

alone, unaided and so poor, God had granted her prayer. He had made her of use in the world.

### How an Infidel was Saved.

(The Rev. James B. Ely, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

During a tent movement in Philadelphia, among the many interesting experiences, the following occurred in the plaza of the city hall in a noon day open air service. While it is one of special interest, and belongs to a particular class, it is, nevertheless only one of a large number who have been thus reached and definitely brought to Christ.

At the close of the address by the evangelist on the broad pavement, where possibly five hundred people were standing around, an opportunity was given for those interested to accept Christ. This man, who had been especially attentive during the services (so attentive that some of the workers noticed his interest), indicated deep conviction. One of the workers approached him and invited him to come forward in definite acceptance of Christ as his personal Saviour. He stated that he had held infidel views all his life, and had never taken any stock in the teachings of the Bible or of Churches. He acknowledged that a strange conviction had come upon him while standing in the audience under the influence of the preached Word. He confessed that he could not explain it unless it were to state that although he felt this impression and conviction, it was impossible for him to receive Christ or to find salvation in God, for his life was wrong and there were many things he would have to do before Christ would receive him, which he was entirely unwilling to do, and intimated that it was therefore absolutely a waste of time to talk to him in regard to beginning a Christian life. The worker, however, pointed out tactfully God's attitude toward the sinner, and the man listened most attentively and eagerly. Finally he said if it were possible for him to become a Christian he would be willing to make confession of having stolen money from his firm and also from another firm from whom he had been systematically stealing for a long time. He also confessed that from this deception a more serious form of deception followed, and that he had been deceiving his own wife. While he appreciated the difficulty of making full confession to her, as well as to his employers, yet he expressed himself as wholly ready to confess to his wife and everyone whom he had wronged if God would only save him. After the Word of God was more thoroughly explained to him, and fully an hour was spent in conversation, the worker and the infidel separated, the latter promising to take the step necessary, and that he would be at the meeting the next day.

At noon the next day the man again appeared in the meeting and listened with renewed interest. At the close of the services the worker approached him again and had a further talk, in which the man stated that he had made full confession to both firms from which he had stolen funds, and that the firms had both received from him an agreement of restitution. Having taken this most trying step, it seemed to him that he could not possibly make full confession to his wife after his falsehoods to her. The Word of the Lord, which he had so little faith in, was still further explained, and the man's faith in it and in Jesus Christ, whom it reveals, was stimulated. The Spirit of God continued his mighty work in the man's heart, and two days later the man was seen by the worker, and frankly told him his whole experience,

and how, with great difficulty, he had gone to his wife and had laid the whole matter before her as to how he had basely deceived her. It was very clear that the man was truly converted. He had made himself right so far as he was able or knew with all on earth whom he had wronged, and now he is happy in Christ, his new-found Saviour. For weeks following this experience, the man's life has been carefully observed, and he has at all times shown the clearest evidence of being sincerely converted to Jesus Christ, and is leading day by day a successful Christian life in fellowship with God.

The gospel of Christ has lost none of its power, and it may be said to-day, as truly as ever, 'It is the power of God unto salvation unto everyone who believeth.'

### He Knoweth Best.

He took them from me one by one,  
The things I set my heart upon;  
They look so harmless, fair and blest,  
Would they have hurt me? God knows best;  
He loves me so, he would not wrest  
Them from me if it were not best.

I will not say I did not weep.  
As doth a child that wants to keep  
The pleasant things in hurtful play,  
His wiser parents take away;  
But in this comfort I will rest:  
He who hath taken knoweth best.

—F. H. Maer.

Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.—George Macdonald.

### Memories of the Ministry.

#### EXPERIENCES IN REVIVAL WORK.

(Robert F. Sample, D.D., in the 'Episcopal Recorder'.)

