

# Northern Messenger

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## The Worn-Out Clog.

(By W. F. Elmes.)

It happened in a town on the banks of the Mersey. We were in the midst of a revival. For several nights our Mission Hall was crowded with numbers of working men.

On one of these nights a rough-bearded, unkempt specimen of humanity mounted the stairs and entered the mission-room. He was in his shirt sleeves, rolled up beyond his elbows; a fine picture of muscular power and solid strength. A friend standing near whispered, 'Here comes Billy Rowles. Thank God!' At the bottom of the hall he stood with folded arms, glaring defiantly at me as

of a whispered prayer from some brother, and the words came to us, 'Lord, save him,' and our faith grew stronger until, with almost absolute certainty, we felt that the Lord had sealed poor Billy for His own.

Towards the close of the meeting a change in Billy was clearly perceptible. The strong man was visibly trembling. His emotions had fairly mastered him. As we knelt in prayer at the close, down on his knees he fell; and a few minutes thereafter I was urging him to yield his heart to God. He clutched my arm in his great horny hand, and said—

'Not now—not to-night. I shall be saved, and then I shall stand by your side for Christ.'

I saw the look of determination in his

witness. His testimony was simply grand! I hope to meet him by and by in heaven.

A few weeks after this wonderful change had taken place, at a Sunday service, in a large hall, where over a thousand persons were present, I called on Billy to testify to the grace of God. Twelve years have passed since that first testimony was given, but those who were present can never forget it.

Billy stood beside me on the platform, and told with such graphic description how a mother's prayers followed him all through those weary years of drink and dissipation, and how the Lord had met him and saved his soul. Many were in tears. All knew the man. But the climax was reached when he told how he had starved his wife and bairns to obtain drink; and pulling from one of his pockets a child's clog, with the wooden sole completely worn through, he said—

'Here, friends, don't you think it was time I got converted? That was one of my children's clogs before I gave my heart to God.' And throwing it into the middle of the hall, he said, 'Look at it, friends.'

Billy was employed in unloading barges, and after his conversion had much persecution from his work-mates; so he always carried that clog with him as an unanswerable argument, to the change wrought in his heart and life, and would point with pleasure to his well-clothed children, proving that 'godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'

Some months after, when I left the town for the south of England, Billy was holding on his way rejoicing. He had joined a building society, and one day he asked me to take a walk with him. I went, and reaching the outskirts of the town, he pointed with pleasure to three nearly-completed neat cottages, saying—

'See what God has done for me. I am going to live in this end one, and let the other two.'

Reader, Jesus lives to-day, and is as able to 'save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.' If you are bound by the chain of evil habit and sin, and if you feel helpless in the grip of the enemy, flee to Jesus, for He is 'mighty to save,' even now. —'British Messenger.'

