

not know. I was moved with a strange new impulse. I could not think two thoughts together. I didn't know what to think, or say, or do. I was bewildered with these questions: What must I do? What is it I want? To whom shall I go? Mr. Hebich rose, and gravely shaking hands, bowed himself out, and departed as he had entered. I could not go to mess that night. Partly I was afraid, though no one ever accused me of being a coward; partly I was unfit to meet anyone. It was as much as I could do to go through my duty.

Next day I was lying idle as on the previous day, only with a strange wondering on me, and a sort of dread as to what was coming, and yet a desire to see it all out. Not a sound or movement, but just the punkah going overhead. Once more a step was heard—the same step as yesterday—away outside entering the compound; crossing it; on the threshold; at the door; and there was Mr. Hebich again.

Again I rise to return his "Goot day." Again I am awkward and off my guard. Again I am motioned to a seat, and after the same solemn silence the order comes—"Get down de book!" Again the walk to the bookshelf, the hand unerringly reaching down the Bible, and I take my seat. "Open de fierst shapter of Shenesis and read de fierst two verses."

I read again aloud, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

"Dat will do, shot de book. Let us pray." "This time I listened to his prayer. What a prayer it was! I had never heard prayer but from a book before. It was just like a man talking to his friend. He told the "Dear Father" all about me. He asked Him to show me to myself, and make me abhor myself, and flee from myself to Christ. Again he left as he had done the day before. The Bible lay open on the table. I could not close it, or put it away. I could do nothing but go back to it, and sit down there like a school-boy that has been turned at his lesson. I read those verses over and over again, until they burned into my very soul. I did not need an interpreter. The words were their own commentary. It just meant *me*. Yes, I was like that earth, without form, and void. It was sin that made me so, and the darkness of unconcern and unbelief just kept my real state out of sight, and out of mind.

"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Was this strange man's wonderful power over me, bringing me by his prayer into contact with the living God, just the moving of the Spirit of God? If ever a man was humbled, convinced of his need as an undone man, if ever sin

in all its sinfulness became a reality to anyone, it was so with me. The scales of pride, prejudice, worldliness, fell from my eyes. How I passed the time until next day I knew not. I thought not of the heat. I was aroused to a new interest; it was the stirring towards a new life, the hour that precedes the dawn.

That step was heard entering the compound. I waited with suppressed expectation. I had my Bible open, I was ready with my book for the teacher. My heart was full. I rose and grasped his hand. "Mr. Hebich, I see it all. What must I do?" He pointed me to the cross of Calvary, where Jesus took my ruin and made it His, and then upward to the throne, where, as my Risen Life, He could make God's righteousness mine. We knelt down together, and that day I prayed for the first time without a book, and thanked the Lord for life eternal through faith in Jesus Christ.—*J. C. Rainey.*

Literary Notices.

A CANADIAN IN ENGLAND. The title of the work which the Rev. Prof. Duff, M.A., LL.D., is preparing for the press, is *Old Testament Theology, or, The History of Hebrew Religion from the Year 800 B.C.* Vol. I., which follows the history "down to Josiah, 640 B.C." is now complete and is to appear early in autumn. Vol. II. is already in a forward state of preparation, and will cover the period ending with the Exile. The third volume will lead up to Alexander, and the fourth to the beginning of the Christian era. The publishers are Messrs. A. & C. Black, Edinburgh. *Independent*, London.

THE CENTURY. Poultney Bigelow, who was a schoolmate of the German Emperor, will contribute an article to the *Midsummer* (August) No. of *The Century* on the first three years of the Emperor's reign—the third anniversary of his ascent to the throne having taken place on the 15th of June. Mr. Bigelow believes that "since Frederick the Great no king of Prussia has understood his business like this emperor," and in this article he gives what he considers the secret of the power of William the II. with his people, and incidentally contributes many facts regarding his life.

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