

## Self-Help.

The road to honour and wealth, boys,  
You all would like to know;  
The secret in a nut-shell lies—  
Just pay your way as you go.

Don't borrow of your chums, boys,  
A nickel now and then,  
The debt will keep increasing,  
And be dollars when your men.

Just practice self-denial, boys,  
And keep your conscience clear,  
It is the road to happiness,  
And wealth, too—never fear.

Just go without, there's no disgrace  
In patches on the knee;  
Abu Lincoln wore his trousers so,  
And who so grand as he?

Don't go in debt to rum, boys,  
'Twill hold with iron grip,  
When once it fastens on your throat  
You can't give it the slip.

Don't let tobacco chain you,  
And keep your breath impure,  
'Twill steal away your pennies,  
And keep you always poor.

Be sure and pay your mother, boys,  
For all her patient care;  
Don't let her work alone, boys,  
But try and do your share.

So keep your courage up, lads,  
And fight old Satan down,  
He's waiting 'round the corner—  
But just greet him with a frown.

He'll slink and quail before the eyes  
Of purity and truth,  
And turn his coward back on you  
If you're a proper youth.

## Remarkable Conversions.

BY I. METCALF.

ANY conversion is remarkable, indeed a miracle, a creative act, hence deserving the attention of the thoughtful. But I know of none more wonderful than those of Gilbert West, Esq., and his friend, Lord Lyttelton. They lived through the early part of last century, were reared by pious parents, and were the subjects of many prayers. As Mr. West says, in a letter to Dr. P. Doddridge (14th March, 1747), when writing of the benefits of an early education in the principles of religion, "I owe to the early care of a most excellent woman, my mother, that bent and bias to religion, which, with the co-operating grace of God, hath at length brought me back to those paths of peace from whence I might have otherwise been in danger of deviating forever."

To tell how he was brought back is the object of this notice, and the reader will also observe the power of God's Holy Word when the Holy Spirit gives it effect.

West and Lyttelton were, to some extent, model young men. They found no pleasure in the fast life which young persons in their sphere generally lived. The race-ground, the bull-ring, or the bear-garden had no attraction for them. They were cultured *litterati* whose tastes ran in more laudable directions. Lyttelton was at this time known as the writer of some polite letters, which he often afterwards wished out of existence because of their

immoral tendency. Mr. West was known as a poet and a translator of classic authors, and both stood high in London society. But they were infidels, and as such were characterized by the same gross assumption which we find in the infidels of our own day. No doubt, looking at their acquirements, and comparing themselves with others in their own sphere of life, who had possessed the same splendid opportunities, but whose tastes and habits were base and grovelling, they had a right to feel proud of their talents, as well as their morals, which, infidels though they were, were not bad, but what we should call exemplary.

When in the height of this pride of intellect they conceived the idea of writing a book which would have the effect of quashing or extinguishing the Holy Scriptures, and by previous arrangement met for the purpose of considering the plan of the work at the house of Lyttelton, being perfectly confident in their own intelligence and ability to do all they desired. After consulting together till a late hour, and having arranged the plan of the work, Lyttelton said to his friend, "Well, West, I shall have to depend on you for all the knowledge of Scripture necessary to this undertaking," to which Mr. West replied, "I was going to depend on your Lordship," upon which it transpired that neither of them had ever read the Book they were to reply to—a curious predicament for two such men to find themselves in—(for West some years after describes Lyttelton as "the best critic, the best friend, and the best man in this world.") But they saw at once the absurdity, and determined at once to make themselves acquainted with the Bible, and there and then determined to meet at each other's houses alternately three evenings a week, reading eight chapters at each meeting, till the Scriptures were read.

It was while pursuing this determination that the Holy Spirit touched their consciences. They read through the Pentateuch, and on and on, till the second Psalm was reached, when it became West's turn to read the verse, "Kiss the Son lest he be angry," when he was mastered by the conquering and converting power of the grace of God, and with great difficulty concealed his perturbation from his friend, of whose jeers he was afraid. The meetings continued. The Book of Psalms, etc., were read, and the 53rd of Isaiah was reached when it became Lyttelton's turn to read the verse, "He was wounded for our transgressions," etc., when he was struck by such power as to make him leap from his seat and cry out; when they rushed to each other's arms to rejoice over a Saviour's redeeming love, and from such a conversion there was no backsliding.

Cowley's lines on Crashaw have been happily applied to West:

"Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given  
The two most sacred names of earth and  
heaven."

