

pleasantly enough, but wishing for fresh excitement and to replenish his funds he started off to Portugal and joined the army of Don Pedro. Here he remained for only a few months, when the war having come to a close he returned to England. Shortly after this (in the summer of 1836), he went to Scotland for the shooting season, taking with him his wife and children, and from this time till the day of his death, Scotland was his home and became the scene of his evangelistic labours.

Although at this time and for years after Mr. North was a pleasure-loving man of the world, we are not to suppose he did not experience the strivings of the spirit, nor that his heart was altogether untouched by his own sense of sin. At times he became deeply sensible of his own sinfulness and of his lost condition in God's sight. A mother's tears and prayers doubtless had a restraining influence over the spirits of the wayward boy, and although the good seed sown in early childhood was to all outward appearance dead, yet the eye of faith could look forward with confidence that in God's good time a glorious harvest would be reaped. Again and again the seed seemed to be springing up only to be blighted by the pleasures of the world. It is related by the Duchess of Gordon that he was staying with her at Huntly Lodge, following his favourite sport of shooting, and living a careless life, when one day at dinner he said: "Duchess, what should a man do who has often prayed to God and never been answered?" In reply, she quoted the 3rd verse of the 4th chapter of James, "Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." He was greatly touched by the answer. Soon after this he was deeply impressed by the illness of his second son, Brownlow. So deep were his convictions, that he determined to give up his sinful life and fit himself by study to enter the church. With this view he went to Oxford, and, entering earnestly into his studies, passed his examinations with great credit. As the time for his ordination drew near, he felt that his heart was not yet right in the sight of God, and that he could not take upon himself the ordination vows of the church in his present state, for, as he afterward said, although he was truly awakened to the enormity of his sins, he had not in faith accepted Christ as his Saviour. He therefore gave up his intention

of entering the ministry, and soon fell back again to his former life of worldliness. In this condition he continued until November, 1854, when, in his 45th year, the Spirit of God renewed the impressions of a year or two previous, and he again began to feel his lost position. Mr. North, in an address to the students of Edinburgh University, in March, 1862, gave the following account of his conversion. He said, "It pleased God in the month of November, 1854, one night when I was sitting playing at cards, to make me concerned about my soul. The instrument used was a sensation of sudden illness, which led me to think that I was going to die. I said to my son, 'I am a dead man; take me upstairs.' As soon as this was done, I threw myself down on the bed. My first thought then was, now what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few minutes I shall be in hell, and what good will all these things do me, for which I have sold my soul? At that moment I felt constrained to pray, but it was merely the prayer of the coward, a cry for mercy. I was not sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin. And yet, still there was something trying to prevent me putting myself on my knees to call for mercy, and that was the presence of the maid-servant in the room lighting my fire. Although I did not believe at that time that I had ten minutes to live, and knew that there was no possible hope for me but in the mercy of God, and that if I did not seek that mercy I could not expect to have it, yet, such was the nature of my heart and of my spirit within me, that it was a balance with me, a thing to turn this way or that, I could not tell how, whether I should wait till that woman left the room; or whether I should fall on my knees and cry for mercy in her presence. By the grace of God I did put myself on my knees before that girl, and I believe it was the turning point with me. I believe that if I had at that time resisted the Holy Ghost—of course, I cannot say, for who shall limit the Holy Ghost?—but my belief is it would have been once too often. By God's grace I was not prevented. I did pray, and though I am not what I should be, yet I am this day what I am, which at least is not what I was. I mention this, because I believe that every man has in his life his turning point. I believe that the sin