

[For OUR MISSION UNION.]

A Fatal Sleep.

By REV. T. BONE.

ONE day while visiting the Hospital, I found in the men's ward a young man who told me the following sad story:—That while passing through the old canal his duty was to go before the vessel and prepare the locks, by having the gates open. He had come to a lock, done his work, and as he had a little time to wait, he laid himself down on the balance beam to rest. Being overcome with fatigue, he fell asleep; and while he slept, the vessel entered the lock, striking the lower part of the gate, which shook the balance beam so much that he rolled over and fell and struck upon the hard deck of the vessel, seriously injuring his spine. He was taken up and carried to the Hospital, helpless and hopeless of recovery. Though evidently a strong young man, in the very bloom of manhood, yet he could not lift a cup of water to his lips. He desired a drink, and I gave it to him, and then asked if he had drank of the living water which Jesus so freely bestows. He acknowledged that he had not. I then endeavoured to point him to Jesus as "the Mighty to Save" to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him; that *now*, whatever his past life had been, God was waiting to be gracious, ready to forgive all his sins, if he, in his helplessness and unworthiness, cast himself wholly upon Christ. He listened with attention, and I trust with faith. Lifting up my heart in prayer to God for him, I bade him good-bye. I called in a few days after, to learn that he had died. The injuries were internal and proved fatal. Little did that young man think of his danger, as he laid himself down to rest upon the balance beam. A very slight shake tossed him from his temporary resting place. Is not this incident a picture of many who are asleep on the balance beam, unconscious of their danger. We would sound the word of warning in your ears. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Awake, awake, e'er you are shaken from your false security by some sudden accident or sickness, and find your day of grace closed, and you, alas unsaved. Hear the voice of the Spirit calling you, "Awake, thou that sleepest; arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

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The Power of "The Word."

By JOHN CURRIE.

WHEN I first entered upon my work for the Master in this place,* I made up my mind that at as early a date as possible I would make an effort towards procuring a supply of large Gospel texts, to be placed upon the walls. By the

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good Providence of God these have been supplied, and now we have twenty-nine texts in different parts of the Mission chapel. Some of these are ten feet long, the smallest being four feet. I thought in having these placed in position, that if my hearers got away from my preaching, they might be arrested by God's word. One night while speaking I said: "Friends, there are twenty-nine preachers here beside myself; I mean those texts there. They are like guns firing down upon you." This shot took effect, although at the time I knew it not. Three nights after, a man rose in the meeting and, in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "I was at the battle of Gettysburg, and at several other great battles during the late war. We faced the enemy while bullets rained around us. I knew not what fear nor trembling was. But the other night I heard that which caused me to tremble. When the preacher spoke of those twenty-nine silent preachers on the wall, and compared them to God's artillery playing down upon us, then I did, as I never did before, and felt as I never felt before, I trembled with fear. Oh, friends, I want to be a Christian. Will you pray for me?"

Thus, dear readers, we see that God's word is quick and powerful. Let us use it more. Let us bring it before the people in every possible way. It will do its work. It will not return to Him void.

[About two years ago while Mr. Geo. Soltau was holding evangelistic services in Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, a man strayed in, and while he sat, his eyes were directed to the texts then on the walls. Weeks afterward he wrote, saying, that while he had forgotten the words of the speaker, he had been unable to get away from those "Words of God," and they had been blessed to him. It is to be regretted that recent *re-decoration* of the Hall has obliterated the most effective decorations the building possessed. By all means let our Mission Halls be well supplied with striking Scripture decorations.—ED.]

How To Help.

A LADY of position and property, anxious about her neighbours, provided religious services for them. She was very deaf—could scarcely hear at all. On one occasion one of her preachers managed to make her understand him, and at the close of their conversation asked, "But what part do you take in the work?" "Oh," she replied, "I smile them in, and I smile them out!" Very soon the preacher saw the result of her generous, loving sympathy in a multitude of broad-shouldered, hard-fisted men, who entered the place of worship, delighted to get a smile from her as she used to stand in the doorway to receive them. Why do not the masses attend the house of God? They would in greater numbers, if self-denying, Christ-loving Christians would smile them in, and smile them out.