

Band Testimony Department.

I left home when a boy of fifteen years to shift for myself. I well remember the morning I took the 'bus for the station, as I bid farewell to brother, first, then to my dear old mother as she embraced me, and her last "God bless you, my boy, and go with you wherever you go." It nearly broke my heart to leave home and mother, but God was with me. When, however, I got out in the world with evil companions, I soon drifted into sin. "Oh, the years of sinning wasted." But mother's last farewell followed me, no matter what sins I indulged. I drifted on and on until the fall of 1884. Some companions and myself then went to the Petrolia camp-meeting held by Rev. D. Savage, and it was there that the Lord awoke me out of my sleep. Listening to a sermon delivered by the Rev. A. J. Snyder, I was completely broken up. Oh, how my heart longed to love Jesus. I got down on my knees and asked God to open the way for me. I had gone so far in sin by this time that I was joint proprietor with my brother of a billiard parlor. Oh, how I then longed to be out of that business. Some dear friends came to me, and wanted me to give my heart to God. I rejected for that time. On the following week the Band came to Watford to labor for the Master. On the 28th of October, my brother and myself yielded to the voice of God, and we both found peace. "Praise God forever!" Monday morning, about nine o'clock, Bro. Savage came in to see us, and looking up at the lettering over the door leading into the billiard parlor, inquired: "What are you going to do with this?" We said, "Why, close it up, to be sure." We went in and had a prayer meeting around the billiard-table. Dear reader, I shall never forget that sermon at the camp-meeting, the text was: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved." The speaker seemed to take my whole life and throw it in my face. I shall praise God throughout eternity for that sermon. After I was converted, God called me to work in His vineyard; I promised that if He would take my business off my hands, I would go and work for him, and the first I knew I was free. Bro. Savage sent for me to go up to Pt. Edward, to help a few days in the Band work. When I got there, the Lord wanted me to give myself wholly up to the work; I rebelled, and was made so miserable I had to yield. I then made a full consecration, and the Lord filled my soul. I can now say, "The blood cleanses

from all sin." I can see now that the Lord has been calling me from early boyhood to work for Him. I came home from Pt. Edward and worked with the local Band for some time, and there I received another invitation to go to Parkhill. I went to God in prayer and told Him if He wanted me in His work, to send some passage of Scripture to me, and I turned to 2 Chronicles xv. 7.: "Be ye strong, therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded." I went to Parkhill, and have been laboring for Jesus ever since with much blessing. "I give God all the glory." God taught me a valuable lesson in the billiard business: it was netting us over nineteen hundred dollars a year. The word of the Lord came to me thus: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I threw it all up, and God is blessing me. I pray God this may be a warning to all young men to keep away from such places. There is nothing will save you, young men, from the snares of the devil but the love of Christ; mothers, pray for your boys; fathers, try and get your boys within the fold; they are going to leave your home one of these days, and little you know the snares the devil has laid for them. I pray God to bless this simple testimony to every one that reads it.

ROBERT MOODY.

Band Correspondence.

A young lady worker, saved last winter from a life of gaiety and sin, writes from Haysville: Came here for a rest two weeks ago, and found lots of work to do for the dear Master. Have held special band meetings for six nights. Every night except one the church has been crowded to the doors. Last night many persons had to go away for want of room. Such grand meetings. People working hard all day, getting in hay, and coming from miles around after their day's work is done. Last night one soul. The country seems to be on fire. On Wednesday night I expect to go to New Hamburg in the Lord's strength to help at a meeting. The dear Saviour has blessed me so much since I have been in His loving service that my whole time and strength seem so little to give Him. After I have rested some weeks here, shall try to go again into regular work. Do you know where I am to go after that? Where my Saviour leads I am willing to follow. Praise His name.