In the early summer of 1874, much troubled by evidences of spiritual decline in my charge, I preached a number of sermons to professing Christians, dwelling as faithfully as I could, and always with much tenderness, on the increasing accommodations to the world that had marked a season of unusual world prosperity. All the preaching was fitted to suggest earnest searching of heart, and close inspection of the daily life. Many were impressed with a sense of their imperfections, and were humbled by a consciousness of sin. About this time, without my knowledge, a number of Christian women stately met to pray for their own spiritual quickening and for the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the church. A little later, officers of the church met in another part of the city for the same purpose.

Meanwhile, my concern for the unconverted of my congregation increased. In connection with this, my experience is worthy of notice. I thought to win the unregenerate to a Christian life by a series of sermons on the beauty of Christ's character, the immeasurable reach of his love, his winsome tenderness in dealing with the weak, the weary and the sad, and his power to save unto the uttermost all who would come unto God by him. Accustomed to write and read the Sunday morning sermon (a habit which terminated at that time), I had on the last week in June prepared a discourse on the calling of Matthew. As I now turn the leaves, it seems to me to be one of the most evangelical and tender sermons I have ever written. But when I had finished and read my careful preparation early on the

Saturday afternoon, an invisible hand seemed to thrust it aside. There suddenly came to me an impression that it was not the message adapted to the then existing conditions. I tried to put away the thought. Was not the sermon simple, affectionate, Scriptural and all about Jesus? Why not preach it? But the negative delayed my sleep that night and waked me early. I yielded to the voice. I went to my study, which was retired and quiet, and lay down on a lounge in anxious thought. In an hour and a half I had wrought out a discourse as far removed in nearly every characteristic from what I had written as the Sahara swept by simoon was unlike the gardens which surrounded my native town. It was about sin—deep, dark, dreadful. It dwelt on the ingratitude of unbelief, the peril of delay, and the impossibility of escaping eternal judgments except through the blood of the crucified One. Some of the Scriptural passages, and the interpretations of them, were somewhat startling. 'Go now unto the gods to whom you have sacrificed, let them save you.' 'I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I will mock when your fear cometh.' 'The wages of sin is death.' 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' But the final appeal told of the matchless love of Christ, yearning for sinners, his heart full of tears, his call lingering, yet growing faint: 'Come unto me.' 'Come now.'

The evening sermon, also unwritten, deepened the impression of the morning. The next day I heard of a number of persons who had been awakened, and were inquiring what they must do to be saved. For weeks every sermon recognized the fact that all mankind were by nature lost; that they were already under condemnation; that only the blood of the cross could deliver any one of us from going down to the pit. We passed the frowning cliff of Sinai on our way to Calvary, and the cross, crowning the summit, seemed a new revelation of love. Hearts were drawn by it. An unusual concern for the unsaved was awakened. Christians talked to the unconverted about their souls. Godly women went into places of business, and dropped words that stayed. Little groups met for prayer Saturday night, and prayed in their homes daily, through all the week.

All this was in the month of July. The heat was great. The time was separated by half a year from the week of prayer, to which many had limited the Holy Spirit. There was no effort to work up a revival. No evangelist was present. Departure for the summer resorts was delayed. On through the months the quiet, deep religious influence extended and entered the year following. The number of conversions was not at any time large, but they were continuous. During the last five years of that happy pastorate, the spiritual condition of the church closely approximated the normal. Scarcely a Sabbath passed that there were not several new inquirers. Many young men could say, as did one who learned the first syllables of the Gospel in dear Westminster: 'I was an awful sinner. The memory of my ingratitude to Christ appalls me still. But he reached down to the borders of the pit, and rescued me. The gate of heaven is ajar for me, even me. I would not exchange my hope in Christ for the city, for the world, for all the worlds.' Surely it looked as if a revival had come down from God. It extended to other churches. The fruits of it are still appearing. Messages, brief or extended, have been received from Kansas, Dakota, Michigan, Canada and from beyond the waters, telling of conversion that sent the stranger on his way rejoicing.