

It was a wonderful thought, to Philip Stuart, that of being led by the spirit of God! Yielding to the sweet and blessed influences, he that night for the first time since he left off his childhood's prayer, knelt to pray.

It was perhaps a month later that he wrote to Janet Fleming:

"MY DEAR JANET—I know not how better to tell you what I desire to communicate than by using the words of a New Testament convert. "And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And I also would employ these words of Paul: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

"Yours, as ever, PHILIP STUART."

He received this reply: "MY DEAR FRIEND—In the words of inspiration, "I thank my God, making mention of the always in my prayers; hearing of the love and faith, which thou hast towards the Lord Jesus."

"YOUR LITTLE JANET."

I have little more to tell. The lives of these people are still going on. There was a wedding at the old church the other day. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Fleming. Professor Stuart was the bridegroom, and Janet the bride. Flavius St. John was there, having been brought up out of the depths of degradation through the efforts of Fritz; and the language of his heart to-day is, "The Lord is the strength of my life." He has learned through a bitter experience the weakness of the human will. Professor Stuart, shaking him warmly by the hand, said:

"St. John, forgive me the wrong I did you! But I knew no better myself."

"Do not blame yourself, Professor Stuart. It was all a mistake. God led me by devious ways, perhaps, to show me how to help others."

Then more sadly, "Have you seen Josephine?"

"Yes, she is greatly changed with these years."

"Yes, indeed; Josephine has had a terrible experience. I suppose you know that she, in the bitter disappointment of her marriage, became addicted to the use of stimulants to such an extent that she was finally separated from her husband. Fritz, acting as city missionary, found her out and brought her home. To us, who know all she passed through, to see her as she is now is a comfort. She is gaining strength, and will, I think, take up missionary work after a while, and may yet become a useful woman."

"Well," said Philip Stuart, speaking with feeling, "I thank God that Fritz Hettinger has been permitted to undo some of my work."

THE END.

THE DEACON'S CIDER.

BY MRS. J. K. BARNET, OF THE RHODE ISLAND W. C. T. U.

I stood at the counter in a bookstore looking over the Christmas cards. They were attractive and beautiful with their bright flowers, birds and glad wishes; and such a variety! I made my selection and turned to go from the store. "Pardon me," said a scantily-dressed, pale faced woman, "but might I speak with you; I overheard your conversation just now and I know of you very well, and I should like to show you a place where there is need of some words other than a merry Christmas. Can you spare an hour? You will, I am sure, for you seem heaven-sent to me." We took a horse car and rode almost to the city limits and then walked through back streets and alleys until we came to a tumble-down old rookery. Going down some steps we entered a place where the air seemed damp and fetid.

On some shavings and rags crouched the wreck of a man, and sitting near by was another man, considerably younger but almost equally wretched in appearance. "Dana," said the woman, speaking to the latter, "you see I have found you out again. I learned only this morning where you were but I had not courage to come alone, and while I was praying in my heart I was directed to this lady, whom I am sure you have heard of and will be glad to know." She whispered a few words to the man she called "Dana," then hastily grasping my hands said, as the tears literally poured down her cheeks, "O God help you! God

help you!" and before I could collect myself she ran up the steps and was gone.

After a little preliminary talk I said, "I guess I can spell it all out with three letters, R-u-m." "No," said the man, with tones into which he put all the force he could command, it's a longer, meaner, more devilish word—Cider!" He screamed it over several times, then added, "there's hell in it, every time." During our talk and in the interviews since, I learned his story. He was an orphan boy. His father went down to a drunkard's hopeless grave and his mother died of grief and shame. His childhood was spent in an almshouse. At the age of ten years he went to live with Deacon—

"The deacon was a good sort of man, had prayers Sunday mornings, there was no time for them on other days; everybody had all the cider they wanted, for the deacon wasn't stingy about that, and I had to go to meeting Sunday nights, 'cause he said he was responsible for his household. I stayed there eight years, but he never spoke to me about my soul, and I never heard him pray for me but once—then I got drunk one spring on cider and the next morning he asked God 'to show me the folly of making a beast of myself.' I went away soon after and was gone some years. For most three of them I drank constantly; then I reformed, and after a while became a Christian, I thought. I earned good wages and wasn't a bad looking fellow; and it seemed to me I'd like to go back to the old town and go to my mother's grave."