While Melmoth says of him, "In him the Christian, the scholar, and the gentleman were happily united."

Some time after their conversion, while conversing on the evidences of the Christian religion, Mr. West observed to his friend, that he thought, if properly considered, the circumstances attending the Resurrection would afford ample proof of the truth of their religion; upon which Lyttelton asked him to write out for him his "Observations on the Resurrection," which he did in a tract, while Lyttelton returned the compliment in a tract on "St. Paul." Both of these remain to us as abundant proof of the ability and piety of the writers.

North Wiltshire, P. E. I.

## "Toward Evening."

COME and abide with us to-night!  
The day has made us very tired,  
And, pensive in the fading light,  
We watch the blessings we desired  
Grow dim before us, and depart  
Out of the reach of hand and hear.

Is it because our weary eyes  
Are hidden, that we do not see  
The golden promise of the skies,  
The beauty that there used to be?  
Sad hearts can make the whole world sad,  
And thou alone can'st make us glad.

But though the time of gloom is brief,  
We need thee, gracious Saviour, now;  
Thy touch, thy word, can give relief;  
There is no friend so dear as thou;  
Oh! come, and near to us abide,  
And comfort us this eventide.

We wait for thee beside the cross;  
But thou, O Lord of life and day,  
Has triumphed over shame and loss,  
And borne the sins of the world away;  
And lo! our eventide grows bright,  
Light of the world, in thy great light.  
—Marianne Farningham.

## A True Story.

UP among the hills of India a woman lay sick and dying. It was a barren, cheerless room in which she lay—a desolate home, for homes in India are not the joyous, happy institutions they are in America. Home to us means almost heaven—a sweet retreat from the world's frowns and storms—a quiet resting-place when cares are over and duties done. But no such charm dwelt in this sick one's home. In her home were but four bare prison walls; a shelter from the storm 'tis true, but not a sweet shelter for that woman's heart that yearned for woman's love and sympathy; no dainty dishes to tempt her failing appetite; no gentle soothing of her pillows; no one to arrange with snowy whiteness her bed, for she was a woman, and lived in India; and to be a woman there meant little more than to be a beast of burden here. Many long months had passed since disease had seized that body. Long and weary hours had been spent, the eyes had ached, the brain had throbbled, the brow had burned with fever heat—but no relief had come. She was a woman, and for women there was no help, no

hope, only to suffer on until "life's fitful fever was over."

The last rays of the setting sun were still lingering about the hill-tops as this sick one lay watching their changing hues, and wondering, no doubt, where all the brightness was going, and if the sun would ever again come back to her; or if, perchance, there was a God who cared for her, when her attention was aroused by a woman's voice. She eagerly listened; but it was only another Hindoo woman, whose life was as cheerless and hopeless as hers, and again she turned wearily away. But, hark! strange words she heard. What were they saying? A "foreign lady" had come to help the sick women. Could that be true? Hope sprang up within that breast, and she strangely yearned to see the "foreign lady" who had come so far to help poor, needy women. Alas! she was in another province, and this sick one was very weak and weary. Somehow the journey was taken. Strength was strangely given, and the plains below were safely reached. To the "foreign lady" she had come; and now one of our own medical missionaries was beside her, soothing with gentle, cooling touch, her fevered brow; counting the weak and fluttering pulse, bathing again and again the aching limbs, while she whispered in her ear the sweet old story of Jesus and his love—of his coming down to this earth that he might lift us up to heaven; how he gave his own life to save even hers, and had now gone to prepare a place for her, even a many-mansioned home. For the first time she listened to what to us is indeed "an old, old story." For the first time she *knew* there was a God. "O why have I never known this before!" she said. "Why has no one ever come to tell this to the women of my province?" The words were full of sweetness and rest to her, for she was sad and weary. She had come for physical healing, but she had found the Great Physician of souls. With a quiet, resting smile, she fell asleep—the sleep that knows no waking—but with her parting breath she said, "Won't you send some one up among the hills to tell these sweet words to the women of my province?" She was gone—gone to the many-mansioned home—gone to dwell forever with her Saviour, of whom she had just heard.

But for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of America she might have gone down through the valley whose shadow is said to be dark, with no ray of light to cheer her soul.

God bless our medical missionaries in their double work of healing body and soul. God bless our Christian women with wide-planning and liberal giving that many hungry hearts may be fed with the bread of life. Our work is not in vain; but "the fields are white already to harvest," the grain is nodding for the sickle, while the earnest labourers are few.