

early next morning and hastened to the house of the sick girl. The sun was just rising. His early morning glory seemed in keeping with the feeling in my heart that I was going to a place of rejoicing and not a place of weeping. As I approached the house the mother saw me and came out of the front gate and met me with these words, 'Brother Mason, the doctor has just left here and says a miracle has been wrought. He says Lena has not a dangerous symptom and is absolutely well to all intents.' I felt no surprise at this, but was anxious to ask one question. It was this, 'When did she begin to improve?' This conversation occurred as we advanced towards the house. We had arrived at the door as I asked this question. Before the mother could answer the Catholic nurse in the room hearing the question answered, 'I can tell ye exactly: you know how sick she was when you was here? Well, she got worse and worse, till the clock was striking eight she turned herself on the other side. I said to myself, "Lena has turned over to die." She was very quiet and I said, "she is dead." I listened for her breathing, but could hear nothing. I moistened my finger and held it before her nostrils, and felt a warm breath. I still thought she would be gone in a few minutes. Again and again I felt for her breath. At last I could hear her breathe, and I leaned over her and she was sleeping as peacefully as an infant. I was alone and was afraid. I could not believe it. Three hours passed in this way, till when the clock struck eleven, it nearly frightened me to death when Lena awoke, stretched herself in the bed, and raised up in a sitting position and said she was hungry and must have something to eat. Her mother was out of the room at the time and I called her. When she came in Lena said she was hungry and must have something to eat. We both tried to persuade her that it would be dangerous for her to eat; but she said she was well and must have something. We brought her in some preparation with more milk than anything else in it. She ate it with relish, then went to sleep again, and did not awake till the doctor came, about dawn.'

Lena was in the enjoyment of her usual health in a few days, and still lives.

Now, the foregoing was an actual experience. There are thousands occurring just like it in all essential respects. With such facts before us what is the opinion that the days of miracles are past worth? Can any one read the New Testament and say that such things are out of accord with it? More another time.

The Power of the Gospel.

(William Marshall, in the 'Institute Tie.')

One evening during some special meetings held recently, the gentleman who was working with me went with me to take supper at the house of a man considerably over middle age. From his early days this man had been a horse-trader, and was known as the most blasphemous man in the community. His home was all that the word implies, a godless one. Neither his wife, nor his children, nor the grandchildren, were converted.

During supper I got into conversation with him about his relation to the Lord Jesus Christ, and tried to show him some passages from the Bible. He told me that

this was useless for, in the first place, he didn't know whether that was the Word of God or not, and in the second place he couldn't read, and wouldn't know whether I was telling him truly what the Bible said, and in the next place he was so ignorant that he couldn't understand it.

This puzzled me for a minute, but I lifted my heart to God for guidance, and said to him:

'My friend, it may be that you cannot read, and that you do not know whether this is really the Word of God or not, but you do know that something in there,' placing my hand on his breast, 'tells you that what I have told you about your own sinfulness and the love of God for you is all true.'

The words went home. He assented to all that I said, and asked me to show him just how he could be saved. How glad I was to do so, and there and then this old hardened sinner accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. My friend and I knelt with him in prayer, and he poured out his heart to God for forgiveness and in thanksgiving.

When we got up from our knees, I said to him:

'The next thing for you to do is to confess Christ before men,' showing him Romans x., 9, 10.

He demurred at first, saying: 'Why, the people will only laugh at me if I get up!'

But I held him to it, and finally he promised he would do so at the meeting.

We went over to the meeting together, and when the time came, and he got up to testify, it was just as he had anticipated—the whole audience burst out in shouts of derisive laughter. He said to me afterwards:

'Now, didn't I tell you what they would do?'

I said, 'Yes, but are any bones broken? Did it do you any harm?'

He answered, 'No.'

'All right,' I replied; 'now keep on confessing Christ.'

The next evening he got up and gave his testimony again amid somewhat similar shouts of laughter and loudly-voiced assertions that he wouldn't last another twenty-four hours. But the next evening he was on hand again with his testimony, to the amazement of the whole community, who began to see that there was power after all in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to save a man from sin.

To make a long story short, his wife and children, and those of his grandchildren who were old enough to understand, have all accepted the Lord Jesus Christ.

Through the old man's earnest perseverance a little church has been erected in the village where formerly there was no religious service, and he is himself actively and happily engaged in spreading the blessed Gospel that has done so much for him.

Do You Belong ?

The 'Youth's Companion' is not a religious journal, but it is deeply imbued with the religious spirit and all its teachings are wholesome. In giving advice to the young people who have graduated from school with an ideal of noble service it says: "There is no better way of "commencing" to realize that ideal than by identifying yourselves with the church of your faith. Many organizations work toward the ideal incidentally; the church

makes for it constantly and avowedly. Through no other agency can the educated and high-minded youth do so much for the service of his fellowmen. The mere attendance at church is in itself at once a benefit to the individual and an example which may change the whole course of life for some weaker brother; and to some of the many interests of the modern church the man of affairs may consecrate his executive strength, the scholar may bring his wisdom, the young man devote his courage, his hope and his enthusiasm.' This is well said and should be taken to heart by our educated young people. Education is for service, and it finds its widest field and richest fruit in the church and kingdom of Christ.

The Love of Christ.

An old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John and came to the words, 'And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying with great earnestness:

'Is that there, my dear?'

'Yes, grandpa.'

'Then read it to me again—I never heard it before.'

She read it again.

'You are quite sure that is there?'

'Yes, quite sure, grandpa.'

'Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it.'

She took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

'Now, read it to me again.'

With a soft, sweet voice she read: 'And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

'You are quite sure that is there.'

'Yes, quite sure, grandpa.'

'Then if any one should ask how I died tell them I died in the faith of these words: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."'

With that the old man passed into the presence of him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—English Paper.

Jesus Touched Him.

(Rev. Cortland Meyers, D.D.)

One of the electric bells in my house lately refused to ring. I could not discover the cause. A bell-hanger, after some time spent over it, found that right up under the bell, so small as to be almost imperceptible, was a place where the point of contact was lost. That was the trouble.

And so it is often in the church of Christ. Your batteries are all right in the cellar, your wires and machinery all right. But the point of contact is often defective. That, in my judgment, is where the great work of the kingdom of God is to come in—the point of contact. Follow the footsteps of Christ and you will see that it was through the point of contact that he did his work. It was through the marvellous touch of the Son of God. We must go back to first principles and we find the difficulty just there. There was never better working force, never better principles in the church of Christ than there are to-day. I believe we shall see a brighter day yet for the church.