

world! Do you delight in the Bible!—Do you wrestle in prayer! Do you love Christ's people! Do you try to do good to the world? Are you vile in your own eyes and willing to take the lowest place? Are you a Christian in business and on week-days, and by your own fireside?—Oh! think, think, think on these things, and then perhaps you will be better able to tell the state of your soul.

Reader, I beseech you not to turn away from my question, however unpleasant it may be. Answer it, though it may prick your conscience, and cut you to the heart. Answer it, though it may prove you in the wrong, and expose your fearful danger.—Rest not, rest not, till you know how it is between you and God. Better a thousand times find out that you are in an evil case, and repent betimes, than live on in uncertainty, and be lost eternally.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

J. CRAIG AT THE SURREY THEATRE, LONDON.

God's children have a multitude of experiences in being brought to Him; but there is but one way with God in bringing them, the Gospel way. I remember a young woman down in Manchester who for years had been in the habit of getting punctually to church every Sunday morning; but one Sunday morning she had put on a new dress, and was longer than usual in preparing to go out, and when she found she was too late, she resolved to walk about. That very morning she passed where a man was speaking to a group of people, and she heard him say, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Who was this poor and despised Son of Man? she was led to inquire, and in inquiring she found salvation. That is one experience, I will tell you another. Three cock-fighters at Bradford went out with their cocks to a village a few miles off, and enjoyed their brutal sport. In returning, with two dead cocks under their arms, they passed a house where worship was being conducted, and praise was ascending to God. "Let's go in," says one of the men, "and knock the preacher down with the dead cock," and

they cast lots, with bits of straw, who ~~was~~ to do it. In they went, but a fear came over the man who was to do the deed; and instead of knocking down the preacher, God came, and with strong conviction of sin brought down that strong man, till he seemed to be as one dead. That man was the father of my landlord at Bradford, and had been for twenty-three years a consistent Church member. Ah, God moves in a mysterious way! If I speak of myself, I may seem to do that which the Bible denounces as folly—seeking, I mean, my own glory; but that isn't my purpose, though I tell you a bit of my own experience.—Twelve years ago I was a conjurer, away over there in Oxford Street, and travelling over the country in bad company, none of it worse than myself. One Sunday morning I happened to be in Sheffield with some of my companions. Among them was a quack-doctor, who began rummaging in his chest; my eye lighted on something shining in his chest, and I found it was a fourpenny Testament. I asked him if he would let me have it for 4d., and he said he would; and I took it away with me, and my eye fell upon 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; and I felt that I was a lost sinner, and if I died in my sins I should be damned. I tried to pray and couldn't; and moving about the country didn't drive these thoughts out of my mind, till in Manchester a city missionary pointed me to Jesus, and I found salvation. And this salvation is free to you—to every one of you—as it was to me; glory be to God for it. I know that now, if I were to be summoned away this minute, my home would be in heaven, and this assurance you may make your own; and, as I said when I began, though there are different ways of awakening, there is but one way of saving. Why, there was the man who threw a crumb of bread to a robin-redbreast, and noticed that before it ate it up, the robin sang a song of praise to its Maker, which made that man wonder and say, "What have I rendered to the Lord for all his benefits?"

Now, when we say there's but one way of coming to God, and that that is through the Gospel, you may ask, What is the Gospel? Well, here it is in Romans v. 6-8: "For when we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly; scarcely for a righteous man will one die"