

unloose the farmer's horse, and so says I, 'I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness, and I'll be glad to pay for it. What do you charge?' 'Oh, I don't know hardly—say a shilling.' 'A shilling!' says I; 'praise the Lord, a shilling! Why, it's worth five.' The farmer looks at me, and says he, 'Oh, does thou love Jesus?' 'Bless the Lord, I do,' says I. 'Here, then, tak' shilling back again. I'm none going to tak' a shilling from anyone as loves Jesus.' So he fastens forechains across the horse's shoulders, and then turning to me he said, 'Thoo can pray a bit, I reckon?' 'Ay, bless the Lord, I can.' 'Come, then, we mun have a word of prayer afore we part,' says he. So down we gans upon our knees, and I prayed beside the pony in the road, and farmer prayed too, and glory be to God, the Holy Ghost came down upon us, and so filled our hearts with joy, that we shouted and clapped our hands, and wept again. I think I were niver so happy in all my life afore. 'Well,' says I, 'this caps iverthing. Just now I were in a dead lock, fast in the dyke, and didn't know what to do, and now here I am, out of all my trouble. I've had a lift up the hill, had a blessing on my knees, and all for nought. Hallelujah! hallelujah!'"

Yes, and hallelujah went all around the class, and broke from every lip, male and female, there that night; and I reckon you would have said hallelujah too, my friend, if you had been there to hear the words from that brother's own lips, sustained as they were by the gushing feelings of his grateful heart. You wouldn't have thought there was no variety in the experiences, when we have such horacly heart-stirring scenes drawn before us by men who, though they paint with rough and unpolished words, take care, nevertheless, to fill in the details of the pictures with the richest hues and of their own joys. Was there no variety in that hill-top landscape? Look again. Standing out from the surrounding fields and forests, in the soft evening light see a loaded cart, two panting horses, behind them the hill surmounted, beside them two strong men, strangers, yet brothers, kneeling, praying, rejoicing in an unseen presence—tell me, was picture ever fuller of soul-inspiring variety?

Oh, what a pity it would be if there

had been no social means of grace where that story could be told, and hearts could grow warm under its rehearsal! But there was such a means of grace in that Methodist class-meeting.

Soon after this the meeting was concluded, and every heart there was charged with fresh resolves to cling to Christ, and hold fast to the end. And as the members shook hands, and parted outside the chapel doors, and the lights inside were turned out, their mingled "good nights," and "God bless you," told the good feelings they were carrying home with them to exert upon others. I went up the long dark lane towards home, praising God for what I had heard and felt at a class-meeting.—F. J.—*Methodist New Connexion Magazine*.

HOW TO BE PROFITED BY PREACHING.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, speaking of a conversation with a friend, says, "About that time he made a remark that impressed me deeply, and, I hope, abidingly. We attended the ministry of Mr. H—, and on one occasion, adverting to some criticism on his sermon, I asked him, 'How is it, that while they call this sermon fine, and that one dry, and another one heavy, etc., I find them all so profitable, and always come away instructed and fed from the word?' With animated promptness, he replied, 'I'll tell you how it is; you pray for him.' 'Indeed I do, and that he may be taught from on high to teach me.'

"Ay, there it is, and your prayer, you find, is answered. The preacher and the hearers either feed or starve each other. What they withhold from him in *prayer*, they lose in instruction and *benefit*. Those who listen only to cavil or admire, come away empty of spiritual food; while those who give liberally to their minister in secret prayer for him, have their souls richly fed by the very same preaching that falls unblest on others. Bear your minister,' he added, 'more and more on your heart to the throne of grace, and you will feast more largely on the banquet that he spreads.'

"I have to be thankful," she continues, "that my friend's counsel was not lost upon me. From that minister, indeed, I was soon removed, for in a short time