

of his companion, reached success. He went from that presence a converted soul.

The lad, however, recovered, but was a cripple for life. Giving up the thought of learning a trade, he pursued a course of study, entered the ministry, and became the well-known, and much loved missionary to the Choctaws, the Rev. C. Kingsbury, D.D. The converted companion became the no less distinguished Dr. Joel Hawes, for so many years a preacher in Hartford, Conn. Two glorious lives dating from the chance running of a rabbit!

The truth of this story is vouched for by a son of one of the three friends, Rev. H. D. Walker, of Bridgewater, Mass.—*Selected.*

INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH MR. MOODY'S MEETINGS.

Rev. S. Herring related many interesting cases, one of which was remarkable. A young man went to the hall with a companion, intending to write the bitterest and cruellest articles against Messrs. Moody and Sankey. In a short time Mr. Sankey's song touched his heart, and the preaching moved him still further, so that when going out he said, "Do you think this right hand dare write anything against these two holy men? No! If it writes anything it will be to bless them and their work."

Mr. A. O. Charles recited quite a string of cases of conversion, told at a prayer-meeting lately held by the stewards of the hall, many of them resulting through Mr. Sankey's songs. In one case, a gentleman of fashion and leader of society in his country home, was induced to go to the meetings, and the result of several conversations was that he went to the country for his Easter holidays, as he said, "to be the leader of a very different society to that in which he had hitherto moved."

An old man in the body of the hall said he had been in London about fifty years, and had seen all kinds of crowds, but none so patient and orderly as those that nightly attended the Agricultural Hall. On Sunday morning he was in the crowd waiting for the doors to be opened, and though they got wet outside with the rain, they did not mind it, as they knew they would get a better kind of shower inside the hall. He had got so warmed up at the meetings yesterday, he was hardly cooled down yet.

Another speaker in the hall, told how some of his friends, when standing outside waiting for admission conversed with an old gentleman who said, "I am going inside, but I do not believe in any God or devil, in heaven or hell, or the soul. How old do you think I am?" They thought he might be seventy. "I am eighty-one." He had not been long listening to the gospel before he began to weep like a child. He said to these friends at the close, "Are you going home?" "Yes, we must go, as we live at Kingston." He said, "I am not: I never heard anything like this, or felt like this. I must go into the inquiry-room." Further than that, added the speaker, I know not, but surely that was a great thing to praise God for.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Mr. Newman Hall gives the following instances of answers to prayer from his own experience: The writer's brother, when superintendent of a Sunday school, felt a strong impulse, one Saturday evening, to call on a member of his Bible class whom he had never visited before, and to inquire if he was in any need. He found him very ill. Though the mother and sister seemed in comfortable circumstances, he felt constrained to inquire if he could aid them in any way. They burst into