

HOW TOM SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

While speaking one night at a series of meetings in B—, I saw, in the back of the church, Tom Hill. Now, Tom kept a place about two mile out of town, known as the "Fish Ponds." It had, at one time, been a favorite resort for myself, as well as many of the boys, in our drinking days, for Tom was a social, jolly fellow, kept good liquors, and could always give us a good trout supper. Knowing our meetings was taking from Tom his best customers, we looked for little sympathy from that direction. With a prayer in my heart that he might be reached—a prayer that I fear had but little faith in it, for in those days I was a new convert, and had seen but little of the wonderful working of the Holy Spirit among men as the meeting progressed, and man after man stood up and expressed a determination, with God's help, to lead a new life, I watched Tom, and saw that he paid close attention. At the close of the meeting, when we called for pledge signers, to my astonishment Tom began to elbow his way through the crowd until he stood before the Secretary's table, and with a trembling hand took a pencil and began to sign his name. Before he had finished I was at his side, and as he turned round, taking both his hands, I said, "Tom, what does this mean? are you in earnest?"

With a laugh, he said, "Why, yes; what is the good of keeping a rum-shop if you boys all sign the pledge?"

But I knew, when I looked into his eyes and saw them glistening with tears, he was trying to keep from showing that something had touched his heart. Putting my arm on his shoulder, I said, "Yes, but there's something more. tell me what it is."

"Well, Doc, you know my little Liz; last night she did not come home, and stayed in town with a schoolmaster, and come to your meeting, and all day I have been hearing of the excitement down here, how the 'blue ribbons' were as thick on the streets as flies in summer time. I had been drinking a good deal to-day; when I saw Liz coming down the road with a blue ribbon tied to her jacket, I was mad, and when she came in, I said, 'What have you got that thing tied in there for?' Drooping her head, she said, 'Papa, I have signed the pledge, and this is my badge.'

"Don't you know, child, you've disgraced me? don't you know your father sells rum? What right have you to sign?" Her little lips quivered as she said, "Yes, papa, I know it, for when the children get mad at me in school, they call me the rum-seller's daughter, and tell me father gets drunk; and, papa, I thought if I signed the pledge and put on a ribbon, they'd know I didn't like to have you do so, and would not say so any more." I turned and went into the bar room, and began to think the matter over; you know I love that girl, and never thought before I was a disgrace to her, and I always meant to get out of the business before she grew up. I never liked it, and only sold it for the money there was in it, but I've thought it all over. I've done wrong."

NEW LIFE OF CHALMERS.

At about the age of thirty, Chalmers engaged to write the article on "Christianity" for the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. In the midst of the study and composition connected with this article he was attacked by a severe illness, which confined him for a period of four months. It was an era in his history—the most important era of all. It was from it that he dated what was to him, and appears to us, the great fact of his life—his conversion.

In his own heart and in his sphere of work something seemed essentially wrong. And so there commenced a work in the privacy of his closet, which may, without

any figure, be said to have resulted in the kindling of a new vital energy in the centre of his being.

Its progress was gradual, but every step was taken irrevocably. Its inclusion found Chalmers transformed, from a historic into a vital Christian, from a philosophic into a Christian pastor. Christ had become to him all in all.

Times are changed in the manse and parish of Kilmany. The minister is changed, and many changes follow. One by one the worldly aspirations that have fired the breast of Chalmers fade away. Reluctantly but resolutely the eye is averted from University honors; reluctantly but irreversibly the determination is taken, and the mathematical volume closed. One great idea embraces his soul like an atmosphere—the glory of God; one great work lies before him—to manifest that glory in the good of man. His soul now gushes forth at all seasons in prayer; his aim with himself is no longer to preserve an unblemished walk before men, and to have the testimony of his heart that he possesses the manly virtue of the schools; his aim is the inward heaven of Christianity, the mental atmosphere that angels breathe, unalloyed purity of thought and emotion in that utmost dwelling where hypocrisy cannot come; his aim with his people is no longer merely to repress dishonesty, to promote sobriety, and produce respectability in general. It is to turn them to righteousness, that they may be his joy and rejoicing in the day of the Lord; it is to array them in that robe, purer than seraphs' clothing, in which not even the eye of God can find a stain; it is to lead them with him as a people into the light of God's countenance.

