

That text you gave me out of the thirty-seventh Psalm has been running in my head all this week. No, they don't stick when you roll them up [in answer to a timid question I had ventured to put to him a moment previously]. I've got over that by the use of a patent varnish. Dry as tinder, sir; and the crackle they make is like music.'

For a week or two after this I came across painted blinds in different parts of the town as I went on my pastoral rounds. I knew them in a moment for my friend's handiwork with their floral borders, and mountainous monstrosities of landscape, bathed in the light of sunset or moon-rise. 'Seen my new blind?' a woman said to me one day as soon as I had stepped into her little 'parlor.' Then, without more ado, she went on to say, 'Just you go outside while I let it down. There's a beautiful "mountainous" picture on it as'll do yer eyes good to see. Master says he never see'd note like it in his life. There ain't its match in the hart gall'ry. Just you go outside a minute. You can't see the beauty of it from the room.'

Before I had finished my inspection I was joined by one or two spectators, whose comments would have made the artist blush with honest pride.

A VISIT TO HIS HOME.

'Will you come in and see me in my home?' my friend asked one day. 'You'll find my room a queer sort of place. It's refectory, kitchen, lavatory, oratory, and workshop, all in one.'

I went with him, and soon he began to speak of a matter which he told me had been upon his mind day and night ever since he had turned his back upon the stage. 'I must come out,' he said, 'or I shall never have any comfort and self-respect as a Christian. I had thought of giving myself a six months' trial before making any public declaration. But it won't do; I'm getting miserable about it, and ashamed to show my face among Christian people. Will you baptize and take me into the Christian fold? Oh, my dear sir, if you knew how wretched I am when I think of this delay, and how much I think of a public profession as a duty I owe to my Lord and Saviour—' Here my friend was more completely overcome than I have ever seen him. I assured him there was no reason for delay; I should only be too glad to be his servant in the matter, and I was sure my church officers and all the members of the church would take the same view. 'Thank God!' he exclaimed; 'you have taken a load off my mind.'

Never did I baptise a more tearfully joyful disciple, and never in all its long history did the old meeting-house shelter a more curiously mixed congregation than the one that came together—to use the current phraseology—to see a tom-fool turn Christian and be baptized. Every section of the Church and of society seemed to be represented. The whole troupe from the theatre seemed to be there also. 'Let me stand facing them,' he suggested, when he heard, just before the service, of their presence and the place they occupied; 'I was ready enough to stand up with them on the stage.'

I WILL NOT TURN MY BACK TO THEM NOW.

No worshippers could have behaved better than they did, and when the critical moment arrived for which we all looked forward, and the words of the sacred formula were repeated, some of them were fain to hide their faces and their tears behind the

lofty framework of the old-fashioned pews.

In a few days the theatre was removed to another town. 'We must clear out,' so the gov'nor was reported to have said, 'or I shall lose some more of my troupe. Tom Perkin's performance has spoilt my game in this place. We must get away before any more harm is done.'

On the way home after Sunday evening service, a week or two later on, I noticed a large crowd of people of all sorts gathered around a speaker in the market-place.

'Who is the preacher?' I asked a policeman, who was looking on from the edge of the crowd.

'They tell me as its Perkins, the clown, sir; him as was baptized a Sunday or two ago. But I don't know him myself, sir; never was inside o' one o' them travellin' shows in my life. He's a good speaker, anyhow. Don't bawl and shout; and yet you can hear 'im if you stand anywhere in the crowd, as plain as you can 'ear me now.'

It was true enough. In a musical, well-modulated, and well-controlled voice, my friend was holding the attention of everyone in this large crowd, while he spoke to them of the great change which had come to him, through the

RENEWING POWER OF CHRIST'S GOSPEL.

