

one Thanksgiving, he told his uncle, Samuel Holton, that he was going to Boston to get work. His uncle dissuaded him from this step and urged him to stay at home. Sometime after, one afternoon young Moody appeared at his uncle's store, and said he had come to get work.

'Where?' asked Samuel Holton.

'Oh, here in Boston,' replied Mr. Moody.

'Well,' said Holton, 'it is too late now to look after a place. You had better come home with me and stay for the night.'

Mr. Moody did so and spent several days scouring round Boston in search of a situation, and experiencing the difficulty of getting one.

At last he became despondent over his ill-fortune; his uncle, who had let him run the gamut of this hard experience 'to learn him a lesson,' arranged to take him into his own shoe store on Court street. His uncle in doing this required that young Moody should board at a place he selected, and also that he should go to Mt. Vernon Congregational Church, of which Dr. Edward N. Kirk was then pastor, and of which his uncle was a member, and also that he go to the church Sunday-school.

Accordingly, the next Sunday he was taken to Mt. Vernon Church and entered its Sunday-school. The superintendent of the school led Moody to the class of lads being taught by Edward Kimball. Moody was then about seventeen years old. He sat at the teacher's side, and, handing him a Bible, Mr. Kimball told him where the lesson was, in the third chapter of John's Gospel.

Mr. Kimball noticed a titter going round the class, and dropping his eye upon the new corner found he was looking all through the Bible, beginning at Genesis, for John. Without ceasing his teaching, Mr. Kimball handed Moody his own Bible which was open at the lesson, and continued his instruction.

This was the opening of Kimball's friendship with Moody, who said that he should always think well of the man who did him this good turn.

Sometime after this incident, which so firmly and blessedly bound teacher and scholar together, the Sunday lesson happened to be on Moses. After the teaching, Kimball asked the boys what they thought of Moses, whose doings they had been considering. Opinions were given by the lads, and when Moody's turn came he said: 'I guess that Moses was a mighty smart man.' This and similar things led Mr. Kimball to form the judgment of Moody that we have already mentioned.

Edward Kimball, as all who are acquainted with him know, is an aggressive man. His career of raising church debts, and debts on Christian institutions testifies to this. But long before Kimball had attacked debts, as he has often done since, he exercised his aggressiveness in capturing souls for Christ. When his interest in young Moody started he made up his mind to win him for Jesus.

One day he went to Samuel Holton's store—sometime after telling me the story Kimball took me to the store and showed me the sacred spot where his talk with Moody occurred—and found Moody in the rear of the store wrapping up shoes. Then Kimball pleaded with him to become a Christian, telling him of Christ's love for him, and urging him to give himself to Christ in return for such love.

Eagerly I asked Mr. Kimball: 'What did Moody say?'

He replied: 'I do not know what he said, but there and then he gave himself to God, and pledged himself to His service.'

And that is how Mr. Moody was brought to Jesus, and that is the conversion which has resulted in such untold and untellable blessing for men and the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. But who can tell the joy of the soul-winner, who was honored of God in leading such a soul-winner as Moody to Jesus!

The soul-winner has his reward. Jesus said: 'Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosom.' How often the Christian worker experiences the truth of this assurance of Christ. But see its fulfilment in Edward Kimball's case, as the sequel of his leading Moody to Christ reveals.

When the great evangelist labored in Chicago years after, and hundreds were brought to decision for God, one night a young man announced to Mr. Moody his conversion to Christ as the result of Mr. Moody's earnest appeals.

'Who are you?' said Moody.

'I am Edward Kimball's son,' said the young man.

And when a little later Moody met Kimball, and told him of his son's conversion, he added that nothing had given him more joy than to lead to Christ the son of the man who had led him to Jesus.

Some years later, when Mr. Moody was conducting meetings in Brooklyn, a young woman thanked him for helping her to decide for Christ. And this young woman was Edward Kimball's daughter.

So the story completes itself, and he who led Moody to God saw Moody lead his to God. Let us labor unswervingly then, for in due time we shall reap.

