

I should be able to talk to you ~~like~~ this, and I don't even know your name!

'My name is Macdonald!' he said, smiling.

Presently the doctor called her, and then went away. He had not wanted any help, 'He would get over it this time,' he said.

Then Macdonald rose, and as they said good-bye she added, 'You have helped me. I mean to try Jesus Christ.'

### The Church on the Common.

It was Sunday afternoon. The city clocks, large and small, had struck the hour of two, and the warm rays of the early summer sun had driven the loungers to the shade. Passing rapidly down the street at a half trot, with an anxious, inquiring expression upon his wrinkled face, came a little old man.

'What ye looking fur, Daddy?' asked one of the brawny young men who was leaning against the rail in front of a saloon.

'Have you seen my boy, Tom?' was the eager inquiry.

'Yes, he's down at Dockerty's.'

With a queer little bow of thanks the old man hastened away. The red-eyed young athlete to whom the newcomer had spoken voiced the thought of all when he said.

'Poor little codger! Just a "little bit off." He follers Tom 'round and pesters the life out of him to go to the meeting. Of course Tom is good to him, but he does get awfully provoked sometimes, when he is out for a nice quiet Sunday, and that little old father of his will come along and get hold of his arm and try to run him into some sort of a Gospel praise meeting. Now, yer know, Tom ain't one of that sort of fellers; he is "one of the boys," and when anybody succeeds in getting him within sound of a parson's voice, why they'll do something that ain't never been done yet.'

The father hurried through the street, taking all the short-cuts possible, until he reached the place named, and there, sure enough, sitting on an empty keg, a black pipe between his teeth, was Tom. No one would have imagined that big Tom Blackthorne was the son of the diminutive specimen who now stepped briskly up with a joyful look, and saying in a quivering voice:

'Why, Tommy, my lad, I've been looking for you.'

Great, six foot, brawny Tom glanced down upon the speaker with a look of pitying tolerance, but did not condescend to answer.

'I want you to come over to the Common,' said the piping voice.

'What for?'

'Going to be some fun there,' said the old man, with an attempt at good fellowship that was an absurd failure. The young giant on the barrel smiled good-humoredly, but did not stir.

'Now, Daddy,' he said, pointing to a seat which the old man obediently took, 'now, Daddy, what's the use of following me 'round this way? You know you can't rake me into any preaching; I'm dead set against it. I hate it, but I'm willing that you should go all you wish, and shout glory just as loud as you can, and crack yer voice if yer want to; but I don't want any of it in mine, Daddy.'

'But, Tom,' argued the other, 'this is

different; this ain't no church; all the boys go, and the singing is splendid, and I tell ye, there's going to be fun there!'

'Fun! What fun is there in psalm-singing? What fun is there in preaching? Oh, you can't catch me that way!'

'I tell yer, Tom, there's going to be fun; it's agin the law for them men to preach, and the cops are goin' to pull them in.'

At once the son was interested. He made a movement as if to go; then, recollecting himself, sank back into his old position.

'Somebody's been stuffing yer, old man.'

'No, they haven't; I know all about it. They had warrants out after last Sunday's preaching, and pulled them in and fined them ten dollars apiece. And they're going to be there again this Sunday. I know it, sure.'

Without another word the young man stood up and started on a steady stride for the Common.

Once there, Tom Blackthorne decided to see the thing through, especially as he expected, before the service was finished, to see the daring offender against the law pulled down from his pulpit, and perhaps shaken up a trifle, or possibly clubbed; or, at all events, marched to the station house. And so the exercise went on.

Crowded among those in the front rank stood Tom, and close beside him was his father. Standing there they saw the burly policemen step forward when the singer had given place to a second gentleman who read from the Bible, and with official brusqueness taken down the name and address.

'Don't seem to scare them two fellows very much,' muttered Tom, keenly eyeing the preachers.

'It's because the Lord is with them,' whispered the old man, with a half frightened, half joyful quaver in his voice.

'You shut up,' said Tom.

And the father obeyed.

For more than an hour the reading and singing and preaching went on, and Tom, great, burly, skeptical Tom, restless wherever he was, dissatisfied with everything except rioting, stood and listened to it all. And once as the old man glanced up into his face, he saw the great red hand go up and brush away a tear, but he had no chance to rejoice, for Tom in his deep bass voice said savagely, 'Shut up, old man.'

When the service closed, Tom with authority in his voice, sent his father home, and himself started for an afternoon's pleasuring at City Point.

Weeks passed swiftly by. Services were held on that Common which will make heaven ring, for more than one poor sinner found there the way to heaven.

Down Washington street, on a half-trot, came one day a little bent, aged figure.

'It's old Blackthorne,' said the loungers in subdued tones. But none of them laughed, not one, for a deep sorrow had fallen on the old man. Tom was killed that day. He stopped for a moment answering the pitying bow of an acquaintance.

'Pretty rough about Tom,' said the man, with an attempt at sympathy.

The old man straightened up, though his voice shook pitifully as he said:

'No, Jim, ain't rough; it is all right. I wouldn't have it different.'

'You wouldn't,' said the other, thrown entirely off his guard, and in utter surprise—'you wouldn't! Why, man alive, think of what an awful thing it is to be

scalded to death, as Tom was! Why, I believe I'd rather be shot to pieces a hundred times than suffer as he suffered them two hours to-day. You wouldn't had it different! Why, man, you're crazy!'

'No; I wouldn't had it different,' repeated the old man, the tears rolling down his cheeks. 'The Lord gave and the Lord took away; blessed be the name of the Lord. I know what poor Tom suffered, and I remember it all; but when I remember something else I forget that.'

'What's that?'

'Well, that,' said the old man, his face lighting up, 'that is, that Tom as he died belonged to the church.'

The listener looked at him pityingly.

'Old fellow,' he said, 'you had better go home; your head troubles you; you ain't all right; you don't know just what you're going to say. Tom didn't belong to no church.'

'Indeed he did—to a church that God knows, if man does not!'

'What church is that?' asked the listener.

'The church on the Common.'

'Did Tom take any stock in that?' was the subdued inquiry.

For reply the other drew out a little rubbed Testament with morocco binding, and turning its leaves, pointed to a worn and tear-stained place, and said:

'Tom heard that chapter on the Common; that was the beginning of the change for him; and as he lay dying he whispered to me, and he says, "Daddy, can you read it?" and I knew what he meant; so I read it to him; and Tom did like he used to when he was a little child, folded his hands across his breast, and with his poor, burnt lips, prayed. Yes, thank God, he was in heart a member of God's church on the Common, and I never truly knowed it till to-day. You don't think strange of it, do you? But I wouldn't have it no different.'

### Healing Through Mr. Muller's Prayer.

(The 'Christian Herald'.)

A remarkable case of answered prayer is that of Mr. Pentoul, an old man of ninety years of age. He was at one time very ill, suffering from cancer in the face. He lived in Bristol, and was one day visited by Mr. George Muller. That saintly man, full of sympathy for his sad case, prayed for him in the following terms: 'If it be thy will, thou canst restore thy dear servant to perfect health and strength, and if it be thy will and for thy glory, we beg of thee to do it.' The wife expressed her thanks, and said that, of the many who had come to see her husband, no one had ever prayed for his recovery before. Soon after the place began to heal, and eventually a new skin gathered over the diseased part, and that old man of ninety regained strength again. Some time afterwards the narrator of this incident saw Mr. Pentoul along with Mr. Muller on the same platform. Truly, 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'

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