



YOU, ME OR ANYBODY ELSE.

THE following is part of an experience related by a "countryman" at the close of a street preaching service in London, England.

"I was ploughing in a field beside the road, and just sat down agin the fence nearest to it, to have a bit of bread and cheese, when I sees a gentleman leaning over the gate. Presently he comes across to where I was sitting. He said it was a fine day, and I said it was so, with the blessing of God, as we always says down in them parts, not thinking nothing about God all the time. Howsomever, he pulls me up sharp, though in a kindly voice, says he:—

"Do you know the blessing of God in saving *your* soul?" It quite took me aback, and I says,

"Of course we all wants to be saved, and hopes we shall afore we comes to die." Then he spoke a great deal to me, as I never heard the likes in my life; about being born again and all to that away. Before he goes, he takes out a book and says:—

"I should like to give you this, and will you read this chapter where I turn the leaf down?" I thanked him with all my heart; but told him I was no scholard, never having had no book larning.

"Well," says he 'never mind that, you get the first person you see that can read, to read this chapter to you.' So he left the book, and I never seen him from that time.

"After a bit I hears a boy coming lumping along home from school, so I calls, 'Hey, boy! Come here! Can you read?'"

"Aye, can I."

"So he reads away, and I sits listening with all my might. He reads about a man who came to Jesus by night, and I never knew anything take such hold on me as them words did. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven.' Now I wanted to go to heaven, and I always thought if a man did the best he could, and paid his way, and loved his neighbor, what more could he do, and would surely go to heaven at the end; but this floored me—this being born again—when I again caught up the boy reading, and the words he read so made my heart jump with the strange feeling that I had got it at last, and was frightened of losing it. I called out to him to stop, and read that last verse over again. As he read, what he told me was the sixteenth verse, the light began to shine in on my heart, and I thought this is what being born again means, this explains it. I know now, it was the Holy Spirit of God through them words:— 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"Cant you tell me what that there word whosoever means?"

"No," he says, I don't know what it means, unless it means *you, me; or anybody else.*'

"Well," says I, why didn't you say that at first. I can understand that easy enough. Now, read that verse over again, if you please, and put them words in instead of the long one.' So he read them over again.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *you, me; or anybody* else believing in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"I lifted up my heart, and thanked God there and then, for such mercy to a sinner like me. His love was so wonderful, and those words made it all plain that it was *for me.*