

Brother Brown began to tremble.

"I have always tried to do my duty," he said, with hesitation, stammering with emotion.

"We shall see," said his questioner as he took down a great book from a shelf containing millions of like appearance; "a strict account is kept here with every mortal."

By this time brother Brown was shaking like an aspen leaf.

The book opened readily to the page, having his name in bold letters at the top of the account:

ABRAHAM BROWN.

To Almighty God, Dr.

To breath of life.....
To sixty years of health.....
To eight sons and daughters.....
To a farm.....
To one lot of bonds.....
To money at interest.....
To Christian privileges during life.....
To salvation through Christ.....
To all the sufferings of the Lord Jesus.....

Item after item, many thousands of them, aggregating the value of many worlds.

Brother Brown was sinking in anguish. At length he could speak. "It is unpaid," he moaned as he fell insensible to the floor.

"Stand up!" said a voice, which with firmness and sternness was awful: "Behold the payments!"

And he saw what he had done in all the years—so little, so mocking to heaven's beneficence, in its insignificance, the pittance for God's poor and for a perishing world; the plenty, the ease, the luxury, the hoarded store of treasure, of talent, and of property for self, that he cried out in sorrow, "What shall I do? I have no hope! lost! lost! lost!"

A hand rested upon his shoulder. He saw no form, but a voice was heard:

"Thou may'st return to earth, and again at the end of thy years, thou shalt knock at this gate of pearl, and perchance shall find admission."

Brother Brown awoke as the people were singing:

"I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransom'd be,
And quicken'd from the dead.
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?"

Another score of years lived Abraham Brown. He could never give enough; in every cause his name was first, and in secret benevolence his bounty was without limit. He never thought of self, but of his Heavenly Master's wish. The neighbours never knew the hinge on which his life turned, but when he died many saw heaven's transformation scene as the glory hung over his dying bed, and they heard him whisper, oh, so earnestly.

"The gate is open wide, I see, I see; behold the veil: It is well with my soul!"

GOSPEL WORK.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN BRISTOL.

Mr. Moody's first appearance at Bristol on Tuesday evening was characteristic. He had missed his train, and arrived only just in time to give his address. Instead of making any allusion to or apology for his being late, he immediately proceeded with his sermon, in the course of which he laid emphasis on the importance of heeding and obeying the written word rather than the experiences of others. He had seen by the time-table that the train left Paddington at three, but noticing an official, who ought to know, to assure himself he asked what time the train left. "Quarter-past three," was the reply. He took his word, and missed the train, for the book was right and the man was wrong. Always go by the book, not by human experience. The time-table itself is fallible, but God's Word is absolute truth—trust in that alone.

On Friday evening a little baby, crying attracted the attention of the audience just as the address was to begin. Mr. Moody took the opportunity of saying that it would not disturb him in the least, but it was very embarrassing to a mother to have 1,400 people turn round and look at her. He would a good deal rather preach to those mothers who cannot come except they bring their babies, than to the ladies who had servants to leave them with at home. It would be a kind and considerate thing for a lady to go down to a poor sister's home and nurse the baby while the mother came to the meeting. At Aberdeen, a mother anxious about her soul wanted to go into the inquiry-room, but having a baby in her arms she was afraid

of disturbing others. A tall man, however, standing by, said he would nurse her child, and he walked up and down with the little one in his arms until the mother returned, having received the peace she sought.

Mr. Moody has been assisted by the arrival of Mr. Scroggie from Scotland, who has taken the overflow meetings, and has preached with great simplicity and directness. The principal meetings are held at the Colston Hall, which seats about 2,500, the overflow in Lodge-street Chapel, near by, and when that becomes too small, at the Drill Hall, which seats more than Colston Hall. Mr. Bliss, of America, has also arrived from Plymouth, where he remained to carry on the meetings after Mr. Moody had left. He is holding meetings of young men, and will probably remain after Messrs. Moody and Sankey have gone.

In this as in all evangelistic work there is, of course, much that cannot be recorded. It could not be told without betraying confidences which must be held sacred. We can but speak in general terms of

INCIDENTS.

the particulars of which would be of the deepest interest. For instance: A Government official is on business in a provincial town. He strolls out at night and finds the circus on one side of a square, the Moody and Sankey meeting on the other: he goes with the stream into the latter, and is led to Christ. A lady goes from her country home into the neighbouring town and inquires what entertainments are going on; is told by a tradesman of the meetings, and decides to go; remains to the after-meeting, apparently out of curiosity, has no intention of being converted, but all the time the Spirit, unconsciously to herself, is acting upon her heart, and eventually she is saved.

A Major, with his wife and daughter, comes from a distant town to Paris. After one of the first addresses, he says to Mr. Moody, "Ah, you spotted me to-day!" "How so?" "Why, you said we could not be forgiven if we refuse to forgive others. I have had a quarrel with my brother-in-law, and I am going to write him a letter at once, that we may be reconciled." He wrote the letter and was reconciled to God as soon as the hindrance was removed.

