

express, we had a little prayer-meeting, and the Lord drew very near. From her lips came a sentence of earnest prayer, as in simple fashion she gave herself to the Lord Jesus, yielding heart and life and soul to him, just as she was, for ever!

Then she read for herself those words in John vi., 37: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' and I asked:

'You have come here in this railway train, and given yourself to him?' 'Yes, I have.'

'Then has he cast you out?' 'Oh, no. He said he wouldn't.' 'Then what has he done?' 'Why, he's received me!' and the light of 'sudden joy' broke over her face. Then I asked:

'Since he has received you, who has to deal with the question of your sin—you or the Lord Jesus?' 'Why, he has.'

'Yes; see what his Word says about it: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." Whose transgressions was the Lord Jesus wounded for?'

'Mine!'

'Then you are free!' and together we read the verse in the first person, 'He was wounded for "my" transgressions, he was bruised for "my" iniquities—the chastisement of "my" peace was upon him, and with his stripes I am healed!' Then together we thanked and praised him for so great salvation.

The train slowed down at a big junction, and my companion changed to a branch line for her home. But, oh, the change in her face! Despite the fact that she was on the way to her father's dying bed, the light of a holy joy shone in her face, and God had stamped his own peace upon her brow.

A few days later I had a letter from the railway porter's young wife—a sweet little note—full of joy and assurance in God. 'Perhaps,' she said in closing, 'I may never meet you again on earth, but I shall see you in heaven, where I shall be one star in your crown!'

So far we have not met—our paths never crossed again; but through a long eternity we shall praise him who is able to save anyhow and anywhere, even in flying express or dashing railway train!

Temperance Pledge Roll.

Mrs. M. A. Blanchette, of Trenholmvile, Que., sends the following names of lads who have signed the 'Messenger' Pledge Roll:—

William Edward Blanchette, Trenholmvile, Que.

James Alfred Blanchette, Trenholmvile, Que.

George West, Trenholmvile, Que.

George Sullivan, Trenholmvile, Que.

Fred. Blanchette, Richmond, Que.

The Mid-week Meeting—A Discovery.

(John H. Mason, in the Chicago 'Standard'.)

I had been feeling for some time that something might be done for our midweek meeting. It was large, strong, devotional and in many ways satisfactory already. But I wanted to see the attention of my people more concentrated and more sustained on the word of God. Further, I believed that a new emphasis upon the divine word would draw in some who had fallen by the way.

The Epistle to the Ephesians was the scripture chosen for the experiment. The time given to the book extended from September to January. In September a printed slip was distributed in the form of a bookmark, upon which the schedule was laid out. The passage for each week was designated and a topic for each scripture was drawn from the passage.

Every student of the Bible knows that the

Epistle to the Ephesians is not easy reading; and further that in this, as in other Pauline epistles, the harder and therefore more discouraging part is at the beginning. I knew that my people were just average men and women. There were few college graduates among them and few who had learned to study or to think in the thorough-going method of to-day. Yet I was not moved to select an easier epistle or one that would lend itself to a more simple analysis. I was convinced that my people were fully equal intellectually to the humble saints at Ephesus to whom Paul primarily wrote. At least, I determined to try them. I suggested that every attendant should read the entire epistle every day, from September to January. That provoked a smile, but some of them thought it worth trying.

The first meeting was not altogether encouraging. Some who had taken my word for it that there were profound depths which were worth plumbing, but which were sure to be missed by the easy gliding average reader, put their minds on it. They worked hard. And they were staggered by that first overwhelming sentence following the salutation. Good Deacon A. admitted that he was altogether in the fog. The scripture had never troubled him like this before. Brother B. was greatly encouraged by the confession of Deacon A., for he had attempted the same deep waters and had lost his footing, too. Sister C. had got more, to be sure; but somehow her search had been unsatisfying. At the close of the meeting the brightest and most thorough Bible student in many countries told me that I had made a large mistake. One might venture the gospel story in that way, but not one of Paul's epistles; least of all the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Of course I went right on. The second meeting was better. The fogs began to clear a little. Some who had read the epistle seven times in the interval began to see streaks of dawn. We were on the second half of the first chapter. A few felt that the eyes of their understanding were beginning to be enlightened and the vision of the glory of their inheritance was beginning to take shape. The people went home with brighter faces.

By the third week the attendance was growing, and some whose faces had become unfamiliar were straggling back. There was a more cheerful and confident tone in this meeting. A few had read the epistle fourteen times now. They were getting fairly excited. They would have agreed with Coleridge had they known that he said, 'This Epistle to the Ephesians is the divinest composition of man.' The thought of God's great love wherewith he loved us was getting a new hearing, and the warm streams of that love were quickening the life. The thought of a new power, yea, even of new life, out of the old dead sterility became real and pregnant. There were more voices in the meeting to-night. Somehow a new spirit seemed to be among us. The words that were spoken were more thoughtful and more meaningful. Those stereotyped phrases which were common last spring seem to be going out of fashion with us.

It is the last week. We have just closed our final meeting. What a meeting it was for the last night of the year. A meeting of experience, gratitude, contrition, confession, consecration. The face of Deacon A. was shining. He had read the book at least three score times. He referred to-night to that first meeting in September and to the darkness in which his spirit struggled. He has not solved all the mysteries, but his heart is flooded with sunshine. And the mysteries do not trouble him. Sister C. has read the book seven times

every week between September and January. All God's word (not merely this little fragment) means so much more to her now. God means more. Christ means more. Life means more. The cumulative effect—we had not thought of that.

Do not cheat thy heart, and tell her,
'Grief will pass away;
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day.'
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

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