His parishioners, meanwhile, are astonished. They see by "the glory in his eye" that some strange, new light has dawned upon him. They sat listless while he decanted on the beauty of virtue, but they cannot sit unmoved while his heart glows within him, and his face seems suffused with a transfiguring radiance, as he unveils the beauty of holiness, and turns their eyes to the wonders of infinite love streaming through Jesus down upon the world. Nor can their apathy maintain itself, when he carries his ministrations into the domestic circle, and, with burning earnestness, presses home, individually, the offers and the appeals of the gospel. The parish of Kilmany glows with returning Christianity like the fields of opening summer; for it is no partial change that has come over Chalmers. Partial characteristics were never his; halfness went against the grain of his nature; he had held all his beliefs firmly. And now, in the manhood of his powers, when the feeling was beginning slowly to permeate Scotland that a man of mastering intellect had arisen in the land, after he had long and diligently walked in the path of this world, he was arrested as by a blaze of light from heaven, smitten awhile to the ground, and then raised up a new man—a Christian. He had formerly known the God of the fatalist, and had bowed, in a certain ecstatic awe, before him; now he knew the God of the Christian, and believed him to be love. He had never worshipped sinful self; now even righteous self was crucified. Ah! it was a great day for Scotland when Chalmers, in all the might of his manhood, became vitally Christian!

PETER BAYNE.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Joseph Gillott was a Sheffield artisan, who, soon after he became of age, was compelled by stress of poverty, occasioned by long depression of trade, to leave the parental hearth and to seek his fortunes elsewhere. He found his way to Birmingham, and, entering the town on foot, stopped for rest and refreshment at an old public house in Digbeth. Long after,

when Joseph Gillott had become a millionaire, and was buying up valuable properties in and about town, this house came into the market for sale. Gillott bought it, and when it was razed to the ground he directed the workmen to cut out a particular square of the settle or seat, running round the tap-room, and to send it to his house to be made up into a chair that should be handed down as a heirloom in his family. It was the first seat he had sat on in Birmingham, and the place where he had spent his last penny before pushing on into the town whose fate and wealth he was destined so largely to share and to increase. He soon found employment as a maker of buckles, a trade then enjoying a temporary spurt, and soon with characteristic energy, was working on his own account. In the garret of a very small house in Bread-st., a locality marked down for destruction as a "slum" Gillott made buckles and other "steel toys." "He made very excellent goods," said the merchant who used to buy of him, and "came for his money every week." His work showed evidences of a taste beyond that commonly possessed by a workman, and this insured him plenty of orders; while a native ingenuity enabled him to execute them in the readiest way, with the least expenditure of time and labor, and with the directest aid from mechanical means.

He was engaged to a young woman in his own rank of life, whose two brothers, John and William Mitchell, were working in about the same style as himself on the "new thing"—just beginning to be inquired after—steel pens. Their sister was helping them, and in the confidences of courtship would often explain to her lover the nature of her pursuits. No doubt the brothers were working by "rule of thumb," producing, by painful labour of clipping, shearing, filing and punching by hand, a fairly saleable article. But Gillott saw at once that the press could be made available for nearly every process, and that the production could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Aided by his skill in tool-making, which stood him in good stead during all the greater part of his career, he worked secretly in his garret till he had perfected appliances which enabled him to make single-handed as many pens as could be made by twenty persons in the same time under the old system, and of a better and more uniform quality than had yet been seen. He found ready sale for all he could make, and in a short time the demand grew faster than his power of production, and he wanted help. Then his sweetheart, Miss Mitchell, agreed to his proposal that they should marry and work together, and reap the golden harvest while it was ripe. In after years Mr. Gillott used often to tell how, on the very morning of his marriage, he began and finished a gross of pens, and sold them for £7 4s. before going to Church. *Great Industries of Great Britain*

MR. SPURGEON ON HUMILITY.

