

bell rang for the feeding of the hungry poor, the question came :

'Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait,
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the vision passed away ?'

But true to duty, he left the vision and the splendor, and fed the homeless poor, and on his return he paused awestruck—

'For the vision still was standing
As he left it there before ;
Through the long hour intervening,
It had waited his return.'

And we, like the holy monk fully comprehend the meaning what the blessed vision said, '*Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled.*'

"Give Him, my friend, an *unbroken* allegiance, strong, brave and loyal, whole-hearted and true, and He will reveal Himself to you in all the blessedness of His Divine Personality, and as one nigh at hand and not afar off."—*Guide to Holiness.*

"SOMETHING'S GOT HOLD OF ME."

C. R. Parsons gives in the *Word and the Way* an account of the conversion of a burglar. We clip the following extract. It was told by the converted man in a public meeting. His employer had warned him, plainly saying, "Fred, the sort of life you are leading won't do ; you are not only going down to hell yourself, but you are taking others with you."

"That afternoon," said Fred, "I was very wretched, and when I went home my wife began to wonder what the matter could be. All I could say in answer to her inquiries was,

'SOMETHING'S GOT HOLD OF ME.'

I went to bed but could not sleep. My whole life stood up before me like an apparition from the unseen world. I was a man only in middle life, but, as the evil deeds of past years rose up before me, I saw myself as one mass of vileness and iniquity. Mercy ! No, surely there could be no mercy for me. I could not think of such a thing. Why should I obtain mercy—I who had done nothing but fight against God all my days ? I had brought down my father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and my mother likely enough had gone there too with a broken heart. Their prayers would sting

me like fangs of serpents forever. Mercy, indeed !

It was a dreadful night. My wife kept on saying, "Why, Fred, whatever is the matter?" All I could answer was "I don't know, something's got hold of me!" By-and-by I got out of bed. "'Tis no use, Lizzie," I said, "I can stand it no longer. I'll walk about the room. O God, what a vile wretch I have been ! I am lost, lost forever." This was all I could say. Lizzie was not a Christian, but she acted very sensibly. She kept quiet, and did not attempt to argue me out of my guilt. She had more reasons than one for wishing me a better man.

I told her the dream and gave her an account of the meeting the day before, and she said :—

"FRED, WHY DON'T YOU PRAY ?

Sure you must have learned the way from your good old father. Why don't you see if it will do you any good ?"

I dropped on my knees, but I cannot remember any word I said. All I know I was groaning and crying all night.

There was a fine "how d'ye do" the next day in the shop. Every eye saw the change. Indeed, they would soon have found it out if they had no eyes at all. They gathered around me, and from every man came the question, "Fred, what's up with you ? What's the matter ?" My heart was so full that I could but say, "I don't know what's the matter. Something's got hold of me !"

Some of the men began to swear, but I astonished the whole lot by shouting "Shut up your swearing. I'll have no more of it ; if you don't listen I'll turn you out at a week's notice !"

"Oh !" said they, this is grand. Fred is turned a saint all at once, and no mistake."

"Saint or no saint," I said, "I'll shut up every swearing tongue in the shop ; no, mates, not another oath here will I allow as long as my name is Fred Barker."

In the afternoon several of my chums came to me and said, "Fred, don't entertain such notions, something is wrong with thee. We'll go to the *Ship and Anchor* to-night, and we'll have a merry dance or two." "Dance !" said I, "no, never will I dance again ; 'tis a wonder I haven't danced right into hell long ago." All I could do was simply to give the one answer to every inquiry as to my extraordinary behaviour, "I don't know what is the matter ; something's got hold of me !"

In this state I remained for nearly a fort-