Two trustees differ as to their trust, and the more awkward tempered of the two determines to throw the affair into Chancery, against the wishes of the other. But one day he comes to retract and apologize—he has been converted. His co-trustee thinks that if believing in Christ can make such a change as this he will seek Him too, and is saved.

The aged woman mentioned in our last as having travelled all night to be at the Paris meeting was awakened at ten years of age by a New Testament given her by an Englishman passing through her town. At twenty-five she married, both being unconverted. Her husband's family made her very unhappy, and she cried to the God of whom she had read in her New Testament. At last, one day she went out of her house into a retired spot, and besought the Lord to have mercy upon her. He heard her cry and gave her perfect peace. She was the first convert in her town; the neighbours thought that she had become insane, and asked her husband what he was going to do with her. But she lived the Gospel. Now there are three of Mr. M'All's meetings in the town.

Now and then a representative of the press gets blessing. They go to observe and to report, not expecting personal good. A Spaniard came to the American Chapel, and on being spoken to, said, "Oh, I am a journalist." The necessity of the new birth was pressed upon him, but he replied, "I am a political man. I am the editor of such a newspaper, I shall be glad to receive information about this work." He was willing to report for the information of his Spanish readers, but had been so accustomed to attend public meetings as an observer that he had no idea of any other attitude than that of a looker-on.

CHEMISTS tell us that a single grain of the substance called iodine will impart colour to several thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things—one companion, one book, one habit, may affect the whole of life and character.

CHRISTIANITY insists, first of all, on a real faith. Whatever else it has or lacks, the soul, to be saved, must obey an honest purpose. It must believe with the affections heartily. With the heart man believeth unto salvation before confession is made with the mouth.

MISSION NOTES.

THE Rev. Wm. Lloyd, of the English Church Mission at Foochow, mentions, with gratitude to God, the perfect freedom which missionaries now enjoy in preaching the Gospel in nearly all parts of China. Certainly very great changes have taken place in the empire in this respect.

THE native Christians of Cawnpore are exhibiting an aggressive phase of Christian activity that is a hopeful indication. Of their own accord they have established a Sunday school for nominal Christian children of whom there are a great many in Cawnpore.

A COFFEE-HOUSE has been opened in Constantinople as a centre of Gospel work. On its outer walls is painted in Arabic the words, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The lady director of it speaks four languages, she having been employed as colporteur by the Bible Societies. During the two months in which it has been open more than a hundred Bibles, Testaments, or Psalms in various languages have been sold. A Black Sea pirate, who has been converted through the agency of the preaching of a Greek in the reading-room, is now a student.

THE "Bombay Guardian" says: How many people are converted to Christianity, in all the world, every year? Three millions? Our readers will exclaim that this is an extravagant estimate, and will doubt if even one million are won. Well, it appears from Boehm and Wagner's new edition of their work on the World's Population, that this has increased by twenty-eight millions in about ten years. So that for the Gospel to keep up with the increase of the world's population, it would need to win about four millions annually. The majority of Christians seem to think that the force of circumstances is going to bring about the conversion of the world, and that it is enough if they look on and feebly thank God. The Church of Christ must become aggressive to an extent little dreamed of at present.

"EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM" says of the work in Eastern Turkey: There has been a growth in all departments of mission work during the past year. A greatly increased interest in education has been developed among the Armenians; the schools have increased in attendance, and improved in quality. The objection to education comes almost wholly from the Turkish Government, which fears that too much education will develop too great a spirit of independence; but a strong organization has been formed having for its object the introduction of improved schools in different parts of the country. This is an encouraging sign; if not an indication, at least a forerunner, of progress. A wealthy Armenian residing in St. Petersburg has set apart something like £50,000 to found for his countrymen an institution answering to a German gymnasium. Ten years ago he sent seven young Armenians to Germany to be educated, as a preliminary step. Most of them have now returned, and recently began to lay the foundation of a new institution, to be located at Erzeroum. It is proposed, if Government approval can be so secured, to erect a building at a cost of about £10,000. The work of education will be begun with twenty-five Armenian boys, chosen from different parts of the country.

THE progress in self-help in the Niger Mission of the Church Missionary Society is very encouraging. It is not long since Nembe (in the Niger Delta), the capital of Brass, was occupied; yet, when Archdeacon Crowther visited it, recently, he preached to 693 in the morning and 404 in the afternoon. In the morning he proposed to the people to make an effort to raise funds for a church, showed them plans, and spoke of the probable cost. The chiefs then asked leave to retire for consultation. All the men went out with them. They sent in once to know the cost of a church to accommodate 500, and whether they should expect any help from England. The answer was that the church would cost \$4,000, and that no help would be afforded from England. When the men returned, subscriptions began to come in, and soon no less than \$2,000 was promised, men rising frequently to add to their subscriptions. Three of the native carpenters have made a fine pulpit for the new church. Chief Spiff, one of the earliest converts at Brass, is dead. His reverence for the Sabbath was so great that he refused on one occasion to appear at the landing on that day to receive a package brought him by steamer, and it was carried away. He wrote to the company that he "would rather suffer the loss of everything than land a single package on the Lord's Day," and that "Sunday work does no man any good."