Mr. Spurgeon preached at the Tabernacle on Sunday, 12th Sept., having sufficiently recovered from the attack which had prostrated him for some days previously. He was, however, very feeble, and walked to the platform with a stick, upon which he leaned during the preliminary portion of the service. The building was less crowded than usual, many of the seat-holders being still out of town; but the strangers present more than filled every vacant pew. Mr. Spurgeon, who seemed to gain strength as the service wore on, preached with all his accustomed vigour, from the words, "Walk humbly with thy God" (Micah vi. 8). We are not, said the preacher, like children crying in the dark to find our way to the Father, for the Father has come to us. We are not left to think our way back to God, for we have a distinct revelation. It

would seem that more importance is attached to a man's moral character than to his religiousness—more importance attached to what he does in daily life than what he does in the temple. Those who walk humbly with God do justice, for when a man's heart is right with God he longs to deal rightly with his fellow-men. This walking humbly with our God signifies a recognition of God's being and presence. In order to our acceptance with God, we must know that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. We must recognize distinctly that there is a God and that He is near us, and that we are living near Him, and walking with Him. God must be ours. It is a blessed state of heart when a man feels he can call God his God. We cannot be right spiritually if we look upon God as another man's God. Whether asleep or awake and wherever we roam, we must always abide with our God. Some may bow low when in prayer, or sit humbly before God in time of meditation, or spring up and get near to God in times of excitement, but all this falls short of walking with God. Walking is a common pace, but it is a pace at which a man can continue. Hence walking with God means being with God always—being with Him every day in the week, as well as on the Sabbath—being with Him in the shop, in the kitchen, in the field; feeling the presence of God in buying and selling, in weighing and measuring, in ploughing and reaping, doing unto God the commonest acts of life—this is acceptable with Him. All we do towards God must be done in a lowly, reverent spirit; not a slavish crouching, but walking with the sweet familiarity of friend with friend,—walking humbly—walking in a sense of worship, in a sense of dependence upon Him for everything. If a man walks humbly with God, he will be in a right position towards his surroundings. Then again, this walking humbly with God is a test of salvation. If we thus walk, we are giving Jesus Christ His right place. It is also a symptom of spiritual health. We are healthy in soul if we have lowly views in reference to ourselves in matters of Divine grace. We must not be boastful, for we owe much to our not being tempted under certain conditions. If our tinder and the devil's spark had met, the best of us might have been ablaze ere now. A man who walks humbly with God yields himself up entirely to the Divine Will, and when in this condition he is enabled to receive providences from God without expecting to understand why they came. Some men cannot understand why, in the midst of usefulness, they are laid aside; but God giveth no account of such matters. If he sends what seems to us unwise or unkind, we must still acknowledge that all He does is both wise and kind. It is not an easy matter to walk humbly with God. It is so inward and spiritual that we are apt to overlook it. A man is never so proud as when he thinks he is humble, for pride often hides itself beneath the leaves of a pretended humility. This walking with God, said Mr. Spurgeon, in closing, is the source of the deepest conceivable pleasure: for what can harm a man who sits at the feet of God? He who leaves everything with God finds joy in everything.

SOME are apt to suppose, from the copious and elaborate arguments which have been urged in defence of the Christian Scriptures, that these are books whose authenticity is harder to be established than that of other supposed ancient works; whereas, the fact is, in the very highest degree, the reverse. The importance and the difficulty of proving any point are apt to be confounded together. We bar the doors carefully, not merely when we expect a formidable attack, but when we have a treasure in the house.—*Whately*.