

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," the other sprang to his feet with a shout, "I've got it! Halleluyer! I've got it!" As he afterwards explained, when unable to express his feelings more calmly, while he knelt with fast-closed eyes in the snow his whole soul consecrated in prayer, he seemed to behold by the eye of his mind, the Lord Jesus hanging bleeding, interceding on the cross. As he gazed with a look of infinite compassion in his eyes, he seemed to utter, in a tone of tenderest love, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee," and instantly a tide of light and peace and joy seemed to flood the earnest seeker's soul. He grasped the hand of Lawrence and shook it with vehemence, while tears of gladness flowed down his cheeks.

His sympathizing friend gave vent to his feelings in that grand exultant strain of Charles Wesley's:

"My Jesus to know,  
To feel his blood flow,  
It is life everlasting,  
'Tis heaven below."

In this glad doxology the young convert joined, and the long drawn shadowy forest aisles rang with the music of the strain, while the angels in heaven struck their harps in a more rapturous measure as they rejoiced over the conversion of a soul, the return to the father's house of the prodigal, long lost, now found again, once dead, but now alive.

As they twain walked together to the lumber camp all nature seemed transfigured. The silvery moonlight glistened on the snow like the glorified garments of the saints in heaven. The stars seemed to throb with sympathy and to burn with a tenderer and more lambent light. The snow-laden branches of the spruces seemed stretched in benediction over their heads, and the whisper of the night-wind among the pines seemed to breathe a blessing as it passed. Even the prosaic lumber shanty, with its squalid surroundings, seemed ennobled and dignified, and in some sense rendered awful, as being the arena in which immortal beings were working out their eternal destiny.

THE MAIDEN SERMON.

In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,  
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,  
And natural in gesture; much impressed  
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too; affectionate in look,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

—COWPER—*The Task.*

Lawrence was greatly cheered and emboldened by this trophy of Divine grace vouchsafed to his humble efforts. He no longer, therefore, hesitated to take up the cross of trying to preach Christ to his fellow-men. On the following Sunday evening, accordingly, a tolerably numerous group were gathered in the shanty to hear his maiden sermon. Some were indifferent, some critical, and some sympathetic, for the lad was

liked in the camp. His face had a rapt expression as he came in from his forest oratory, whither he had retired to seek strength from God in prayer.

He wished to talk to those hard-handed, toiling men, in such a manner as to enlist their interest and sympathy. He therefore selected as his text that Scripture in which the kingdom of heaven is likened to a householder who went into the market-place to hire labourers. He gave out the exceedingly appropriate hymn—

Are there not in the labourer's day  
Twelve hours in which he safely may  
His calling's work pursue?

He had the attention of his humble audience at once. And, what is more, he kept it to the end. He spoke to these, his fellow-workmen in his daily toils, in a manly, simple, straightforward manner. He made no empty attempt at eloquence, an attempt that is almost certain to defeat its object. Like Marc Antony, he only spoke right on what they themselves did know, and completely carried with him the convictions of their judgment and the assent of their wills—and this, we take it, is the true object of the highest kind of eloquence.

He spoke to them of life as the day of their work in God's world, of his claims upon their love and labour, of the grand opportunities and glorious reward he offered them. And as he gazed upon that company of strong and stalwart, although uncouth and uncultivated men, he beheld not merely the rough red-shirted lumbermen, but the candidates for an immortality of weal or woe, who should in a few short years stand with himself before the judgment-seat of Christ to receive the wage of their labour—the "Come ye blessed" that should welcome them to the joys of heaven, or the "Depart ye cursed," that should banish them to the doom of the lost. On this subject he held strong, clear, intense convictions. The thought fired his soul. It gave a burning vehemence to his words, a pleading earnestness to his tones, a yearning tenderness to his countenance, and made his eyes glisten with unshed tears. He spoke out of a full heart and as "a dying man to dying men."

His rude auditors listened with more and more absorbed interest. Presently one ceased to whittle the stick he held in his hand, another unconsciously let his pipe which he held in his mouth go out, another let the tobacco that he was cutting fall on the floor. Now sundry ejaculations of approval were heard, as "That's so," "True for ye," "You bet," and still stronger expressions than these. But they caused no feeling of interruption or incongruity any more than the "Amen," or "Hallelujah" of a Methodist camp-meeting.

