

BRING YOUR FRIEND WITH YOU.

I KNEW of a man (said Dr. Pentecost) who was converted at one of our meetings in America. He was a commercial traveller. He determined that he would not let anybody know that he had been converted. He was going to serve God. Well, only the day after he was converted he was standing in front of one of the large hotels in Boston, when he was accosted by one of his fellow commercial men.

"How are you, old fellow?" said his friend, in the familiar style of an old acquaintance; "come in and have a drink," and started at once towards the bar-room.

Here was a crisis. Instantly it occurred to our newly-converted friend, who was going to keep his conversion a secret, that to go into a public bar with an ungodly friend, and hold fellowship with him over a glass of whisky, would be utterly inconsistent with his new life in Christ. What was he to do? He thought he would excuse himself, so he said:

"No, thank you; I think I will not drink to-day."

This did not satisfy his friend.

"Why, what's up? I never knew you refuse a drink before."

"Well, I don't feel like drinking to-day; that's all."

"Well, come and have a cigar then."

But this also was declined. He was unwilling to go into the public-house and fraternise with his friend over the bar. Again the astonished questioner asked:

"Why, what's the matter with you? Come along."

"No, I can't go to-day," said our secret convert, in great confusion; and then stammered out, hardly knowing what he said—"I have a Friend with me."

"Oh, that's all right. Bring your friend with you; any friend of yours is very welcome to drink at my expense."

"No, I cannot bring Him in. In fact He would not go in there," said the young convert, things beginning to clear a little in his mind.

"Then come without him; it will take you but a moment."

"No, I will not go without Him."

Looking about among the bystanders, the inviter said:

"Where is your friend, and who is he, that he won't come in and have a drink, and that you can't leave for a moment to have a glass with an old friend?"

There was nothing for it now but to confess, and so with some trembling, and yet with perfect frankness, he said to his acquaintance:

"The fact is, I only last night became a Christian. I did not mean to say anything about it, but you compel me to speak. My Friend is the Lord Jesus Christ. He would not go into that bar-room and take a drink, I am sure; and by the grace of God I do not mean to go anywhere or do anything that will make me part with Jesus Christ."

You see, that man could not keep his conversion a secret.



NO ROAD.

"HELLO! what's up now? What's the matter here?" cried a workman, as, together with his mates in the same employ, he returned to the place of labour after absence on duty in another place.

They were brought to a stand by a board having an inscription upon it, "NO ROAD," and by a broad deep ditch across the path.

"What's up? What's down, you mean," said another, pausing to listen as cries from some mysterious depth reached their ears again.

"Help! help! for life and mercy, help!"

"Why, where be ye?" cried one, staring round with amazement. "Sure it ain't nobody down in the sewer there."

"The more fool he! Why didn't he mind the notice?" said another labourer, coming up, "let him enjoy himself there a bit, till it's convenient to clear him out."

"Nay, nay, Williams," said the first speaker, "that mustn't be; he'll be suffocated before long. Come, mates, who'll help? I'm going down."

The ladders were promptly lowered, and as no leader in an act of humanity ever lacks followers among our honest sons of toil, plenty of help was immediately given; and after some time spent in clearing away the rubbish which had been thrown down by the fall of the unlucky simpleton who disregarded the notice, a human form was brought above ground on the stout back of one of the labourers. Whoever he was, he seemed much exhausted, and did not at once recover either the fright or the fall.

"What for didn't ye mind the notice? Do you think it's put up for nothing?" asked one of the rescue party.

"I thought I could have leaped over the opening when I once got to the top of the heap of rubbish spread along there," replied the poor gentleman, when able to speak quietly, "but I found it too wide."

"In course it was, else what was the good of writing 'No road' up over a place where a man might play at hop, skip, and jump?"

"And when I tried to scramble back again the heap gave way, and slid me down the wrong side into that abominable hole."

"Well," said the listener, laughing, "it's good for you that we came along in time; and you won't be trying this game again in a hurry, I reckon."

"Don't sir," said the man who first volunteered