

lian churches who look with disfavor on extra efforts, or what they call "excitement." But in spite of this partial obstructiveness, the Word of the Lord among the young grows mightily and prevails.

Mr. H. Hull, secretary of the North-west Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, has kindly furnished me with important and most cheering facts, illustrative of his opening statement, that "God's work of grace is deepening and widening amongst and around us here." He says, "In the Associations for Young Men special blessings have been sought and received of late. For several Sundays past conversions have taken place in the Bible class. Three Sundays ago, *four* were awakened; Sunday week, *seven*; and last Lord's day, *three*; and several of them, I have no doubt, arose from the death of sin and are now alive unto God. One of these was a stout, well-dressed butcher, who had, mysteriously to him-self, been led to read a chapter in the Bible in the morning. A tract distributor brought him to the Bible Class; afterwards he came to me, weeping like a child and trembling like an aspen leaf. He left the place rejoicing in the efficacy of the Saviour's blood to cleanse from all sin."

The quickening power of the Word has nowhere been more remarkably realized than at this Bible Class on Sabbath afternoons, conducted by Mr. Hull. For the last two years it has been the scene of conversions, and many faithful labourers for Christ were there and thus "born again of the incorruptible seed." No excitement is attempted or thought of; the teacher's manner is calm; the truth as it is in Jesus is expounded with great unction and fulness; and the large adult class search and compare along with their leader. Strangers careless and giddy, invited by earnest young men, come in, are arrested, enlightened, saved! This is the simple, unexaggerated truth. Let God, *working by His word*, have all the glory!

The glory of Christ crucified is thus being attested widely over London; and the doctrines of His real substitution, of justice satisfied, of legal penalty endured, of righteousness wrought out and reckoned to every sinner that believes as *his own*—oh, what daily illustrations are these receiving in London!—[British Messenger for July.

REAL HEROISM.

The following circumstance took place about twenty years ago, at a village called Ragenbach, in Germany. One afternoon a great number of the village people were assembled in the large room of the inn. There was only one door to the room, and that stood

open. The village blacksmith—a good-natured, pious, brave-hearted man—sat near the door, talking pleasantly, with some of his neighbours in the room.

All at once, a large dog came and stood right in the door. He was a great, powerful beast, with a fierce, frightful look. His head hung down, his eyes were bloodshot, his great red tongue hung half out of his mouth, and his tail was dropped between his legs. As soon as the keeper of the inn saw him, he turned pale, and exclaimed, "Mercy on us the dog is mad!" Then the women screamed, and there was great confusion in the room.—There was no way out but by the door in which the dog stood, and no one could pass him without being bitten.

"Stand back, my friends," cried the brave smith, "till I seize the dog; then hurry out while I hold him. Better for one to perish than for all."

As he said this, he seized the foaming beast with an iron grasp, and dashed him on the floor. Then a terrible struggle followed.—The dog bit furiously on every side, in a most frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let go his hold. Unmindful of the great pain it caused, and the horrible death which he knew must follow, with the grasp of a giant, he held down the snapping, biting, howling brute, till all his friends had escaped in safety. Then he flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, and locked the door. The dog was shot through the window; but what was to become of the brave but unfortunate smith.

The friends whose lives he had saved at the expense of his own, stood round him weeping. "Be quiet, my friends," he said; "don't weep for me; I've only done my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love; and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long, or too much. I know I shall become mad, but I shall take care that no harm comes to you through me."

Then he went to his shop. He took a strong chain. One end he riveted with his own hands round his body; the other end he fastened round the anvil, so strongly that no earthly power could loose it. Then he looked round on his friends and said;—

"Now it's done. You are all safe. I can't hurt you. Bring me food while I am well, and keep out of my reach when I am mad! The rest I leave with God."

Nothing could save the brave smith. Soon madness seized him; and after nine days he died. What a noble fellow! What a real hero that was! He was willing to endure all this for the sake of securing blessings for his friends.—[The King's Highway.