

## WINNING SOULS.

## INCIDENTS OF THE WORK OF DR. MALAN.

The following account of the life of Dr. Casar Malan of Geneva is given by his friend Ostertag.

A company were returning to Geneva on a steamboat. It was 'full of strangers of every kind.' While Ostertag was enjoying conversation with friends, he perceived that Malan had just seated himself by the side of a foreign lady, and had, in the most courteous manner, exchanged a few words with her. The conversation became increasingly animated. In her features there appeared by turns the expression of surprise or the smile of contempt. Her face reddened and paled alternately. Evidently she was a prey to the conflict of opposite sentiments. Frequently might she have been seen speaking and gesticulating in great excitement. It might have been conjectured that she was seeking to defend herself against unjust attacks. Then she set herself to listen attentively, silently, with her eyes bent down. By degrees these intervals of silence became more frequent. At length she gave up speaking entirely. Malan on the other hand, appeared to grow increasingly serious and in earnest, and more and more confident of success. Tears were soon seen coursing one another down her cheeks, while she applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

'For a long time,' Ostertag continues, 'I watched this scene, from a distance, with the liveliest interest; for it was plain that Malan was seeking to bring that soul to Christ. Had I not already heard him spoken of as one not only filled with the most ardent zeal to gain hearts over to the kingdom of God, but as one possessing, moreover, an extraordinary aptitude for winning souls? Many and many a glorious instance could I recall, going far back, of what God had thus wrought by his means. I had heard how, during his walks, in the diligence, at hotels, and among people of every class, he had been enabled at times to fix in the heart, by a single word, an arrow incapable of being extricated. And now, for the first time, I saw him at this work. Whilst the rest of us were scattered about doing nothing,—looking about us, and chatting on subjects more or less trifling—he was preaching the gospel with indefatigable zeal and ardent love.'

Ostertag adds, 'About half an hour afterwards, as I was standing by a young German of my acquaintance, Malan passed close to me and whispered in my ear,

'Another soul gained over to the Lord.' A quarter of an hour afterwards, while I was in the same place, and just as a young theologian from the north of Germany joined us, he passed again, touched me on the shoulder, and said in a low voice—'Preach the gospel—sound the trumpet! Through the whole of my journey after that—indeed, through all my after-life—that sentence has resounded in my ears, and never did I faithfully obey it and repent of doing so.'

Mr. Sankey, at one of his meetings in England, related, the following:

'At a gathering in the west end of London, the Rev. Casar Malan found himself seated by a young lady. In the course of conversation he asked her if she were a Christian. She turned upon him, and somewhat sharply replied: 'That's a subject I don't care to have discussed here this evening!' 'Well,' said Mr. Malan, with inimitable sweetness of manner, 'I will not persist in speaking of it, but I shall pray that you may give your heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him.' A fortnight afterwards they met again, and this time the young lady approached the minister with marked courtesy, and said: 'The question asked me the other evening has abided with me ever since, and caused me very great trouble. I have been trying in vain in all directions to find the Saviour and I come to ask you to help me to find Him. I am sorry for the way in which I previously spoke to you, and now come for help.' Mr. Malan answered her, 'Come to Him just as you are. 'But will He receive me just as I am, and now?' 'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Malan, 'gladly will He do so!' They then knelt down together and prayed, and she soon experienced the holy joy of a full forgiveness through the blood of Christ. The young lady's name was Charlotte Elliot, and to her the whole church is indebted for the pathetic hymn, commencing.

'Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.'

Dr. Malan, the distinguished pastor of Geneva, was a guest of the family at the time this took place, the anniversary of his first visit to the family was ever observed as a festive day with its members, and for forty years—or, indeed, to the close of his life—he maintained a correspondence with Charlotte which proved to be a great blessing to her. Dr. Malan