

ly; one confessed that he had never been in a Sabbath school in his life.

#### DRUMBLADE.

Drumblade was mentioned on the same occasion as both there, and in nine parishes around, there has been a great work of revival. After much prayer for a blessing, meetings were held, and many were awakened. Some of these were men bearing office in the Church who had always passed for Christians. For a long time they could find no relief, but came night after night only to mourn. A telegram was one day sent to the Edinburgh noon-meeting, requesting special prayer for that night's meeting at Drumblade. That day, one of four deacons who were concerned was set free in the enquiry room, and the rest soon followed. From that day the full tide of blessing set in. Seventy or eighty families have obtained blessing, and thirty young communicants were received instead of the usual five or six.

#### EDINBURGH.

With regard to the work in Edinburgh it is not easy to report progress at this season of the year. Yet, except as to numbers, we believe there is no falling off. The meetings may be thinned in comparison with what they have been, but they are never lifeless; and one seldom passes a day without either hearing of some new cause for thanksgiving, or else discovering some hitherto unknown fruit of the winter's work. Almost everyone, whether interested in the work or not, has felt the past winter to be different from the ordinary course of things. A librarian told a lady of our acquaintance that he could not sell novels now. A confectioner complained that the part of his trade which consisted in providing ball suppers had almost entirely fallen off. One of the leading sceptics in Edinburgh watched the movement during December and January with contemptuous feelings. "If Mr. Moody," he said, "was away, we should soon see all those ministers, who are now working so harmoniously, at each other's throats." Mr. Moody left; and he watched in vain for the fulfilment of his prediction. Four months afterwards he said, "The work and the oneness perfectly stagger me."

A lady getting into conversation with a workman, found he was a happy Christian. "How long have you been thus rejoicing?" she asked. Six months ago, he said, he had heard an address from the words, "Whosoever believeth hath everlasting life." "I could not take it to myself then," he said, "but when I went home that night, I dreamt that 'whosoever' meant me. I got bang out of bed, and got the Bible to see the words, and there it was,

'whosoever.'" "But you knew it was in the Bible, didn't you?" "Yes; but I wanted to see it with my own eyes, and I've been resting on it ever since."

A person going into a room to arrange about a small meeting, got into conversation with the elderly woman who kept the room. It was at the time of Mr. Moody's later visit to Edinburgh. "I heard Mr. Moody last night," she said. "How did you get admission?" "I had a green ticket. A convert's ticket. 'Are you a 'young convert' then?" "Oh yes," said the young woman, smiling. "Was it under Mr. Moody?" "No," she said, "it was two months ago, just in this room here."

At the Mother's Meeting a mother rose, and, with a voice almost choked with emotion, said, "I must to-day ask you to give thanks for my son, who has been incessantly prayed for in this meeting for four months."

Most of those present remembered the case of that young man, as they often presented it before God in prayer, and once been asked to give thanks for a partial answer to prayer. He had left for a distant land as a physician, shortly before these meetings began, and his name had been mentioned at a time when the quickening received by many a mother was showing itself in doubly earnest pleadings for her children.

"Soon after he left," continued the mother, "I told you of a letter from him which rejoiced my heart. It was merely to say that he had not forgotten my advice, and that he had so far followed it in the weeks that we had been separated as to give up smoking, and to become a teetotaler. I then asked you to give thanks with me, for I felt that even this was an answer to prayer, and an earnest that the full answer was on its way. I have got that answer now; and now I ask you to give thanks, and rejoice with me, that my son who was dead, is alive again. He writes, after a severe illness from fever, and says that while he was on what he then thought was on his dying bed—in a land of strangers—Jesus found him and revealed His love to him, and drew his heart sweetly to Himself. He has been raised up again, I trust, to be a light to those around him."

We heard yesterday, says Dr. Bonar, of the conversion of a gentleman who had all winter ridiculed the meetings, without ever attending one. "Would it be wise," a friend said to him, "to go and see for yourself, just once?" and he went to the great open air meeting on the Queen's birthday, and was arrested there. A lady who had been there, asked prayer in deep distress a few days after, but was that