

Miscellany.

SELECTIONS.

HOW BROTHER R— GOT OUT OF HIS TROUBLE.

I know a little country society not far from the town of G—, and composed for the most part of men who have to sweat for their bread, and who, for more reasons than one, like Sunday better than any other day in the week. Well, in that little church the class-meeting is one of the most popular and interesting means of grace. It is true there is a certain sameness associated with it, but that is one of its chief charms. The same brethren meet together from week to week, on the same night, in the same place, led by the same brother, and in the same way, and, what is more, the same Holy Spirit descends upon them, filling their hearts with the same old joys.

From twelve to fifteen of them usually meet together in the old chapel, and good times they have. All the neighbours around about know when it is class-night, not only from the light shining through the chapel windows, but from their joyous voices as they mingle in song, in prayer, and praise.

Not many weeks ago they held the meeting as usual, and it proved a time of refreshing not soon to be forgotten. After the leader had stated his experience in his own stirring way, he said—

“Now, Brother R—, how is it with you?” We give the words in his own homely style. He said, “Praise the Lord, I’m very happy in Jesus, and I feel I can niver praise him enough for what he has done for me. I wor in a queer fix this week, you may depend, and I’ll just tell you how the Lord helped me out.

“Well, you see, I get my living with a pony and cart, and I had to gan to Mr. — with a biggish load of things—biggish for my bit of a pony, you know; it’s about fourteen miles journey. However, we started, pony and me, and went on first-rate till we got near the far end, where we had to face a terrible hill. Thinks I, ‘We’ll niver git up this bank.’ However, pony pulled and I pushed with all my might, so we got on bit by bit, crossing and tacking from side to side; but though the canny thing were straining herself, and I were pushing and praying behind, it proved too much for us. About halfway up the hill we stuck fast, and the pony were panting as if her heart would burst. Night was coming on, no houses in sight, no help near,—what could I do? So I backed the cart wheels into the dyke, that the pony could’n get away, and off I went up the hill o seek for help. At the top I saw a house, so I went to it, and met a man looking like a farmer. I told him how I was fixed, and asked him if he would lend a horse and help the pony up the hill. ‘Well,’ he said, ‘we don’t reckon to do that sort of thing, you know, because we often get imposed upon; but you look a decent sort of a man. I think, yes, I think I will give you a bit of a pull up. Hold on a minute while I fetch the horse out.’ ‘Thank ye,’ says I. Thinks I to myself, ‘We are all right now.’ And so we were, for in a few minutes out came the farmer with a horse and four chains, and started down the hill with me till we came to the pony. There she was, fast in the dyke where I left her. So we hooked in the new horse at once. ‘Now, my lass,’ says I, ‘come on!’ Both horses sprang to the caller, and we were out of the dyke in a minute, and rattling up the hill at half a trot. We were soon up at that rate, and then, of course, we stopt to