

the workers come into personal contact with those who are wishful for spiritual advice and direction, and in these rooms some hundreds have, during the last eighteen months, passed from death unto life. The place has now the reputation of being a converting centre. I met a good man, a member of a Christian church in my district, going with a friend one evening towards the "Castle." I asked him where he was going. He replied, "I want to get my friend converted, so I am taking him down to the 'Edinburgh Castle.'" The work in connection with this movement has been largely owned of God. Men may criticise it and see much to find fault with if they look for it. No doubt many extravagant things were done which we cannot justify—no doubt many, under superficial impressions, professed to be converted and afterwards disgraced their profession; but if this work had been only of man it would have come to nought long ago, and the fact that out of it there has grown a stable church of near 500 members is an incontestable proof that it is of God. Several problems that Christian people have been puzzled with for a long time seem to be solved by this work at the "Castle." It is a fact that by our orthodox churches the lowest strata of society have hardly been touched at all. Our City Mission movements have not been so successful as we should like. The work chronicled in this paper shows us that they can be reached and saved; but it will be by extraordinary means. The decorum and regularity of our services will never attract them, I fear; and there has been too much red tape about the organization of every church to admit of those extraordinary efforts which are necessary. I am sometimes afraid our "Lay Mission" movement in London will be strangled by rules and regulations. Such men as these are reached best by one of their own class, and when a church can get hold of such a man—a man with the love of God and the love of souls in his heart, and with an evident aptitude for influencing men—the best way is to set him to the work, and let him carry it on pretty much as he likes.

FAITH.

FAITH is the spirit's calm,
The resting of the soul;
The sweetly energising balm
That ever makes it whole.

Faith is a haven where,
Through all the storms of life,
The wild and wind-lashed waves of care
Can never bring their strife.

Faith is the chain that binds
Us to the Infinite;
The passport for terrestrial minds
In every heavenward flight.

Faith is the heavenly key
To sinful mortals given,
To unfold the realms of purity,
And ope the gates of heaven.

Faith is a conscious hold
On the Redeemer's arm;
The eye that doth in Him behold
A never-failing charm.

Faith! O the Christian feels
Thy meaning, when in prayer
The present Comforter reveals
The present Saviour there.

LOVEFEAST.

FULL TRUST AT FIRST.

FROM early childhood I have had serious impressions, so much so, indeed, that when little more than six years of age, I was in the habit of withdrawing myself from the members of my family, and telling my childish sorrows to God; and I have a distinct remembrance of the comfort I derived on those occasions. Up to the time of my conversion, although I was always cheerful and lively, I had the name of being religious, though God knows how little of Him I had in my thoughts. But his afflicting hand was laid heavily upon me. I had set up idols in my heart, to the utter exclusion of Himself, and He thought fit to remove them, one after another, until I was completely broken down, and I knew not whither to run for succour. I forgot that the Giver of all good had a right to do what seemeth to Him best with His own, and so far was I from acknowledging Him in these afflictions that bowed me down with grief, that I was ready to curse God and die. Oh, what a mercy that He did not answer my prayer? In this state of mind was I when the Lord sent one of His servants to visit me, but I received no comfort, nay, I would not be comforted; but He extorted a promise that I would visit the house of God on the coming Sabbath, which I did, and