After an urgent appeal to accept the service and salvation of Christ, Lawrence gave out the hymn,

Ye thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,  
And take, through his blood, a power to draw near;

His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,  
Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.

He was fond of those long lifting tunes, which had a measured cadence in their swell like that of an ocean wave. The hymn was sung with a right good will, and after a fervent prayer, Lawrence disappeared from their midst. He sought the dim recesses of the forest, and falling on his knees gave vent to his feelings in a gush of tears—tears of holy joy that he had been permitted to preach the glorious Message of the King, the Gospel of salvation to his fellow men.

Every Sunday evening for the rest of the season was similarly employed. Even the most reckless voted that it was "better than playin' cards, an' didn't rile the temper so much either; though it did mak' 'em feel kind o' bad sometimes, an' no mistake."

Jim Dowler with the characteristic enthusiasm of a young convert, enjoyed these services immensely.

"That's the sort o' preachin' I like," he would say. "None o' yer readin' outen a book. Mr. Wesley's sermons may be all very good, but I like to look inter a man's eyes when he's a-talkin'; now this preachin' makes a body's soul feel good all the way down to his boots."

"Guess all the soul you've got's in your boots," sneered the Oxford scholar, who among other accomplishments had acquired at that great seat of learning an accent of scepticism and a tendency toward punning. "That kind of talk," he graciously admitted, "is not bad for a lumberman, and may do for the backwoods but it would never do for old Brasenose."

"Who is old Brasenose, any way?" inquired our friend Dennis O'Neal, who was greatly puzzled by Evans' frequent references to his *alma mater*. "Ould brazenhead, he deserves to be called if that prachin' wouldn't suit him."

(To be continued.)

SMALL HINGES.

GREAT doors turn on small hinges. Sometimes a written or a printed line, a spoken word, an expression of feeling, an unexpected opportunity, has changed the whole current of a man's thought enlarged his views, and lifted him out of the narrow sphere in which he dwelt, and in which he had expected to end his days.

But he is not thus lifted up without any effort on his part. The gates in the canal do not yield until the pressure of water is sufficient to open or close them.

The portcullis defies the assaults of the foe, but opens easily to the entreaties of a friend, and formidable barriers that are built for protection in times of war give way to those who come on peaceful errands.

No amount of pushing or beating may move the door through which you are anxious to obtain an entrance, but a slight pressure of the latch or

the turning of a key will give you immediate admission.

We meet with doors at every turn, and some of them it is dangerous to open. They swing on small hinges, and access is easy, but beyond is a deep pit out of which it is not so easy to extricate one's self. We enter simply through ariosity—that is the small hinge—and are dazed and blinded by the dangers surrounding us, and cannot seem to find our way back through the door by which we entered. There is loss of will power. When men are anxious to get out of Satan's clutches there is always a way of escape ready for them.

There is no excuse for our staying on the wrong side of any door that swings inward or outward according to our desires.

What wide and blessed doors are hung on the small hinges of prayer! How little we are required to do in order to obtain the most gracious bounty! All over the walls of God's holy habitation, facing earthward, are words of gracious invitation, such as these: "Ask and ye shall receive." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

What do we need more than this? What is there to deter us? Were we to expend the same amount of energy to secure heavenly things that we do to obtain earthly pleasures, we would be rolling in wealth that has no limitation, and living in the perpetual sunshine of God's favour.

To prevent the small hinges from getting rusty, we must keep them in constant use, and ask, seek, knock, according to the soul's need.

A COURTEOUS CAT.

A MEMBER of a zoological society says: "I once had a cat which always sat up at the dinner-table with me, and had his napkin around his neck, and his plate and some fish. He used his paw, of course, but he was very particular, and behaved with extraordinary decorum. When he had finished his fish, I sometimes gave him a piece of mine.

"One day he was not to be found when the dinner-bell rang, so we began without him. Just as the plates were put around for the *entree*, puss came rushing up stairs, and sprang into his chair with two mice in his mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse onto his own plate and one onto mine. He divided his dinner with me, as I had divided mine with him."—*Manchester Times.*

A LITTLE girl from the city was on her first visit to the country. While riding near Clifton Springs she saw a lot of cat-tails near the road. "O auntie," she exclaimed, "I never knew before that sausages grew on sticks!"