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THE FAITH NEEDED.

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A man came to me, a stranger; he asked me some questions about healing. I asked him if he loved the Lord Jesus. He hesitated, and then said that he had a great struggle when he was a boy, and finally united with the Church, but he drifted away a good deal, until he rather thought that God did not change his plans and laws to answer prayers. Then he asked me if I thought God would answer his prayer, if he prayed for somebody to be healed.

I said "No."

"Well, I thought you believed in faith healing."

"I do, but it is *faith* healing. You say that you have drifted away from the love that you once knew, and your belief in the divinity of Christ and the atonement of Christ. There is no promise that he will answer prayer coming from a heart of unbelief. That would be no prayer at all. Thousands and thousands of people wonder and exclaim that God does not answer such prayers. Our names may be on the church books, and not on the Lamb's book of life."

What we must offer is the prayer that is according to the grace of God and our Lord Jesus Christ. What we need is to be out and out for God, to be filled with His Spirit, to know him as the one who died for us, and the one who rose again, and who lives with and in us, the resurrection life itself.

DR. CULLIS.

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CONVERSION OF A CHILD.

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I was at this time pastor of a large Church in Boston. Special interest arose among our people, and I was holding a few extra meetings, and giving some addresses to the children and young people. I was greatly pleased to see Lucy at several of the meetings, coming of her own accord. One Monday morning a week or so after this, as I was going down to the dining-room, she intercepted me at my study door. I was surprised to see her down so early, for she was not usually the first down to breakfast. She came towards me with a strange eagerness. I saw by her face and the tears standing in her eyes that something unusual had happened to move her. I said, "What is it, dear?"

She made no reply at once in words, but with a bound she flung her arms around my neck and began to cry and sob, not as if in sorrow, but with gladness, hugging and caressing me all the time.

Presently she said, "Papa, I have got something to tell you." I at once turned and drew her with me into the study. And catching her in my arms