

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

The following is the story of the conversion of the young French evangelist, M. Reveillaud. Four months before the event he had written a book, in the preface of which he said :

"It is not a work of faith, though it is a work of good faith. The writer is not a believer, though he would fain be one. He belongs to no Church. Born and educated in the Catholic Church, he early abjured its pomps and works. He is called a 'free-thinker.' He is one of the great multitude of enthusiasts for freedom of conscience, the progress of the human mind, the honour and glory of his country. His testimony for Protestantism is spontaneous and disinterested. His book is not for the propagation of a creed, but for the preservation of society."

But within four months of that, at the conclusion of a sermon in a Protestant church in Troyes, on the rapture of Stephen in his death, M. Reveillaud suddenly arose and approached the pulpit. The account is given by the preacher :

I turned quickly and perceived that the intelligent and educated young man who was coming toward me, and whom I well knew, desired to be heard. "Would you suffer me," he said, "to bear witness to the Holy Ghost?" I gave him leave, and, standing before the communion table below the pulpit, he spoke nearly as follows :

"My brethren, I desire to bear witness to the Holy Ghost, and to declare, with our pastor, that there is an invisible and supernatural world, not known by the senses, but apprehended by faith and heavenly grace. Last night it pleased the Holy Spirit to reveal Himself to me and give me that baptism in which, according to the promise of the Scriptures, we become the children of the Father, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. By this baptism I have been born again, and have put off the old man, with the lusts of the flesh. I feel the grace, the power, the love of God. I have entered into the invisible Church of Christ. I am converted. I am saved.

"I was the most unworthy of the children of sin and the world; and when I think of my old life, so corrupt and impure, I wonder that God should deign to make choice of my soul for a temple of the Holy Ghost. Formerly I had nothing but a wish for good, a lively feeling of my misery, with a vague, indefinite desire to make my peace with God, and enjoy his favour. I remember that some days ago I expressed in prayer the desire that God would bestow on me the grace of the Holy Spirit. I have been answered a hundred-fold more than I could have dared to hope.

"I fell asleep yesterday in an atmosphere of worldly thoughts, and I do not remember that during the whole day I had once lifted up my heart to God. In the night I had a dream. I thought that I was arguing with a Catholic lady. She said to me: 'Yours is no religion; you believe in nothing.' 'What!' said I, still in my dream, 'believe in nothing? On the contrary, we have the same creed with the Catholics;' and I went on to repeat to her the Apostles' Creed—'I believe in God the Father Almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord,' etc. I continued thus in my dream, making an effort sometimes to remember the words, and my conviction of their truth grew stronger as I proceeded. I came to that part of the Creed 'From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead,' when it seemed as if the earthquake and a gulf opened and the stars fell from heaven—as if the last day had come. The impression was instantaneous, and I expected to be swallowed up in the universal convulsion, when I remembered the part of the Creed I had recited a moment before, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' At this moment it seemed I was set beyond the open gulf, and that the Holy Ghost took possession of me. 'Saved!' I thought to myself, and I repeat, as if to reassure myself of my salvation, 'I believe, yes, I believe in the Holy Ghost!'

"From that moment I had the assurance that I was no longer dreaming. What followed might have seemed a hallucination, had I not tested it thoroughly and found it to be the conviction of a waking man whose pulse was calm—I counted it repeatedly—and who was fully conscious of his own personality, knowing himself to be in his own room, and perceiving,

when he opened his eyes, the light of dawn creeping through the windows.

"As I repeated, still under the influence of the dream and the vision, 'I believe—I believe in the Holy Ghost,' a tender emotion filled my whole being. I had from this moment the persuasion that the Holy Spirit had come to me. I had a perfect feeling of happiness, and a most lively impression of the infinitude of the love of God. I repeated the Apostles' Creed from the beginning, and a new meaning seemed to shine out from it and make all its assertions self-evidencing. I was full of deep emotion. I was filled with a rushing flood of divine love. It was impossible to express in words my experience and the happiness it brought.

"I owe to you, my brethren, members with me of this Christian Church, the first expression of my newborn and living faith. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men! Christ has come to redeem us, to save us, to bear the burden of our sins, to be our ransom before the Father. Christ reigns and has fellowship with us by the Holy Spirit. Oh, love the Lord Jesus; love God, that God may work His work in you, that you may be filled with the grace of the Spirit, and thus may have peace and the communion of the Holy Ghost, joy of heart, and assurance of eternal life."

HEAR IS MY HEART.

Here is my heart—my God I give it to Thee :

I heard Thee call and say—
"Not to the world my child but unto Me."
I heard and will obey;
Here is love's offering to my King
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart.

Here is my heart—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet Thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam's fall
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart.

Here is my heart—my heart so hard before,
Now by Thy grace made meet,
Yet bruised and wearied it can only pour
Its anguish at Thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joys to win—
My mourning heart.

