

his messenger to you to-day to inquire after him whom you have already killed in your heart. You are a murderer! Nothing but God's mercy can snatch you from hell!"

No doubt all this is rude in refined ears. But is it nothing that by these rude words he laid bare Kike's sins to Kike's conscience! That in this moment Kike heard the voice of God denouncing his sins, and trembled! Can you do a man any higher service than to make him know himself, in the light of the highest sense of right that he is capable of! Kike, for his part, bowed to the rebuke of the preacher as to the rebuke of God. His frail frame shook with fear and penitence, as it had before shaken with wrath. "O God! what a wretch I am!" cried he, hiding his face in his hands.

"Thank God for showing it to you, my young friend," responded the preacher. "What a wonder that your sins did not drive away the Holy Ghost, leaving you with your day of grace sinned away, as good as lost already!" And with this he turned and appealed yet more powerfully to the rest, already excited by the fresh contagion of Kike's penitence, until there were cries and sobs in all parts of the house. Some left in haste to avoid yielding to their feeling, while many fell upon their knees and prayed.

The preacher now thought it time to change, and offer some consolation. However imperfect his symbols, he succeeded in making known to his hearers the mercy of God. And surely this is the main thing. The figure of speech is but the vessel; the great truth that God is merciful to the guilty, what is this but the water of life?—not less refreshing because the jar in which it is brought is rude! The preacher's whole manner changed. Many weeping and sobbing people were swept now to the other extreme, and cried aloud with joy. Perhaps Magruder exaggerated the change that had taken place in them. But is it nothing that a man has bowed his soul in penitence before God's justice, and then lifted his face in childlike trust to God's mercy? It is hard for one who has once passed through this experience not to date from it a revolution. There were many who had not much root in themselves, doubtless, but among Magruder's hearers this day were those who, living half a century afterwards, counted their better living from the hour of his forceful presentation of God's antagonism to sin, and God's tender mercy for the sinner.

It was not in Kike to change quickly. Smitten with a sense of his guilt, he rose from his seat and slowly knelt, quivering with feeling. When the preacher had finished preaching, amid cries of sorrow and joy, he began to sing, to an exquisitely pathetic tune, Watt's hymn:

"Show pity, Lord, O; Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live.  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?"

The meeting was held until late. Kike remained quietly kneeling, the tears trickling through his fingers. He did not utter a word or cry. In all the confusion he was still. What deliberate recounting of his own misdoings took place then, no one can know. Thoughtless readers may scoff at the poor backwoods boy in his

trouble; but who of us would not be better if we could be brought thus face to face with our own souls! His simple penitent faith did more for him than all our philosophy has done for us, maybe.

At last the meeting was dismissed. But Kike stayed immovable upon his knees. His sense of guilt had become an agony. All those allowances which we in a more intelligent age make for inherited peculiarities and the defects of education, Kike knew nothing about. He believed all his revengefulness to be voluntary; he had a feeling that unless he found some assurance of God's mercy then he could not live till morning. So the minister and Mrs. Wheeler and two or three brethren that had come from adjoining settlements stayed, and prayed and talked with the distressed youth until after midnight. The early Methodists regarded this persistence as a sure sign of a "sound" awakening.

At last the preacher knelt again by Kike and asked "Sister Wheeler" to pray. There was nothing in the old Methodist meetings so excellent as the audible prayers of women. Women oftener than men have a genius for prayer. Mrs. Wheeler began tenderly, penitently to confess, not Kike's sins, but the sins of all of them; her penitence fell in with Kike's; she confessed the very sins that he was grieving over. Then slowly—slowly, as one who waits for another to follow—she began to turn toward trustfulness. Like a little child she spoke to God; under the influence of her praying, Kike sobbed audibly. Then he seemed to feel the contagion of her faith; he, too, looked to God as a father; he, too, felt the peace of a trustful child.

The great struggle was over. Kike was revengeful no longer. He was distrustful and terrified no longer. He had "crept into the heart of God" and found rest. Call it what you like, when a man passes through such an experience, however induced, it separates the life that is passed from the life that follows by a great gulf.

Kike, the new Kike, forgiving and forgiven, rose up at the close of the prayer, and with a peaceful face shook hands with the preacher and the brethren, rejoicing in this new fellowship. He said nothing, but when Magruder sang

"Oh! how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above!  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love."

Kike shook hands with them all again, bade them good-night, and went home and laid himself down to rest.

#### TEMPERANCE.

My experience and observation would lead me to say that seventy five per cent. of the cases of insanity is not too large a number to ascribe to alcohol. —*Superintendent of the Ohio Insane Asylum, 1884.*

MANY years ago, when I asked a noted drunkard to sign the pledge, she replied bitterly that I was the last man who ought to give her such advice; for it was my own father who had taught her to love the drink. He had prescribed whiskey for her in an illness, and she had learned to love it. I succeeded with her for fifteen months, but after that she fell into the old miserable habit.—*Dr. Branthwaite.*

#### LONDON MOBS

A GREAT mob, variously estimated at from ten thousand to forty thousand men, gathered in the central part of London on the 8th of February, and for three hours successfully defied the guardians of public order.

