

## A CITY RAMBLE.

One day I took a walk through the streets of London, and not far apart I took notice of three buildings, very unlike, belonging to different owners, and built for a different purpose. The first was an hospital, the next the great law courts, the other was the palace of the Queen. I saw other sights, some of them wonderful, but these impressed me most. I never thought of combining these three buildings, but in my lodgings in the evening, I came upon a verse which combined the three in a very interesting relationship. "And such were some of you: but ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God," 1 Cor. vi. 11.

(1) There is the hospital for cleansing and cure. Under the magnificent portico of Christ's hospital, we may stand and sing: "Ho ye that pant for living streams, And pant away and die, Here you may quench your raging thirst From springs that never dry."

(2) The court of justice. This court is open to the public and all may hear. How common to see the prisoner, witness and pleader. To hear the trial and acquittal! How sweet to hear the Judge of all say, "Save from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Redemption is founded upon law as revealed to Moses. Christianity thus stands upon the head-rock of revelation made before Christ and the living Church confirms every jot and tittle of the old Testament. There can be no redemption without law, no mercy without justice, no pardon without a stable throne. Christ's death exalted the law, a glory was added, which creatures from legal obedience could never render or obtain. All the redeemed sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

(3) The palace. How stable the British throne as compared with others. In the palace we think of rest, reward, honour, and satisfying fulness. It is necessary to be educated to perform the duties of the palace. We must

be in health, there must be fitness, we must be introduced. Who will bring one into the strong city and fit me for the presence of the king? There is only one answer. "Christ is the way, the truth, and the life."

"We ever may recur to Him  
Who has the golden oil divine,  
Werewith to feed our failing urns,  
Who watches every lamp that burns,  
Before his sacred shrine."

H. T. MILLER:  
Beamsville, Ont.

## THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER: A REMINISCENCE.

BY BISHOP WILMER.

I write that which I do know, and testify to that which I have seen. Receive my witness.

More than half a century ago, just after my ordination to the Priesthood, I was in charge of some churches along the banks of the James River in Goochland County, Virginia.

One day I received a letter from a venerable old lady, living in an adjoining county. It was a very plaintive letter, full of tears. She wrote of a dilapidated church building, no ministerial services, and a scattered and wandering flock; and implored me to come and give them some help.

It was impossible to resist such an appeal. A similar appeal, she wrote me, had been made to a dearly loved classmate of mine, who lived near—a man of peculiar earnestness and devoutness. We conferred together, and arranged to meet on a certain day for a mission.

We met, accordingly, in a wretched and neglected building—one in which cattle had often found a resting place. At the first service, I experienced sensations never felt before. I know not how to describe them, but a consciousness of the divine Presence pervaded my soul, and imparted a hitherto unfelt reality to the whole worship. My good brother missionary testified to a similar experience.

As the mission proceeded, the interest of the congregation deepened with every service. After service on Saturday afternoon—we had no night service, because

the village in which the church stood was small, and the congregation was mostly from the country—the only surviving male member of the little church came to us, and entreated us to hold service again that night; saying that there was a deep interest existing among the people, and that they would try to accommodate themselves in the village for the night, if we would hold service. We were only too glad to hold the service, and the solemnity of eternity pervaded the worship that night—a night never to be forgotten by him who writes these lines.

On Sunday morning, a vast congregation filled the church, crowded the aisles, the doors and the windows. My good brother "read the service"—as the phrase is—Ah! he prayed the service, and when he gave utterance to the suffrage in the Litany—"O God, the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners"—he sobbed audibly. The people joining with him, and we sobbed through the Litany—the first time I had ever heard that Litany prayed as we, miserable sinners, have need to pray it.

It fell to my lot to follow the prayers with a sermon. I spoke from the words "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, follow him!" I write that "I spoke," but I felt that I was a mere mouthpiece, through which a mightier power than mine was demonstrating the truth—the "demonstration of the Spirit and of power," as I have since learned from the Holy Apostle—too little taught in these days of the "higher criticism," falsely so-called.

Every word that I uttered seemed to fall upon the hearts of the people as palpably as the hammer falls upon the anvil. For the first time in my life—although I had been through a three years' course at the seminary—I understood what St. Paul meant, when he wrote to the Corinthians—"My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstra-