

for the purpose of picking flaws and finding fault with Mr. Moody, and his talk.

'Well,' said the other man, 'I suppose you had no difficulty in finding plenty of flaws to pick; you must have a book full.'

He opened the book and showed the blank pages, saying, 'I did not make a single mark, in fact I could not.'

The other man laughed heartily. 'Well,' said the man, 'you need not laugh, for I honestly went there to find fault and pick flaws. I had no confidence whatever in Mr. Moody, or his preaching; but I have come away with the firm conviction that, not only is he doing no harm, by what he is preaching, but I believe that if people would follow out the precepts he is advocating this world would be a different world.'

The other man said, with almost a sneer, 'I am certainly very much surprised at you, of all people. I shall expect to hear the next thing, that you are one of Moody's converts.'

The other replied with considerable warmth, 'I wish I were; indeed I do.'

A man sitting near who had intently listened to the conversation, and who evidently knew both the men who had been talking, spoke up, saying:

'I do not think you had better find fault with Mr. Moody. I have just been to hear him myself. I did not think any more of him or his preaching than you. I went to hear him because I had a man working for me who urged me so hard to go that I finally went, because the man who asked me is the very best man I have in my employ. After I heard Mr. Moody talk I said to myself, "I believe it is that kind of talk and that kind of religion that makes this employe of mine so faithful and so trusty. I wish I had some more of the same kind working for me."

The men left the car one by one not long afterwards, but there was a seriousness in their faces that impressed one anew with the wonderful strength of the gospel of Christ, preached in fearlessness and straightforwardness as it is done by that one whom God is using so mightily, Mr. Moody.

What a strong testimony this was to the power of the simple, plain, clear gospel, preached in simplicity with a prayerful, consistent, honest life behind it!—'Onward.'

### Is That You, Johnnie?

The Rev. John McNeil, speaking in Exeter Hall, London, made use of the following illustration in the exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm:

'We don't like darkness. I remember once, when I was a lad, — for I was a lad, you know; I think some of my brethren were born with a Geneva gown on their backs, and I was not a model boy—when I was a lad, I was in a booking office in a certain town, and no matter how late we were on getting through our work on the Saturday, I started away home so as to wake up at home on the Sunday morning, and spend the day with father and mother and the others in that little dear old village. During the week I lived in lodgings in the town. The road home from that town lies through the valley of the shadows—a long, dreary, lonely glen. On Saturdays you must have late trains, and you keep poor booking clerks at it very late. I remember one Saturday night it was almost midnight when I got clear of the booking office, and started to tramp six or seven miles down through that lonely glen to get home. The road has a bad name. It is the highway between one seaport and another, and there are ugly stories about men being knocked down and robbed. I was a young, nervous lad of about seventeen, and you will think of such