"I called at the deacon's and he made me stay over Sunday. Saturday evening the deacon's cider was brought out, but I refused it, the next day 'twas communion and when the deacon passed the cup to me, true as you live, I saw the devil—right between us. It was only an instant, but in that time I had taken the cup and swallowed the liquid fire. The fumes, the taste, thrilled me through and through. That night I drank glass after glass of the deacon's cider, without a single remonstrance from him, though I had told him I belonged to a reform club."

The next day I stayed round and drank cider until I was drunk as a fool. When he came in to dinner he gave me a good scolding and said, he 'never had much confidence in me, and bade me begone from his house and not disgrace it. That was three years ago, and you see me now, I needn't say much more. Just after I came to Providence, I came across the woman who brought you here. She is the Deacon's daughter, and she says her father's cider has ruined her husband and both of her sons. 'Any are all straight just now, but she would sooner bury them, than see them so up to the eyes in visit her folks. It will kill her some time, for her boys have got the real drunkard's craving for strong drink, and they'll go under yet. She is interested in me because she knows her father is to blame and if I could be saved, I'd work to help her, though I do hate her father so awfully."

"Who is this man here, did you ask,—oh, he is most dead, killed by rum. He pulled me off the railway track once when I was drunk; he used to be a Methodist class-leader, but he lived in the country and drank cider, and it was too much for him, religion and all. When he came down here he was all right for whiskey. Oh, mv, won't there be some queer stories told at the judgment! You know they say the hairs of your head are numbered—do you suppose the Almighty has kept account of the gallons of cider Deacon—has drunk! If he is going to Heaven, hocked right through then the Bible is a lie, and God isn't just. You say 'perhaps he doesn't understand,' for God's sake don't excuse him, his conscience may be deadened by the long use of cider, but I tell you, that man knows better, but he wouldn't give up his cider to save his daughter's family and all the young men of the place."

"That man's influence and example will send more than a dozen souls to hell. 'Don't speak so;' well it's the truth. If I could be a Christian again, a thousand times better than I ever was before, I could never forgive that man."

"I have given his words, some of them, for I could not seem to put the story in words of my own choosing. How I wish I had something good to tell at the close. On the last day of the old year the poor man who had been a class-leader, breathed his last. He never rallied enough to pray or to know he was prayed for. The other has had no really sober day since, and the only

chance of saving him would seem to be that if he should be arrested and sentenced, he might be kept sober long enough to "come to himself." The poor woman, who still cares for him as best she can, says pleadingly, "Oh, don't give him up, my father will have enough to answer for without his blood." As we talked in her own poor home one day she told me of her physical suffering, and I could see that the shadow of death seemed before her. Looking into my face, with her great wistful eyes, she said, "when I die I don't want to be carried up to the old home; I don't want my children linked in any way to it. How I hate it, and all because of the cider."

MAJOR HALL'S CONVERSION.

BY REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

(In one of his addresses in Liverpool, Mr. Hammond related the following remarkable case of conversion.)

In the year 1876, at the invitation of ministers in Washington, District of Columbia, I held a series of Gospel-meetings which lasted twelve weeks. Washington is called "the city of magnificent distances," and churches as well as individuals are much isolated. It was but slowly that the people in answer to many prayers, however, the Holy Spirit came down on the great evangelistic gatherings with mighty power, and many remarkable conversions resulted.

Among those converted was the well-known Major Hall. He was a popular man among his companions. He had frequently held offices of trust under the government of the city, and was a member of a fashionable club. He was confessedly addicted to the vices common among men of the world. One day, walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, he met his old friend General Crittenden, who said to him: "Major, I have been converted; if you come to Dr. Rankin's church to-night you will hear me relate my experience." The Major at first thought his friend spoke in ridicule, but he soon discovered that General Crittenden was in dead earnest. After no small persuasion he consented to be present at the evening meeting.

General Crittenden related his spiritual experiences on that occasion in a manner which moved many hearts. He had been a leader in the Northern Army during the Civil War, and was a man of much ability. At the time of his conversion he was practising as a lawyer, and with his Christian wife attended Dr. Sutherland's church. He told how his son's conversion in the meetings had attracted him to them, and how, at last, his proud heart had yielded to Christ. As he spoke, not a few were moved to tears. Major Hall, however, instead of being softened seemed to be greatly incensed. When the inquiry-meeting was announced, and his wife urged him to stay, he said, "No." The General has made a fool of himself. I will have nothing to do with such meetings." He went from the church straight to a place of fashionable resort, where he gambled all night. Next morning, instead of going home he went to a hotel to breakfast, and afterwards slept there till late in the afternoon. Then he returned to his evil associates.

