

overdone. Wherever the work of God is succeeding you will find that it is the result of spiritual expenditure. The harvest comes because there has been a sowing time—perhaps a sowing amid toil and tears, but this has been amply paid for in the results.

"There shall never be one lost good."

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The high that proved too high : the heroic
for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose it-
self in the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and
the bard.

Enough that He hears it now ; we shall
hear it by and by."

St. John, N. B.

The Winning of Souls

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V. A CHAIN OF INFLUENCES

The quiet of the Sabbath had fallen on the city, and at seven o'clock in the evening Mary Walton found herself in a crowded pew in one of the churches. She hardly knew how she came to be there, for months had passed since she left her village home, and during that time she had not thought of going to church. She was always tired, and generally slept most of the Sunday forenoon. She spent the afternoon and evening in reading, writing letters and thinking over the days which had forever gone.

On the Sunday in question she could hardly tell what influence or power led her to the sanctuary, but when she was there, listening to the music, with so many strange faces about her, there came over her the thought of other days, the happy days in her native village where everybody knew everybody else ; but now all was strange, places and faces. It is true her sister was in the same city, but their interests seemed to lie in different directions, for the sister had been away from home for some years, and had formed new associations.

The tears were not far from her eyes when she heard the text announced : "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Surely that text

was for her, for her heart was sad and her body tired. She thought she could hear the Saviour's voice calling her to rest and peace, and to Him she surrendered herself. Then there came a great sense of peace to her soul and a hopefulness stole into her heart. Her whole being seemed to ask the question, "What shall I render unto Him for all He has done for me?" But what could she do, for her salary did very little more than keep her, so she could not give much money ; as for time, she had little to spare, her hours of service were so long ; and she felt that she was not capable of teaching in the Sunday School.

At that moment a voice seemed to say to her, "Why don't you get your sister to come to church? The Lord may do for her what He has done for you." But how could she speak to her sister about this matter since the sister was so much older and had been so much longer in the city? It would have been far easier to speak to a stranger. Yet she felt it to be her duty and she did it, and to her surprise the sister did not resent her invitation to accompany her to the next Sunday evening service, and the good Lord who never disappoints those who trust and try to serve Him brought the sister to see her sins and at the same time to see the Sinner-bearer. They went to their boarding-houses that night, trusting in the same Saviour and sharing the same blessed hope of the glory of God.

There was stopping at the same house as Mary a Mr. Scott, a very fine young man, but one who never bothered with church or any religious meetings. So Mary proposed that they ask him to go with them on the following Sunday evening. The elder sister thought that their motives might be misunderstood. However, they at last agreed that they would ask him. He was too much of a gentleman to refuse such a request, so the third Sunday evening found the three of them in the church.

That for which two of them prayed and expected happened, for the young man heard the voice of God calling for him and he answered in the affirmative, and as the months passed there grew in his heart a great desire to be a minister of the gospel. The last I