

so kept on with 'Buonaseras.' At last I fell back on motions, anyone can understand them. I pointed inside and pushed a little, and finally he went in.

After service, I met him at the door and said 'Buonasera,' and after a hearty hand shake and much conversation on his part, of which I did not understand a word, and many 'Buonaseras' and shrugs of shoulders on my part, he went away. That was the last I ever expected to see of him; but the next night he was back again. I met him with a 'Buonasera' at the door, and a 'Buonasera' at the close of the meeting. After that he was there every night, and it was 'Buonasera' at the beginning, and 'Buonasera' at the close of every service.

One night, when I gave the invitation for any who wanted to become Christians to hold up their hands for prayers, up went his hand, and when I invited them to come forward to be prayed with, he came too. I prayed with the others and left him till the last; when I came to him, what to do I did not know.

'Buonasera' was hardly the appropriate thing to say to him at this time, so I fell back on motions. I folded my hands, moved my lips and looked upward; he did the same. I was at the end of self—God can work when we get through.

All at once it struck me that God could speak Italian, so I just asked the Lord to speak to him, as I could not. He went away; the next night he came out for prayers again, the next also, and so on, if I remember right, every night for a month. At the end of that time I had gotten used to his coming out. I would pray with him, at least I would go through with motions; I am sure my prayer did not go very high.

One night, after I had said a prayer and got him to fold his hands, etc., I saw him move his lips, and then a look of joy come over his face; I saw God had met him. He rose from his knees, put his hand over his heart, and said, 'Jesus, Jesus,' and his face shone.

The next night, during the testimony service, he rose and said: 'Me no speaka English, Jesus, Jesus,' and he rubbed his heart, and his face spoke volumes. It was a powerful testimony; everyone was thrilled.

The next night and every night it was the same, 'Me no speaka English, Jesus, Jesus,' but there was power in it.

In a year or so he could speak quite well. After leaving Florence, when back on a visit, I met him. He put a five dollar bill in my hand. I did not want to take it, but he insisted, saying, 'You leada me to Jesus; before I come to Jesus, I spenda all my money in saloon, now a sava it. I hava many a five doll in the bank, this only one you taka.' Soon after he gave me two dollars' worth of Italian tracts. Some time since, when I was at the Florence, I asked about the Italian. 'Oh!' said they, 'he has got a mission of his own down in Mulberry Bend, among his own people.'

Later on in the meeting he came in. When he saw me, he said, 'There's the man that leada me to Jesus.' Now me gota mission all my own; me paya the rent; me make the music; me set the chairs, me sweep out, me do the preacha, mission all my own.'

There he was working away for Christ. What was it that won him? 'Buonasera,' that was all. I showed an interest in him—it won him.—Episcopal Recorder.

An Infidel's Part in the Moody Campaign.

Mr. Ned Wright, speaking at the Moody memorial service on New Year's Day, said: Brownlow North laid the foundation for Moody's work. He went before the great evangelist and prepared his way. During one of his campaigns a friend of mine met me and said, 'Can you find a place where Moody can pitch his house in South London?' I replied, 'There is no place but a large market garden, and that belongs to an infidel.' 'Well, God can influence the infidel,' he replied. I told him, I had no hope in that quarter, and no faith to believe the infidel would let the place under any persuasion for Moody to hold meetings in. My friend, however, urged me to interview the man concerning it. 'Well,' I said, 'if you say so, I will go on the strength of your faith, for I haven't any myself.' I went to the infidel and said, 'I have a bit of business for you about your field. It will be a pretty good case for you if you will let it. It will bring you in so and so.' He asked, 'Whom is it for?' 'For Moody.' 'What! That Moody with the Sankey fellow?' 'Yes,' I answered, fearing he would then declare they should never have it, but to my surprise he said, 'Well, he shall have it.' 'For how much?' I asked, when, to my greater astonishment, he said, 'He shall have it for nothing!' I thought to myself, 'This fellow is not an infidel after all.' But he was; yet, because he had heard of cases all around the neighborhood of people who had been influenced for good, he felt an interest in Moody. A shilling a year was finally arranged upon as the rent of his place, and the meetings began. The very first man converted in that building was this infidel's eldest son. When I saw him seeking salvation and being dealt with by various workers, my heart was so full that I felt too choked to speak to him myself. He had been brought up in the very lap of infidelity, and had already begun to go out into the parks and advocate it. He got blessedly saved, and eventually his father and all the family were brought to Christ.—Christian Herald.

An Allegory.

In a certain city the people were divided by their occupations into six guilds, each residing in a different district, the professional men, the mechanics, the merchants, the hucksters, the carriers and the amusement vendors, with a separate gate. There came a giant against the city, and with his battering-ram broke down, one after the other, the six gates that protected these six guilds and all they held dear, and let in his hungry horde of followers upon them, 'Which things are an allegory.' The wall is the Sabbath, which protects the people, in that which is almost the dearest treasure they possess, their Sabbath rest. The giant that breaks down all the gates in that wall is the Sunday paper. He breaks down the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the professional man, by requiring work of the editor; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the mechanics, by requiring Sunday work of the printer; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the merchant, by requiring Sunday work of the newsdealer; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the hucksters by requiring Sunday work of the newsboy; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the carriers, by requiring Sunday work of the men in the mail service

and on the trains; the gate that protects the Sabbath rest of the amusement-vendors, by sending out the Sunday papers on the plea of amusement, thus opening the way for dime museums and theatres to claim the same right. There is not a single form of labor or business, nor a single form of public amusement which a man can consistently condemn, who either publishes or patronizes Sunday papers.—Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Hymn for Our Soldiers.

(By the Sister of an Officer.)

To the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' as sung in the churches.

For our valiant soldiers,
Lord, to Thee we pray;
Guard and keep them ever,
Be their guide and stay.
When through veldt they're marching
Many a weary hour
From their foes protect them
By Thy mighty power.

Cho.—For our valiant soldiers, &c.

When in darkness resting
Arms are laid aside,
God of battles shield them—
Still with them abide;
And if they in fighting
Should not think of Thee,
Do not Thou forget them,
Still their succor be.

Lord, when sick and wounded,
Far, perchance, from care,
Let Thy healing Spirit
Save them from despair.
Saviour, be Thou with them,
All their prayers to hear,
Strengthen, watch and comfort,
When none else is near.

Hungry, Lord, and thirsty,
In the wilderness,
Thou didst hear Thy people
In their sore distress;
Thou canst turn to blessing
Every human pain,
Grant that these through suffering
Saving faith may gain.

Lord, among our army,
Fighting for our land,
Thou hast also soldiers
Fighting Satan's band:
Lord, be Thou their Helper,
Touch their lips with fire,
Let Thy Holy Spirit
All their words inspire.

Safe beneath the shelter
Of Thy mighty shield,
Thou canst keep from danger
Soldiers on the field!
And although around them
Tens of thousands die,
Thou canst keep in safety
Those for whom we cry.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Feb. 25., Sun.—The fire shall be ever burning upon the altar.
Feb. 26., Mon.—The glory of the Lord shall appear unto you.
Feb. 27., Tues.—Do not drink wine or strong drink.
Feb. 28., Wed.—It is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul.
Mar. 1., Thurs.—Turn ye not unto idols.
Mar. 2., Fri.—Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely.
Mar. 3., Sat.—Neither lie one to another.