stories and think that your time is coming. There he is, springing through a hedge at you. This particular night was very black, and two miles outside of our little village the road gets blacker than ever — a high wooded hill on the right, and another on the left, and no light from moon or star, or kindly cottage window. I was just entering this dark defile, blacker than a wolf's jaw, and I was in such a hurry to get home that I was only touching the road here and there, so to speak, when suddenly, I thought my heart would leave me, and then it came leaping back into me. About a hundred yards ahead, in the densest of the darkness, there suddenly rang out a great, strong, cheery voice, "Is that you, Johnnie?" It was my father, the bravest, strongest man I ever knew. He knew it was a black, dark, gruesome night, and that I was nervous—for if I was his son, as I am for strength, I was my mother's for a kind of nervousness shot all through it—and like a father he arranged, don't you see, to be waiting for me at the worst of it, at the gloomiest of it, at the blackest of it, just where my fears would be worst and my nervousness greatest. I was thinking of him away at home, sitting in the blaze and the ruddy glow of the fire, thinking of his boy, of course, trudging through the mire and the mud, when suddenly he cried out. Even when he saved me from my fears he rather increased them for a little. But when I steadied myself, and knew who it was, I was as good as at home. Home is not merely four square walls, and my home met me in the middle of that blackness and midnight darkness. Many a time since, when fears have been in the way, for I, also, have had my troubles—please remember, no matter what troubles you have, you have had none of mine, you have only your own share, and I have none of yours, but only my own share—many a time since, when things have been getting very black and gloomy round about me I have heard a voice greater than that of any earthly parent cry, "Fear not, for I am with thee"; and lo! God's foot is rising and falling on the road beside my own. I had thought of God too much as away off yonder at home in the blaze and happiness of heaven, no doubt thinking of me, his child, plunging through fog, and blackness, and mud, and mire down here on earth, but his voice speaks in my startled ear beside me. Don't think of him as being millions of miles away in a place called heaven, seated on a cross-bench called a throne, driving suns and moons, and comets, and things, he is here. That is, he is on the eternal throne of power, but he is also with us. "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Sometimes his very nearness startles us, even while it saves us. Some of you women know that there is no use arguing with nervousness. I often think that it is a very cruel thing to laugh at nervousness, and there is no use arguing with it. If you live in the country, and your husband happens to ask you to go through the village to somewhere and back in the black night, no power on earth can make you go. You are so nervous you would not dare to budge out of the house at night. Your husband may say, 'My dear, there is nothing to be afraid of. It is all the same as during the day; the lights are not there, that is all.' It is not all the same to you. But if your husband said, 'Well, now, my dear, I will not argue with you any longer, I will go with you myself.' "Well," you would say, "get me my bonnet." If he will go with you, the night becomes light about you. I tell you, we are nervous at the best, and no wonder. Sin has left that sediment behind it. Thank God if it is no more than that. A kind of eeriness and nervousness it is,

and although we know that Christ has died, and our sins are blotted out, and heaven is our home, and the promises are "yea, and amen in Christ Jesus," God knows, my sister, that you are nervous, and he says, "My child, the road is long, it may be, and it is gloomy, and it is a dark world, and I see you are nervous, and you start, my child, I will go with you myself." The Lord is with thee. Every step thou takest, he is with thee.

'When gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On him I lean, who not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain.'

### The Name of Jcsus.

Some missionaries who went to Greenland, finding the people very ignorant, and knowing nothing about Jesus, thought they were not ready to hear about him until they had learnt other things first. So they spent twelve years teaching them that there was a God—that it was wrong to lie, steal, etc. Not till the missionaries read to them about Jesus, his life, and death, was their attention awakened. Greatly impressed, they crowded round, 'Oh! tell us that over again,' and wept bitterly over their sins. Numbers were converted, and it was the name of Jesus that made them Christians.—Rev. R. Newton's 'The Great Pilot.'

### What Can I Do?

(R. L. Werry, in Montreal 'Witness'.)

'What can I do for the plebiscite?'  
Asked a little girl one day,  
As she thought of the sorrow that day and night  
Filled many a heart, once gay,  
I will ask my father to vote as he prays;  
I will ask the drunkard if drinking pays,  
I will do my best in all possible ways,  
For the temperance cause.'

'What can I do for the plebiscite?'  
Asked a boy as he walked down street,  
While drink-made misery everywhere  
His wondering eyes did greet.  
'I will ask my father to think of me,  
When he goes to the poll, and I think that  
he  
Will vote to make our country free,  
And save his boy.'

'What should I do with the plebiscite?'  
Asked a father with anxious heart,  
As he thought of his girl who would soon  
be a wife  
And his boy soon in business to start;  
'Shall I vote for a traffic that ever destroys,  
That ruins our country's best girls and boys;  
Shall I fool with the ballot, like children  
with toys,  
Or play the man?'

'What can I do for the plebiscite?'  
Asked a mother with whitening hair,  
Who for many a year had suffered and  
toiled,  
And of trouble had borne her share.  
'I cannot preach, but I still can pray,  
And hope for the dawn of a brighter day,  
When the demon of drink shall no more  
have sway.  
Soon may it come!'

'What may the plebiscite do for me?'  
Asked a man, to drink a slave,  
'Is there any hope for a wretch like me;  
Is there anything that can save?  
If legislation or other power  
Can remove temptation, and fates that  
lower,  
O haste, high heaven, the happy hour,  
That makes me free!'