'Some of you have seen me in a different guise,' he was saying as I approached. 'You would recognize me at once if I were rigged out in the old toggery. Some of you knew me well enough in my show days. But you don't know me now, because I am clothed decently, and have left my face as God made it. It's a great change for me to open my mouth in public without first making myself look a silly fool or a swaggering ruffian. But the change from a painted face to a plain face, from motley garments to modest attire, is nothing to the change within. Aye, if I could only make it plain to you, and tell you what it all means, and let you know what a load has gone off my mind—an ugly load of sin and fear—and what joy and peace have come to take their place! If I could only make you understand a hundredth part of the blessedness of feeling that your sins, which are many, are all forgiven! If I could only show you Jesus Christ as I saw him on that night a few weeks ago when I sat up till daybreak with the New Testament in my hand! If you could only hear him say to you as he said to me, "Him that cometh unto me"—Excuse me, my friends, I can't go on; it's too much for me; just sing a verse, will you?'

A clear voice rose from the midst of the crowd, 'O happy day that fixed my choice.' But very few were able to join in the singing. Most of those who did so were women; the men were nearly all of them silent. At the close a well-known local preacher mounted the chair and said: 'Now, friends, you've heard our brother's testimony; he can't say no more this evenin', bein' as 'is 'art is too full. Go hum an' think abewt it, and kum 'ere next Sunday night, and he'll speak to you agen.' Then, with a brief prayer, he dismissed them.

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Stony Ground.

(W. Rye Leigh, in 'The Methodist Recorder'.)

(Continued.)

She lay there, covered by a ragged and dirty counterpane, with an old coat rolled under her head to serve as pillow, and even David Middleton's unpracticed eye could not fail to see that she very ill.

She was the counterpart of her sister in the shape of her face and the color of her hair, and not unlike her in feature, but though her eyes were bright with fever David thought they were softer and dreamier than Victoria's, and her lips were not so thin and firm. Her cheeks burned crimson with hidden fire, but the delirium had left her and she was quite sensible, as the doctor had said.

'I knew ye'd come,' she said in a low tone, while a faint smile lit up her face. 'I' young leddy said 'at we must ask right 'art if we wanted aught right bad an' 'at 'E'd 'earken. An' I shut my eyes right tight an' asked ever so many time an' I knew ye'd come, cos 'er said so.'

Oh, the simple faith of childhood! How it puts us to shame! How reproachfully it speaks to us who are of larger growth!

David wondered who 'she' was and why Jinny had not sent for the young lady in whose words she had so much confidence, but it was no time for curious questionings. He laid one hand on the little girl's hot palm and with the other smoothed back the tangled hair from her forehead. Then a sudden thought struck him and he drew a white linen handkerchief from the breast pocket of his overcoat and, gently raising the child's head, he spread the handkerchief over the rough pillow. 'It looks better,' he said to himself, 'and it will be cooler.'

The child looked up into his face and smiled again, but she sighed, too—a little sigh of gratitude and comfort, that stabbed David Middleton's heart and made him sob a little, deep down, for he had children of his own.

'And why did you want to see a parson so badly, my child?' he asked. 'Do you want one to tell you more about the Saviour whom the young lady loves?'

'I want ye to tell me all about it agen, so as I'll know it's true,' gasped the little sufferer. 'Tell me as quick as ye can if 'E loves little uns like me. Tell me if 'E loves them 'at's been bad uns, an' if ther' is really a place for me. Ther' is a place for me, isn't ther'? Oh! don't say 'at ther' isn't a place for me, 'cos t' young leddy said ther' was,' and the child's eyes opened wide and gazed up into David Middleton's face with such a yearning look of intense anxiety that the tears sprang into his eyes and overflowed.

'Oh, yes, my child, yes! Do not doubt it,' he answered, earnestly, and he stroked her hair fondly as he spoke. 'The Lord Jesus Christ loves little children; loves them dearly. When he was here on earth he used to take them up in his arms and bless them. He died for little children and there are thousands of little ones with him in heaven.'

'I know,' whispered the child, 't' young leddy said so. Go on.'

'Why,' continued David, 'do you know he told us grown-up people that we should have to become like little children before we could be fit for heaven. He meant, you know, that we should have to love him like a child loves