## Reverence For Life.

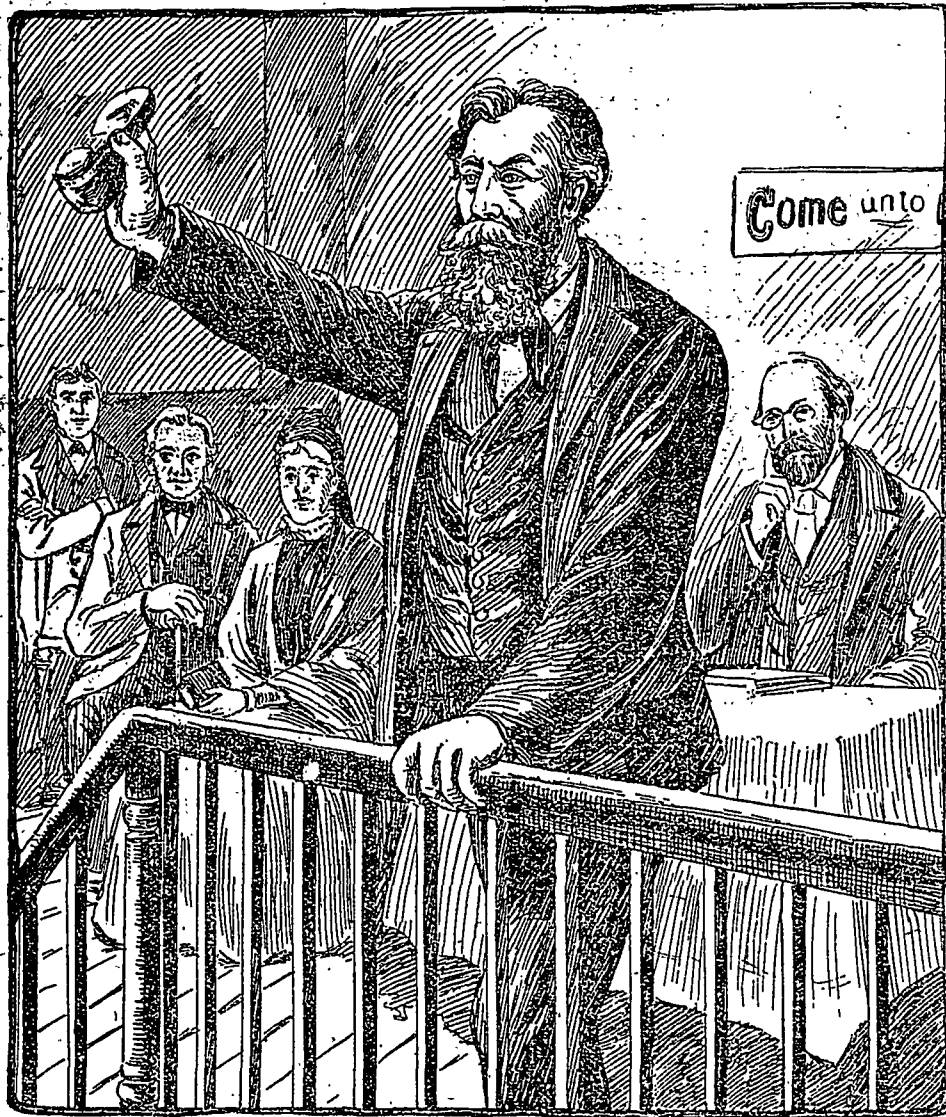
AN UNUSUAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

(By Juniata Stafford.)

There is one very valuable lesson that can be taught to Sunday-school classes that is very seldom thought of: a reverence for life. I do not mean human life alone, but all life.

When one considers the matter in a reverential way, it seems strange that there should exist so universal an aversion to what we call the lower forms of life—bugs, beetles, caterpillars, snails, moths, and worms. Why do people so usually shudder and squirm when these creatures are mentioned or appear? Because they have not been taught a proper interest in, or reverence for, the principle of life, in its varied forms of expression.

Children who have been made familiar



THE WORN-OUT CLOG.

I told in simple language the story of the love of Christ for sinners. Every moment I expected some interruption. He was the child of many prayers. His mother, a respected member of the Methodist Church, had prayed for Billy's conversion for many years. His brother, a local preacher, had wrestled with God for him, but up till this moment he had resisted all efforts for his salvation. Even now, while I was speaking, one could feel the blessed, subtle influence of real, earnest prayer going up to Heaven for the prodigal so steeped in sin and drink.

Now and then one could catch the sound

eyes, and knew that it was useless to urge him further; so with a whispered prayer I left him in God's hands, and passed on to another seeker after salvation.

Two nights thereafter Billy again appeared. At the close he voluntarily came forward, and asked the prayers of believers, saying, 'I have come to give myself to Christ.' There he fell upon his knees, and received from God the blessings of pardon and peace, through believing.

It was a clear, definite conversion. His mother's prayers were fully answered. He became one of the most zealous workers for God that it has ever been my joy to