

night, during which time I thought I should lose my senses. One night, after supper, I was wretched beyond the power of words to describe. My wife said, "Fred, let us go out together; maybe the fresh air will do us both good." We walked up the street, and at the corner a little man, with a pleasant, winsome face, was singing a hymn. He said that as it was too dark to read, he would repeat a few messages of God's love and mercy, which his hearers would find in their Bibles, if they wished, when they went home. Then he said:—

"I tell you what, dear people, Jesus Christ is able to save every one here. He can save to the very uttermost. That is His own word, and I can vouch for the truth of it from my own experience. I was a poor outcast; my soul was blacker than the blackest night. I use to curse my good old mother's God to her face, and I did it until it broke her heart. Everything else that is bad I have been guilty of. But Jesus Christ has saved me, and I know that what He says is true. Try Him, every one of you. Believe His word, and He will save you this very moment. I tell you He can save to the uttermost, and that means He can save the last one, the one farthest off, the wickedest of all. If you are tired of your sins, bring them to Jesus: He will throw them into the sea of His blood, and you will sing as I can, 'The depths have covered them; there is not one of them left.'"

These words were followed by the hymn:—

"Come, every soul by sin oppress,
There's mercy with the Lord;
And He will surely give you rest
By trusting in His word.

"Only trust Him! only trust Him!
Only trust Him now!
He will save you! He will save you!
He will save you now!"

That night, dear friends, will be remembered by me throughout eternity. When the meeting was over I pushed through the crowd and took hold of the little man, throwing my arms around him. I shouted at the top of my voice, "Glory! glory!"

"JESUS DOES SAVE A POOR WRETCH LIKE ME!"

"What's the matter?" asked the preacher, for I do not think even his faith was expecting this. "Something's got hold of me!" I replied. But I scarcely knew what I was saying. The people got staring, and I said to my wife, "Come along! Lizzie, I'll tell

you what 'tis all about." All I could say, however, was that my burden was gone, and I was a saved and happy man.

The next morning the men saw a still more wonderful change than that they had seen previously. They came forward with a host of questions. I said to them, "Mates, I believe I am saved; that's the long and short of it."

"What's that," they asked. "How did it come about? We want to know all about it."

"I have told you twenty times that 'something's got hold of me.'"

"Yes, and twenty times we have asked you *what 'tis is holding you?* We know something is holding your swearing tongue, but what is it? Do tell us, Fred."

I tried to explain to them, but they only seemed confused and puzzled, and kept on plying me with the one question. All at once clearer light flashed into my mind, and I said:—

"MY LADS, 'TIS JESUS HAS GOT HOLD OF ME!"

'Tis He has stopped my swearing tongue; 'tis He has turned me to the right-about; 'tis He, glory forever be to His blessed name, has answered my father's and mother's prayers! I am as happy as can be! I know my sins are all forgiven; yes, Jesus saves me now!"

They came to me a few days afterward and said, "Fred, we want to ask you to write down the story you have only partly told us, and we will have a little meeting together, and you shall read it to us, so that we can all get to understand how THAT SOMETHING took hold of you."

I thought at first, "How would it answer to write out a printed sermon and read it to them?" But how could *that* be anything about myself? Besides, I should get found out! But my wife came to the rescue. "Fred, write it down, just as you would tell it to anybody." So I wrote it down just as I have been telling it this evening. I read it at the little meeting the men had got together, and as I was reading it "something" took hold of several of their hearts. One of them bowed his head and wept aloud. We got upon our knees, and oh, it was a happy time, for three of them that night made a start for heaven, and others have since followed.—*The Revivalist*.

THE only way to flee away from God is to flee unto Him.—*Phillips Brooks*.