This mob comprised three different elements. The cause of its gathering was a meeting of distressed and half-starving working-people, who assembled to make a "demonstration" and to call public attention to their deplorable condition. To these were added a large number of "socialists" and political agitators, who availed themselves of the occasion to make fiery speeches, and to denounce the existing state of English society.

A third element consisted, no doubt, of the most brutal, ruffianly and criminal section of the London population, who swarmed out of the slums of Smithfield and Drury Lane to swell the ranks of the violent and disaffected.

In presence of the mob the police proved to be powerless, and the rioters for some time had their own way in Pall Mall, Regent Street, and Trafalgar Square. The window panes of many shops, clubs and private houses were broken, one private house was broken into and pillaged, and several jewelry and dry goods shops were quickly emptied of their wares.

Yet, strange to say, amid all this long-continued storm of lawless fury and excitement, not a single human life was taken, nor was a single person even seriously injured. This has, indeed, nearly always been a characteristic of London mobs, which, while they have pillaged, burned, demolished, have usually seemed inclined to spare human life.

There have been many fierce and formidable mobs in London in the course of centuries, but never once has a mob succeeded in getting the complete upper hand in that great metropolis. After a brief season of riotous violence, the London mobs have always succumbed at last to the force of law and order.

In this respect they have had less power than similar assemblages of men in Paris, for in the latter city mobs have overthrown governments, altered political systems, enthroned fanatics in office, and instituted terrible reigns of terror and desolation. The most redoubtable London mobs of the past have never been able to unseat a sovereign or to establish a minister in power, but they have sometimes exercised an influence on the course of events.

Wat Tyler, at the head of his stormy mob of Kentishmen, dealt a severe blow at the old system of serfdom on English land, which never was so rigidly enforced after his rising as it had been before. Jack Cade's revolt, in the next century, achieved less, perhaps, but even that uprising was followed by milder laws relating to the laborers.

The mob which, about twenty years ago, assembled in Hyde Park, and tore down the railings, aroused English statesmen to the fact that the people were resolved to have an extended suffrage; while the mob which, some years later, gathered around Westminster Hall, and clamorously demanded that the proposal to tax match-boxes should be withdrawn, caused the ministry to abandon that proposal in haste.

In the same manner the recent mob, deplorable and revolting as were its excesses and violence, has already awakened the English people to a vivid sense of the fact that very widespread and very bitter distress prevails among their labouring people.

Within a week after its occurrence a million dollars had been subscribed in London alone for the relief of the poor workmen out of employment, and their starving families; and a Parliamentary committee had set at work inquiring into the causes of the prevailing distress, and the way to relieve it.

#### HEATHEN CHILDREN.

DOES not Jesus love the children  
Who now dwell in heathen lands?  
Would he give to them like blessing,  
Lay on them his gentle hands!

Yes, oh, yes! the Saviour's pity,  
Limitless and ceaseless flows,  
And he died that he might rescue  
Them, with you, from endless woes.

And he bids you send the knowledge  
Of his love to them afar,  
To the children who in darkness  
See not our bright Morning Star.

Oh! be earnest that the tidings  
Which to you such mercies bring,  
May go forth to scatter gladness,  
Making all the desert sing.

#### AN INDIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

We have received the following from the Rev. A. W. Ross, the energetic missionary at Fisher River, Man: Dear Bro. Withrow,—Believing that a few lines relative to our Sunday-school here will be acceptable, I now send you a short statement relative to same.

On Sunday, Dec. 27th, we had a brief statement of the past three months' work, and found the position of our school as follows:

Girls reading Testament in English, 26, boys reading Testament in English, 23, girls' primary classes, 33; boys' primary classes, 35. Total teachers and officers, 10. Total on school book, 127. Average attendance for the last three months, 70½. Total number of verses recited by girls, 1,185. Total number of verses recited by boys, 544. Total for three months, 1,729. Largest by any girl, (Mary Williams,) 142. Largest by any boy, (Charlie Mason,) 119.

This work has been done in English, by boys and girls whose native language is Cree.

In connection with the lesson we give a short explanation in "Cree" on a large black-board made for the purpose. By that means we engage the attention of all present, and lessons of love and truth are brought within the comprehension of all. Since making and introducing the black-board exercise I have had no small reason for encouragement. Almost every Sunday some of the older people attend to hear the closing exercise.

Every Sunday a goodly number of our Sunday-school children may be seen occupying the front seats of the church, listening to the words of life, and, we have good reason to feel, not without good results.

I look upon and feel the Sunday-school as important as any—if not the most important—part of my mission work.

We are well supplied with books and papers. Many thanks to yourself and the Sunday-school Board, through whom we are supplied.