

tion, which neutralizes what is so real and so good.

One degree more, we come to the third class of Christians, the boiling-water Christians. The difference is a very slight one; it simply takes one reservation out, drops one 'if,' eliminates a single touch, and yet is all the difference in the world. In fact, it is all the difference in two worlds. That one degree changes that engine into a motive power, not now a thing to be looked at, but a thing to go, and to make others go—a power that sweeps across the land, and bears its living freight in the rapid train. And so there is just one step more, brother, for you to take out of the natural into the supernatural, out of the better into the best, out of the human into the Divine, out of the partial into the complete and uttermost salvation of God, and then you, too, shall be an instrument of power, an engine of holy, heavenly energy, telling for God and your fellow-men, and spreading his glorious Gospel wherever you go.

God brings us by that one blessed step to the boiling point!—Christian Alliance.

Prayer Answers.

There was a widow who was a Christian woman, and in every way respectable, but she was poor. She, with her two young daughters and an elderly relative, struggled along with their poverty, keeping their trials to themselves and trusting in the Lord, 'who shall supply all your needs.' There came a day when the coal cellar was empty, and there was no apparent way to fill up its depths. In the early morning the mother said to her household, 'Now, we must pray for coal; let us pray for it throughout all the day.' The others heard and agreed at once to the proposal. Accordingly, though work was not suspended, continued prayer went up from the dwelling that the Father in heaven would supply the need.

Friends did not know of the want, but the noon mail brought a letter from a distant relative, which missive contained a one-dollar note, a present to express love. 'This shall be laid aside for a beginning of the coal money,' said the mother.

A later mail brought other letters, and strange to say, two of these contained gifts of money, so that seven dollars in all were received, and a ton of coal was ordered. These friends were not in the habit of sending the widow and her children money, but the Lord chose through them to answer prayer.

Not long since we heard a Christian woman remark, 'I never have answers to prayer.' Ah, friend, we would say it is your right, your inestimable privilege to have answers to prayer. And you may have them, if you go to God with faith, which is also his gift, and may be asked for, and should be craved, for through faith we have access to the throne of him in whom all fullness dwells. A poor woman who lived in our great city was sent out of her rooms for non-payment of rent. In distress the poor creature went to a benevolent lady, who is connected with a good and worthy mission. The lady met her poor sister at the door, and the latter told her story, and with tears begged for six dollars to pay the landlord for the month's rent wanting.

The Good Samaritan said:—'I have not the money to give you, but come inside; I have a friend I will ask it from for you.' The suppliant followed on, and the two entered a private apartment, when the hostess said, 'Kneel down, and we will ask the Lord for the money.' Together they knelt, and the case was taken to the Lord, the Christian

lady telling in her prayer the whole matter, and asking for the six dollars.

Scarcely had they risen from their knees when a ring at the bell announced a caller, and our friend was summoned to the door to meet an acquaintance, who said, 'I was on my way to Harlem, but something bade me; almost compelled me, to stop here and offer you a little to assist in your mission. Here is what I have with me,' and she laid in the other's hand seven dollars. The poor woman's story was recounted, and the thankfulness of our friend was apparent. 'The Lord knew best,' she said, 'I asked for six dollars and he sent seven, knowing it would cost something to have the good woman's effects returned to her rooms.'—Christian Intelligencer.

The Very Last.

After being closely engaged in dealing with an interesting old couple, who had found their way into the inquiry room at the close of one of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's meetings in Addison road, I rose from my knees to find that with the exception of one or two officials waiting to close the hall, there were only two other people beside myself left of all the immense congregation. Almost at the same moment as I rose and glanced at these two, I discovered that one was a man who had at one time belonged to my own bible-class, the other was an evangelist, who came towards me, saying, 'I see that you know this man. I have not been able to help him; perhaps you may be able to do so.' With that he turned away, and we were left together.