Meantime his wife had set apart that day for fasting and prayer for the conversion of her husband. In her agony of prayer she cried out, "O Lord, if need be, take from us by death our darling and only daughter, if so my husband may be led to Christ." No assurance of an answer seemed to be vouchsafed, and she continued to plead: "O Lord, take from us our firstborn and only son, who, with his sister, has given his heart to Jesus in the meetings, if that is needed to lead my dear husband to thyself." Still no answer seemed to be given. Almost in an agony of despair, she cried out, "O God, lay my dead body across his pathway, if need be, to keep him from stumbling into hell. Thou didst give thy Son to die for him; if the sacrifice of my life is also needed I freely give it." No sooner had these words fallen from her lips than she felt, like Daniel of old, that while she was yet speaking, God had heard and answered her prayer. She rose from her knees filled with joy, and ran across the street to the house of a Christian neighbor, to whom she said, "My husband is going to be converted, and he will join Dr. Black's Church on such and such a day." They said to her, "Why, you are beside yourself; where is your husband?" "I do not know," she replied; "but I know he is

going to be converted; God has answered my prayer."

That same night Major Hall was among his companions, and had gambled till day-break, when suddenly he threw down his cards, and saying, "I have played my last card," he turned upon his heel and went to his office, under terrible conviction of sin. He hunted up a Bible, but he knew more of Blackstone than about God's law and Gospel, and he could find no comfort in turning over the leaves of the sacred book. He remained in his office, however, till five o'clock in the afternoon, having been there from daybreak, trembling all the time at the foot of Mount Sinai. At last he went to a friend's house, and told him of his distress. He at once brought Dr. Black, the pastor, who pointed him to Christ, explaining to him the Saviour's finished work, and urging him to pray God for mercy and forgiveness. He did so. His prayer was heard and answered; peace and joy filled his soul.

Major Hall came to the meeting that night. Some one said to me, "There is Major Hall, do you know he has been converted?" "Indeed," I replied, I left the platform and said, "Major, I hear you have become a Christian; is it true?" "Yes, it is." "You are well known in Washington; if you would stand on that platform, and relate your experience to the great assemblage of people here to-night, it would do more good than any sermon I could preach." He said: "I am so weak, I can scarcely stand upon my feet. I have eaten nothing since yesterday at three o'clock, and I have been in terrible soul distress most of the time." "Well, if you will come up, and after I have spoken, say a word or two, I am sure the Lord will help you, and it will do great good." I placed my arm in his and led him on to the platform. His utterances were broken, what he said was so indistinct that very few heard. But the tears fell from his eyes, and many in that great audience who knew him well as a man of pleasure, and could guess what a terrible struggle he had passed through, were deeply moved by his testimony. His wife, scarcely realizing what she was doing, sprang to her feet, and in a clear voice that rang through the building, exclaimed: "I am the happiest woman in Washington to-night!"

One week from that date Major Hall stood at my side on the steps of the Capitol, where for many years the American Presidents had been inaugurated, and in a clear, stentorian voice, in the presence of from 10,000 to 15,000 persons, related the story of his conversion. It had not been announced that he was to speak, but vast numbers were in the habit of gathering there Sabbath after Sabbath, to hear Gospel addresses.

These events occurred nine years ago, and Major Hall, from that day to this, has lived a consistent and earnest Christian life. Every year the church he attends, and whose membership he joined on the very day mentioned by his wife, celebrates the anniversary of his remarkable conversion. The building is decorated and great rejoicing is expressed that God has saved their friend and brother as one who was indeed "a brand plucked from the burning." I have received numerous letters from him, which always cheer my heart and lead me to thank God for his sovereign grace. Would that every Christian who reads this narrative might have his faith strengthened to pray for those who may seem to be far gone in sin. Would that every sinner might realize that Christ is indeed able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, "seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—The Christian.

GO AND DO IT.—Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly. Then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make in a day. It is as if they picked up the moments that the drawers lost. And, if you find yourself where you have so many things pressing, let me tell you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest to fall into file and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers. A man was once asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father told me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret.—Exchange.