given the post of beating the big drum, which he did most effectually, ev-

erywhere showing his colors and bearing his testimony.

His life, however, spoke louder than the word or drum. From a raging lion, he became as tractable as a lamb. His Testament was his constant companion and it was referred to many times every day. His life was that of a docile, obedient child, whose hand was in that of his Father. Every question was instantly referred to him.

A fact that strongly appeals to men who are constituted like the writer of this, is that he busied himself in searching and paying his old debts to dram-sellers and boarding-house keepers. He paid all he owed, though a hard winter with no employment stared him in the face.

I shall never forget an incident which occurred soon after he entered the employ of our house. His duties, very humble, were conscientiously performed. One day he was engaged in cleaning the office windows, when a sea-faring man, perhaps a captain of mate of a vessel, entered. Passing by John, he spied his Army badge on his vest, for he had now reduced his distinctive marks to this modest livery.

Moved by the spirit of devilry, or, most likely, by that which is copper-distilled, he blurted out a string of blasphemous oaths, right in his face. Once that would have been a dangerous proceeding, but not now. I looked to see what the other man would say, for though this was not the position of controller of morals of that counting-room, the insult was too direct and palpable to be overlooked. Never shall I forget the mild sad expression of John's eye as he replied, in a calm tone:

'You don't know that Saviour as well as I do, or you wouldn't have the heart to use his name that way. He saved my soul.'

That was all, but that was enough. Not another word of profanity was heard from that individual during his stay. Could there have been a wiser answer? Many more illustrations might be given to show the dynamic power of simple faith, did the limits of this article allow.

But 'the dear Lord,' as I seem to hear the man call him while I write these words had use for this servant of his in another part of his kingdom, and before long, followed on foot in procession for miles to the cemetery by his fellow soldiers and others, his body was laid in the ground, there to rest until the resurrection.

They Count Up.

A pastor one day visited one of his parishioners, a poor woman who lived in one small room and made her living by her needle. He says: 'She put three dollars into my hand and said, "There is my contribution to the church fund." "But you are not able to give so much." "Oh, yes," she replied, "I have learned how to give now."

"How is that?" I asked. "Do you remember," she answered, "that sermon you preached three months ago, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could not find some way of showing that love by his gifts? Well, I went home and had a good cry over that sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he never could have said that,' but from crying I at last got to

praying, and, when I told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all tears."

"What was the answer?" I asked, very deeply moved by her recital.

"Only this: 'If you cannot give as other people do, give like a little child,' and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from my sugar or loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered it all in pennies. Since I began to give to the Lord, I have always had more money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in; so many are coming to see me that I never knew before. It used to be I could not pay my rent without borrowing something, but it is so no more. The dear Lord is so kind."

He concluded by saying that this poor woman in five months brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box he had given her, and in twelve months twenty-one dollars. He says: 'I need hardly add that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church.'—'Church Union.'

Through The Furnace.

We are made of obdurate metal, and Heaven must needs smite us with terrible force. I saw a huge pile of rough, crude iron ore just taken from the bowels of a mountain; it was useless, but full of possibilities. They threw it into a furnace seven times heated. When it came out like a mill stream it had been born again. The old, worthless elements had been consumed, and it was now a new creature. That furnace was apparently a great sorrow; the flames were cruel, and the heat was not to be endured.

But the period of tribulation was not yet ended. A little later on, the bars into which it had been cast were heated to a white heat and placed under a trip hammer. The sparks flew as the blows fell; every flying spark was a remonstrance. But the designer, who neded that iron for a special purpose, shaped it into a plan of his own. It was no easy task, but the trip hammer fell with redoubled energy, and at last the metal yielded. It took the shape required, and if it had had consciousness, it would have been grateful for both hammer and furnace.

The soul must go through the furnace and into the forge and under the trip hammer. It takes shape slowly, and then only by blows. God's hammer is God's love. He wishes us to be all we can be, and affliction is the only means by which the end can be accomplished.—George H. Hepworth, in 'The Life Beyond.'

Postal Crusade.

The following amounts have been received for the Indian Post-Office Crusade Funds:—

Mrs. H. Smith, Bower Island, B.C.	\$3.25
Mrs. Jos. Robson, Telfer, Ont.	.50
Mrs. E. Cilles, Sherbrooke, P.Q.	2.00
Presbyterian S.S., Sprucedale, Ont.	2.00
Janet Mitchell, Glen Ewen, Assa.	.50
John Clark, Crowfoot Station,	
N.W.T.	1.00
L. G. Wright, Victoria, P.E.I.	.25
Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McKinnon	2.00
Mrs. Geo. Potts, Meyersburg, Ont.	1.00
Stephen H. Irving, Moncton, N.B.	1.00
B.Y.P.U. Baptist Church, Perth, Ont.	.80
Mrs. Wesley J. Steele, West Derby,	
Vt.	2.00
Sympathy, Burnstown, Ont.	5.00
George Morgan, Elm Valley, Man.	5.00
Mrs. A. Turgett, Hants Harbor, Nfld.	.30

\$26.60