I was much moved, for this was a man who had seemed to come very near the kingdom whilst in the bible class, and over whom the other members of the class as well as myself had yearned intensely, and for whom much prayer had been offered. But he had been stumbled through the persuasions of his wife and a doctor, who had urged him to take stimulants when he was not very well; he was ashamed of having yielded, and could not be induced to return to the class after having broken his pledge.

Now we stood once more face to face, and I exclaimed, 'P—, I am surprised but glad to see you here!' 'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'I have been looking at you for some time, though I knew that you did not see me.' 'Well, P—,' I answered, 'it is no chance that has left us two to be the very last of all the thousands who filled this building to-night.' 'No!' he replied, 'I feel that it is very solemn, and that if I leave this hall unsaved to-night I shall die a lost soul.' I, too, felt the awful solemnity, and at once said, 'Do not let us wait a moment; let us get upon our knees and pray.' Down upon our knees we went, and I poured out my own intense longing for his soul's immediate salvation. At my suggestion P— followed, but before we rose prayer was changed to praise for another wanderer sought and won.

By this time it was late and there was no train to take me to my destination, so together we walked two miles, during which time P— told me how nearly he had been prevented from going to the meeting at all. How when he did reach the hall he had been twice turned away from the door because there was no room. How the last time a steward had overheard, and had kindly said that if he would go round to the inquiry-room he would open a window and let him in. This he did, but, strange to say, P— had not been able to hear one word of Mr. Moody's address. Yet when the crowd streamed into the room for the after-

meeting, there he was, and there he remained until he became a new creature in Christ. He was the first to be converted out of twelve children of a Christian widowed mother, to whom he wrote at once telling the good tidings. One of his brothers was brought to Christ on receiving a letter from P— telling of his conversion.

This was an encouraging instance of fruit found after many days; but whilst in this case there was a peculiar personal interest, I met with many cases where the good work had been begun in a soul by a dear mother then in glory, or a Sunday-school teacher, or some other instrument. 'In due season we shall reap if we faint not.'—The Christian.

The Bullet That Missed.

G. W. Mott, in 'The Friend' for Dec. 26, 1896, writes:

'At our late yearly meeting of Ohio, as the time was drawing to separate, in order to return to our respective homes, a very solemn silence spread over the meeting, which was broken by a petition, vocally offered to our Father in heaven, that he might be pleased to watch over us, and preserve us in our homeward journey, and if it was consistent with his will we might be permitted to arrive safely home.

'The meeting closed about twelve o'clock, noon, on the first of tenth month, and near four o'clock that afternoon a company of seven of us took the train for our homes in Iowa, a distance of about seven hundred miles.

'Our train made a stop at Cambridge, Ohio, and after pulling out of that station, just before it had attained its full speed, we heard a report that sounded like that of the firing of a musket, and the ball entered the window at our right hand, scattering pieces of glass nearly across the car, and passed out at the window at our left hand.

'One of our company, just a few minutes before, had picked up a paper, and was leaning forward reading by the light of a lantern that was sitting on the floor of the car, and another one had just lain down on the seat, when the report was heard. Had they both been sitting upright as they were a few minutes before, their heads would have been directly in range with the two holes in the windows made by the ball from the musket.

'I have been induced to write this account from a desire I have felt of late to call our attention to the circumstances connected with the incident, and more particularly those of us who were exposed to such imminent danger, and to the wonderful interposition of Divine Providence in his protecting care over us.'

'Oh, Shun the Bowl!'

'Oh shun the bowl, when rich delight
Shines loveliest, mortal, in thy sight;
Oh loathe the charms that tempt to sip,
And dash the rapture from thy lip!

For 'neath the nectared pleasure's tide,
The rankest dregs of woe abide;
And every drop that cheers thy heart,
Will madden more the poison's smart.

'Tis like the smile of treachery,
'Tis like the glassy ocean's dye;
Deceit is lurking in the glow,
And death and danger frown below.

Then, mortal, when the joys of earth
Invite thee to a pangless mirth,
Beware, nor dare the bowl to sip,
But dash the rapture from thy lip.'

—'League Journal.'