Here is my heart—in Christ my longings end,
Near to His cross it draws;
It says—Thou art my portion, O my Friend,
Thy blood my ransom was;
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound,
My trusting heart.

Here is my heart—O Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,
A temple fair and true;
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee and adore,
My cleansed heart.

Here is my heart—it trembles to draw near
The glory of Thy throne;
Give it the shining robes Thy servants wear
Of righteousness Thine own;
Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart.

Here is my heart—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto Thee;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing—
Welcome, my God's decree;
Believing all its journey through
That Thou art wise, and just, and true—
My waiting heart.

Here is my heart—O, Friend of friends, be near
To make each tempter fly;
And when my latest foe I meet with fear,
Give me the victory;
Gladly on Thy love reposing
Let me say, when life is closing,
Hear is my heart."

—E. Liedich.

LIVINGSTONE AND OTHER TEETOTALERS.

I have been reading with keen delight my friend Dr. Blaikie's "Personal Life of David Livingstone;" it is as fascinating as Robinson Crusoe was to me in my boyhood. What Ney was among generals and Knox was among Reformers, that Livingstone was among missionary explorers—the bravest of the brave. His personal piety and astonishing courage come out in this biography most grandly. And among the

many lessons of his heroic career is one of vast significance—it is his unqualified testimony in favour of total abstinence.

Amid one of his terrible experiences of hardship in the interior of Africa, he records in his journal: "My opinion is that the most severe labours and privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulus, because those who have endured the most, had nothing else but water." He farther tells us that he sometimes drank water that was swarming with insects, or thick with mud, or putrid from other mixtures, but he never needed any wine or whiskey to qualify it or to prevent it from doing harm to him or his companions. Dr. Livingstone was a skilful physician, and he was very loth to use wine even as a medicine. His plain, godly father, Neil Livingstone, "became a strict teetotaler in order to fortify others by his example," and David, when a young man, signed a total abstinence pledge.

But we have been told lately that such a pledge is a "straight jacket," and betrays unmanliness. We are told by the same distinguished authority that teetotalers are misguided fanatics, and that our scientific estimate of alcoholic drinks is not defensible. To all these sneers the testimony and example of such a man as Livingstone are of incalculable weight as a refutation. While some American clergymen are denouncing the Temperance Reform, the following remarkable letter has lately been received in Glasgow by the Secretary of the Scottish Temperance League. It was written by Khame, the chief of the Bamangwato tribe in Southern Africa, who has lately prohibited the traffic in intoxicating liquors within his territory :

To William Johnstone, Secretary Scottish Temperance League: My dear Friend,—The address which you forwarded from the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League arrived safely by this post. Kindly convey my earnest thanks for the consideration and sympathy which prompted your Directors to prepare such a beautiful and Christian address to one who is entirely unknown to them personally. It made my heart glad to receive it. The members of the church to whom I have shewn it have rejoiced exceedingly. Since my efforts to stop the use of liquor in my town my relations with white men residing in my country have been of a much more pleasant nature than in former days, when drink was used extensively. My own people are in every way better for it. My duties as chief have been lightened. There are now no longer the many troublesome cases to settle, which were once the burden of every day.

My testimony from experience, therefore, is that to stop the use of drink must prove an inestimable blessing to any people.

May the people of England be favoured with this blessing as a nation, and to that end may your efforts be speedily crowned with success. You deserve success, for drink is death; it is that and nothing else.

I am, my dear friend, with earnest greetings, your friend,
KHAME.

Shoshong, S.A., via Zeerust, Transvaal, Nov. 24, 1880.

If the noble Livingstone could have foreknown such an epistle from one of those very tribes among whom he sojourned during his first missionary journeys, how his great heart would have leaped for joy. How heartily he would have echoed that terse sentence from the African chief, "Drink is death; it is that, and nothing else." And how the aforesaid chief would stare with astonishment if he were told that in Christian America both governmental prohibition and teetotalism are regarded as impracticable fanaticism!

A reception has lately been given in New York city to Mr. Robert Graham, of Manchester, who visits our country as the delegate of the "Church of England Temperance Society." Mr. Dodge presided at the reception, and addresses of welcome were delivered by Dr. William M. Taylor, Dr. H. C. Potter of Grace Church, Dr. L. D. Bevan, and others. Mr. Graham gives a most encouraging account of the progress of temperance among the influential classes in Great Britain. The Church of England Society contains many members who only abstain from ardent spirits; but a large portion of the members practice an entire abstinence from all intoxicants. He told us that some distinguished men, like Bishop Lightfoot (who is the foremost scholar in the English Establishment) and Canon Farrar, had commenced with a pledge of "moderation," but had logically gone on to entire abstinence from wines and ales. Bishop Lightfoot told him that he could study better, preach better, and work better on cold water than he ever had on vinous stimulants. The eminent Bishop has preached strongly from his pulpit in Durham Cathedral in favour of this modern "fanatical" doctrine of teetotalism. What is most remarkable is, that this profound and devout scholar does not discover that he is