

you that I have found Jesus Christ to be the Saviour of my soul.' He then said, 'Let me tell you how it came about. Sunday night I was lying here thinking of the past, and the future, reflecting on my father's teachings and my mother's prayers, and I wished that it were possible for me to be a Christian. But I felt that I had sinned against too great light; I had resisted the best influences until it was too late. At that moment in the young people's meeting they began singing,

'Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!'

and I said, "Does he bid me come now? No; it cannot be. I remember when he did, but I have resisted the best influences for good too long. How I wish I might come!" And while struggling with my thoughts, you opened the meeting in the audience room with

'Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,—

and when you had got that far, I said, "What does that mean? Does he bid me come to him after all? It must be so."

I had a sleepless night. In the morning he appeared. My room was filled with light, my soul with joy. I knew he saved me, but I thought I would wait until the next day before telling you, that I might be certain that it was not emotion only. But now I know that I am his. Won't my father and mother be glad?

He at once expressed his desire to unite with the church. As the pastor knelt to give thanks unto God, his own face was wet with tears, and he cried out, 'Was it accidental or providential?' The young lawyer replied, 'God was leading you all, and when you announced your text: "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," I said, "My brother would save me if he could. Jesus is more willing;" and I have found it so.'—Christian Herald.

## Unlooked For Answers.

(John Newton.)

I asked the Lord, that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace,  
Might more of His salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face:

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,  
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;  
But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that, in some favored hour,  
At once He'd answer my request,  
And, by His love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this He made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with His own hand, He seemed  
Intent to aggravate my woe,  
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

'Lord! why is this?' I trembling cried,  
'Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?'  
'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,  
'I answer prayer for grace and faith.

'These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set thee free;  
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
That thou mayest seek thine all in Me.'

## John McNeil, Conversion.

('Christian Herald.')

I never was bothered with self-righteousness. God always made me honest enough to know the blackness of my heart, and that if my sin had not hatched out, the eggs were all there. Fortunately, I was a teetotaler. Teetotalism is not salvation, but it often holds till Christ comes. It kept me from setting myself on fire in certain directions till grace came.

I was big enough and old enough to do what we call in Scotland 'join the church,' but I knew I had not the great qualification for joining the church. I knew my father and mother wished me to join, but I was not going to the Lord's table simply to please them. In my perplexity I wrote to my minister. I put it like this. There is a text—Acts xvi., 31. I put that text in my letter. I said: 'I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all about Jesus, and all the bible says of sin and salvation and heaven and hell. I believe it all, but I don't feel one bit the better. There is something wrong.' And I sent the letter away Two or three days afterwards I was just going to throw up the booking-office window to sell the tickets for the 10.30 sugar-brokers' train to Glasgow, when I saw the postman coming round, and he gave me a letter, and I saw the postmark, and I knew my minister's handwriting. I will never forget reading that letter. Dear old man! I helped to bury him afterwards. The letter read: 'You will never know, unless you should become a minister yourself, how glad I am to get a frank, open honest letter from you about your spiritual condition, even although evidently you are all in the dark. I am glad you have taken Acts xvi., 31, as a challenge text. It says "Believe"—in your heart, of course, as you believe in your mother, your wife, for it is faith not in a proposition of Euclid, but believe, have full confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. But, John, you say you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, yet you don't feel a bit better for it. Now, I want to know which I am to believe about you? Am I to believe yourself saying, "I don't feel a bit the better," or am I to believe God uttering his verdict on you in the Word that can never lie, God saying that the man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is, and shall be, eternally saved?'

I was checking all God's Word by my feelings, and reducing all God's Word, no matter what it said, to the level of my feelings, and I did not see that that was no faith at all. And the minister clenched it when he said, 'John, you would quote the text Acts xvi., 31, as if it read, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will feel easier," instead of "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." God says it. Never mind your feelings.'

It was like the lifting of a curtain for me, and I saw the whole spiritual regions stand in an outline bold and clear. No great feeling even then. It was a case of seeing. What the eyes are to the body, faith is to the soul. I was saved. I didn't shout. I took a walk in the station, along to the far end of the platform. I remember that morning saying to myself, 'Has the station been white-washed?' The very dingy brick wall, all covered over with smoke and soot from the engines, looked whiter. It was not the walls—it was my mind that was brightened, because now, in the Scriptural sense, I knew the Lord as mine. I came back and sold the tickets, and didn't say anything. And the next morning I woke up, and my heart was just like a fire you had left burning overnight, and I was as cold as could be.

The devil said, 'It's all a hoax.' But I got grace to fight that battle. The minister said I was not to consult my feelings, and I rallied myself. 'Has God's Word altered through the night?' 'No.' 'Has Acts xvi., 31, altered?' 'No.' 'Has the value of the blood of Jesus to blot out my sins altered?' 'No.' Then nothing had altered that I was resting on—nothing but my feelings. And you don't need to rest on your feelings. You are saved by trusting in Christ.

## 'Being Dead, Yet Speaketh.'

Like some tired traveller, the summer sun  
Was hastening to his rest,  
Behind the misty crest  
Of hills that claimed him, now his work  
Was done.

Bathed in the beauty of the mellow light  
The village churchyard lay,  
And many a gravestone grey  
Shone out, transfigured fair—all golden-bright.

And holy texts, grown dim with ruinous  
time,  
Flashed sharp and clear, and plain;  
Truths brought to life again—  
Strong in their resurrection—and sublime.

Two maidens stood beside the simple stone  
Of one who fell on sleep  
So dreamless and so deep—  
And left them motherless, and quite alone.

'She sweetly sleeps—all care and sorrow o'er,  
They whispered soft and low.  
'Our Father willed it so;  
'Twas He who called her to a happier shore.

'Sleep on, dear mother, then, and take thy  
rest:  
Thy deeds do follow thee—  
Thy love, and charity;  
Thy children too rise up to call thee blest.

'We cast our thoughts across the lapse of  
years;  
Would that we could but say  
That never, night or day,  
We caused thee grief of heart, or anxious  
tears.

'Alas! the hasty act, the word unkind,  
Is past—is done and said;  
And none may tell the dead  
That we no longer are such "fools and  
blind;"

'But see the wisdom and the mother-love  
That God Himself had given,  
And now takes home to heaven,  
Made purer still for that pure life above.

"She being dead, yet speaketh"; for her life  
Lives in our memory,  
And is a golden key  
To open doors of peace, midst scenes of  
strife.'

So spoke the mourners; and the sun went  
down,  
Leaving a ruddy light  
That made the cloudland bright,  
And touched the hill-tops with a ruby crown.

Then to my heart I said, 'Oh, heart of mine,  
Let it be all our care  
That still in death's cold night, our light  
shall shine.'

Then said my heart to me—'Yea, this can  
be,  
If all thou do and make,  
And all thou give and take,  
Is for Christ Jesu's sake, who loveth thee.'  
—'Family Friend.'