

to banish them in burying myself in the most abstruse studies; I tried to parley with them by promising that I would seek Jesus when I had attained some earthly honor for which I was then striving. I even fixed the month and the day when my heart should be given to God. The time came. Pride said, Live the life of the moralist, and you will be saved; see the foibles of professing Christians; be more cautious than they, and let your religion be known only to yourself and to your God. For months I strove to find comfort in these illusions; but I was sensible, ever, that duty pointed to another course. Influenced by better motives, I went frequently to the prayer meeting fully determined to give myself up to Christ before I returned; but I felt, on hearing Christians talk and pray, that their experience was so different from my own, that I would be acting the part of a hypocrite if I then publicly announced my determination to be a Christian. At other times, on reaching the door of the room in which Christians were praying, instead of going in, I turned away, and rejoined those whose minds were not thus troubled. This was my state of mind when you commenced a series of meetings in the city. I had read of your work in other places; but I said to myself, I will not be moved by this man, though I will go and hear him. I went into one of your children's meetings, saw the influence you seemed to have over the minds of the young, and endeavored to analyze it, attributing it to a strongly magnetic nature and a wonderful knowledge of the laws of mind. The next meeting I found a new element in that power, the love of Jesus in your heart. I began to feel a desire for that same love. I felt that I was one of the vilest of sinners, and that God could justly condemn me to outer darkness forever. I dared not pray and I dared not leave the church without praying. I had said I never would be converted in revival meetings, but you so held up Christ and his great love to us that my heart went out in love for him, and I experienced a change, and found myself possessed of peace and joy which I never knew before. I wish all my friends, yea, every one, would come to Christ, and be as happy in him as I am.

Yours in Jesus,

J. E. B.—'

You see, my dear readers, what a change came over this young man when he saw his lost condition, and realized his need of salvation through faith in the blood of Jesus. Will you not follow his example, and come to Christ with this prayer upon your lips?

O Lord, help me by thy Holy Spirit to believe in Christ as my Saviour. Lead me to feel, as did this young man, my need of Jesus, and to heed the words, 'Seek him, seek him.' May the prayers of some of my friends now in heaven be answered in my conversion. I thank thee, dear Saviour, for having loved me and given thyself for me, and now I am determined to love thee in return, and give myself to thee. I believe in thee as my Saviour, and the story as told in the Gospels of thy life and suffering and death.

They say He bore the Cross for me,
And suffered in my place,

That I might always happy be,
And ransomed by His grace.

O wondrous love, so great, so vast,
So boundless and so free!
Low at Thy feet my all I cast;
I covet only Thee.

Trembling for Jesus.

(Edmund Thickstun, in Michigan
'Advocate.')

We were running a protracted meeting in a schoolhouse three miles from town right in the busy corn-planting season, and it looked, after a week's work, that we were on the eve of a revival. On the seventh night, as we rode homeward, the president of the Epworth league said: 'We must have a detail to-morrow that will be equal to the occasion. We must be sure of twelve three-minute speeches and twelve warm prayers. How many of you may I depend upon to be there to-morrow night?'

There were a dozen of us, mostly young men, going home from the meeting in the Greenwood band waggon. We had been going in this way to the meeting, but the crowd had changed nearly every night. However, the meeting had now reached a critical point, where it seemed all-important those in close touch with it should not stay at home, so to the president's question all but one answered that he would be present.

At this the secretary was asked to give us the name of the next one on the roll who might be detailed for duty. It was George Mulvaney. Now, George was one of the best young men in Greenwood, but he was so excessively diffident that we had never been able to get much public work from him. His great, awkward-looking hands were wonderfully helpful about a sick-bed; he headed every subscription-list with a breezy, forward rush that seemed to draw everyone into it; his private charities were known to be heavy and numerous, but he just wouldn't 'speak in meetin'.'

The secretary said, after a moment's embarrassing pause: 'How would it do to skip George?'

The president thought a while, and replied: 'No; you must detail George. I shall go to him to-morrow and lay the case before him strongly. A dozen words from him will be worth more than all the rest of us can say. His land lies near the schoolhouse, and ten or fifteen of the men who come to the meeting are his tenants. They have the utmost confidence in him.'

The next night, after we had all taken our seats for the trip to the school-house, the president laid off the work, assigning each his place. George was the eleventh one on the list, the president coming last. George said, with a sort of choke: 'I will try to do whatever he would have me do.' The house was packed. Every Epworthian in the detail seemed alive to the situation. The speeches came in quick succession, and they rapidly worked the thoroughly mellow congregation into a receptive state. Mulvaney's time came. The president and leader both glanced encouragingly toward him. He seemed ready to run, and only by an apparently mighty effort did he arise. The room grew still as death. His jaw worked convulsively twice, and then he said: 'My friends, I would like to tell you how much Jesus has done for me, but

somehow my mouth won't go off. But if I can't say anything for Jesus, I can at least stand here and tremble a little for him.'

He was actually trembling, so his words were not at all theatrical. Their effect was electrical. A mighty tremor passed through the audience. Strong men sobbed, women cried aloud, and the appearance of things might well be likened to the rush of a torrent down a mountain side. Mulvaney had undoubtedly prepared a speech, but evidently could not remember a word of it, and stood still for at least a half-minute, trembling in every fibre, while the excitement momentarily grew greater. When he sat down the Holy Ghost seemed to fill all the house as with a mighty, rushing wind. More than a score were eagerly asking: 'What shall I do to be saved?' The president tactfully turned it into an inquiry meeting, and the league had all it could do for the next two hours, passing from one to another, pointing them to Christ. In this work George Mulvaney made a full hand, and before the meeting closed he rejoiced many times that he had stood up and trembled for Jesus.

Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—A young school girl in India writes to say:

'I am also thankful to the "Post-Office Crusade" for sending me the "Messenger," which I receive very regularly: it generally arrives for Sundays. I do appreciate it very much; a nicer paper I could not ask for, for Sunday reading. Father also enjoys it very much. I would like to know how the Crusade came to know of me. All Eurasian girls in India are able to read English fluently. It is rare to meet one who does not read or write in English. I am sending the names of six of my friends. I should only be too happy to correspond with some Sunday-school girls in Canada, as also will my school friends.'

This young girl is preparing to be a school teacher. The six names she sent have all been taken by a Sunday-school class of young girls in a Presbyterian Church at Montreal Annex. It is to be hoped that these girls will be faithful in sending papers to their Eurasian sisters in far-off India. One distinguished lady in connection with the Church of England said once, in speaking of the Crusade: 'It is doing Imperial duty.'

Mrs. Charles F. Burpee, of Nashwaaksis, N.B., sends \$1.00 and stamps to help on the messages of the 'Messenger' in drawing the cords of love tighter between the Dominion of Canada and the Empire of India, two of the brightest jewels in Britain's diadem.

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When Princess Christian was receiving purses at the opening of a bazaar at Brondesbury, a lady carrying a baby appeared on the platform and indicated that the contribution was being conveyed by the infant. The Princess, much to her amusement and that of the spectators, experienced no little difficulty in extracting the purse from the hands of the babe, who clutched it most tenaciously, but finally yielded it without a murmur, and was rewarded with a kiss on the cheek by her Royal Highness.