The Land of 'Make-Believe.'

It lies in the distance, dim and sweet,

On the borders of Long Ago,

And the road is worn by little feet

That have journeyed there to and fro;

And though you may seek it by night or day,

The task you will never achieve,

For only the little ones know the way

To the land of 'Make-Believe.'

Clad in their armour of Faith they ride

On the wings of their fancy fleet,

And we hear, as we listen and wait outside,

The echo of laughter sweet.

It lightens the burdens of toil we bear,

It brightens the hearts that grieve;

Till we wish we could follow and enter there

In the land of 'Make-Believe.'

And oh, the wonderful tales that are told

Of the marvellous sights they see!

For the weak grow strong and the young

grow old,

And are each what they wish to be.

Oh, the deeds of valor, the mighty things—

Too bold for mind to conceive!

But these are every-day happenings

In the land of 'Make-Believe.'

Would you follow the print of the tiny feet,

You must walk, as they, undefiled;

Would you join in their fancies pure and

sweet,

You must be as a little child.

But in vain should we seek it by night or

day,

The task we should never achieve!

For only the little ones know the way

To the land of 'Make-Believe.'

—Westminster.

A Talk With the Girls About Truth.

'Truth!' exclaims a girl who reads this title: 'do you think we would tell lies?' No; at least I hope there are very few readers of the 'Journal' who would do anything so mean, so contemptible, so sinful. And yet you know that, without actually uttering a lie, you may be thoroughly untrue: and more than this, you may sometimes be so without even being aware of it. Now so long as there is anything untrue about you, there is a serious fault in your character. There is nothing more beautiful and attractive in man or woman than a character of perfect transparent truthfulness—where there is nothing to hide, and no need to deceive; and without this, you can never be really good and noble women. Let me speak to you then of some forms of untruth, which, if you have hitherto indulged in them, I hope you will now earnestly guard against, and entirely lay aside. One of the commonest of these is a habit of exaggeration. Almost everybody feels tempted, in telling of something that has happened, to add a little to it so as to make the story more striking or amusing. Are you not conscious of sometimes doing this, and if so, do you not see, not only that it is untrue, but that it quite misses the intended effect; for people soon learn to know one who exaggerates, and while you tell your story, they quietly, in their own minds, set aside a part of the wonder of it to make allowance for what you may have added. Or, do you use large and strong expressions when weaker ones would be more exact? such as 'I would give all the world to know how Jane would look.' That is not true:—perhaps you would not even give a shilling for the sight, if it were put in your power. 'I thought I should have died with laughing.' You did not think any such thing. If you had, your laughing would have come quickly to an end. 'Well, I never in all my life saw the like of that.' Yes, you did; and things much more wonderful many a time. 'Oh, but,' you say, 'everybody understands that; they know you don't mean it all.' But why should everybody understand that you say what is not true? Would it not be wiser and better, and more seemly, to say exactly what you mean; to tell a story exactly as it happened; so that those who hear you may feel sure that the thing is just as you say,—not different even by a hair's breadth? Another form of untruth, and a worse one, because it cannot, like exaggeration, be practised unconsciously, is equivocation—hiding a part of the truth while seeming to tell all. For example, Maria wishes to have a gossip with an idle friend down the street, but she is not sure that her mother may think it at all necessary; so she says, 'Mother, may I go down to buy some finer needles, and take a bowl of soup to old Susan?' and having done these errands she spends half an hour with her friend, and says nothing about it when she comes home. Or Ellen's mother comes in after some hours' absence, and wonders that her daughter's work has made so little progress. 'Well, mother,' says Ellen, 'Baby was up, and it took a long time to get her to sleep again.' Yes, but Ellen, you have forgotten the longer time you spent at the window watching those ladies, and studying their fashionable bonnets. 'Louisa,' said a kind grandmamma to one of the young guests who were dancing on her lawn on a sunny afternoon, 'don't you feel that dress very warm?' 'Oh, no, grandmamma. I have several white dresses