

These were the thoughts that came quickly, yet here we were on the way; it is now impossible to turn back. On we sped until we reached the seashore. Following up and down the avenues of pleasure, passing down the notorious Bowery, noted for its vileness and degenerating influence, our hearts sank within us as we looked upon the images of God, turned into satanic powers of evil that poison the minds of our young men and women, and degrade the finer sensibilities of their nature to a level with the brute creature. Our hearts cried within us, 'Oh, God, can it be, that such influences should go unchecked and that no counter influence for good should be exerted along this great ocean thoroughfare where nearly one hundred thousand people congregate daily during the summer season.' Again this cry arose, 'Should the wrath of God visit this place what awful destruction would follow.' Scarcely had these thoughts flashed through our minds when our eyes caught the sign that was printed in large letters on the sloped roof of a building, 'Jesus Saves.' Immediately our steps were directed to the spot. Here, within, were seated three men of God. With glad hands we were welcomed with the statement, 'We are going to have a meeting here in a few minutes, won't you stay and help?' Then the thought came, 'Who is there here to help?—four of us and all are Christians,' but on second thought we said 'Yes.' It was 'yes' to God. After a few songs by the organist and manager of the hall, the door-keeper and the writer constituting the congregation, the leader said, 'Will our brother lead us in prayer.'

Conscious of the presence of God and his Almightiness we poured out our hearts to him, having just returned from the scenes of iniquity, and reflecting upon the awful end of the wicked we implored God, our Jehovah, to somehow bring in the people, that his Word might reach their hearts, and that results might follow the service. 'Do something to make them know that there is a God; manifest thy power and save the people of this island; were the words of our prayer. Marvellous as it may seem to our readers, scarcely was the united prayer of the four witnesses for him closed when a terrific storm burst upon us; the thunder, as it were the voice of God, and the lightning flashes seemed to speak of vengeance; and from the crowded streets came pouring into the hall for shelter, men and women of different nationalities. As the darkness was enshrouding the entire coast, the great steamers carrying their loads of human freight, put away from their landings and cast anchor at sea for protection. The rain pouring in torrents accompanied by terrific storm, swept up from their foundations many tents and lightly constructed buildings; among others the tent of the circus ring being torn in shreds. This observed by the inmates of the hall caused consternation and great fear, lest that building also should be torn down; which would have resulted in great loss of life. In the midst of all this fear it was our privilege to speak of the love, mercy and protection of the Christ to his children. Here were gathered the Jew, the Catholic and the Protestant, and as we spoke, all seemed to look up to God for mercy. The calm, quiet spirit, that possessed the speaker in the midst of great danger filled the hearts of all present with assurance of safety; and after the subsidence of the storm all joined in singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and the mixed assembly which never could have been called only under such circumstances, dispersed, never to meet, except perhaps at God's Throne.

Who can doubt the hand of God in this leading? Surely, if we obey his voice he will work wonders to bring to pass his highest will in our lives.—New York 'Rescue and Mission Worker.'

## Mr. Wesley and the Porter.

One of the most important incidents in Mr. Wesley's religious experience was a conversation with the porter of Oxford College. The man called at Mr. Wesley's room late one evening and said that he wished to talk with the young student. After they had conversed together for a while, Mr. Wesley, in a spirit of pleasantry, told the porter to go home and get another coat.

The man replied, 'This is the only coat I have in the world, and I thank God for it.'

'Go home and get your supper,' remarked Wesley.

'I have had nothing to-day but a drink of water, and I thank God for that,' was the reply.

'It is late, and you will be locked out, and then what will you have to thank God for?' said Wesley.

'I will thank him,' responded the porter, 'that I have the dry stones to lie upon.'

'John,' said Wesley, 'you thank God when you have nothing to wear, nothing to eat, and no bed to lie upon. What else do you thank him for?'

'I thank him,' returned the poor fellow, 'that he has given me life and being, and a heart to love him, and a desire to serve him.'

Wesley stated afterward that the interview made a lasting impression on his mind, and convinced him there was something in religion to which he was then a stranger.—'Epworth Herald.'

## Something More for God.

Charles Spurgeon quotes an incident from the life of C. G. Finney, of world-wide fame, to this effect. A blacksmith, an aged man, living in a godless community, where the church was nearly run out,—a man of so stammering a tongue that it was painful to hear him speak—as he was at his work in his shop all alone, his mind became greatly exercised about the state of the church, and of the impenitent. His agony became so great, that he was induced to lay aside his work, lock the shop door and spend the afternoon in prayer. He prevailed, and on the Sabbath called in the minister and desired him to appoint a Conference meeting. After some hesitation, the minister consented, observing, however, that he feared but few would attend. He appointed it the same evening at a large private house. When evening came, more assembled than could be accommodated in the house. All were silent for a time, until one sinner broke out in tears, and said, if any could pray, he begged him to pray for him. Another followed, and another, and still another, until it was found that persons from every quarter of the town were under deep convictions. And what was remarkable, was that they all dated their conviction, at the hour when the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival followed. Then this old stammering man prevailed, and as a prince, had power with God. The wonderful year of grace in Ireland—1859—began with an appeal to a young man to do 'something more' for God. 'Could you not,' said the Rev. Mr. Moore, 'gather at least six of your careless neighbors, either parents or children, to your own house, or some other convenient place on the Sabbath, and spend an hour with them reading and searching the Word of God. The young man hesitated for a moment, but he promised to try. From that trial made in faith, originated the Tannybrake Sunday-school, and in connection with it, two years subsequently, a prayer-meeting, which yielded some of the first fruits of the great awakening.' When we read such an account, we cry, 'O for this something more.' More believing prayer and work as Christ directs! Oh, for this individual

effort—leading to the union of men whose hearts the Lord has touched. Then would the mountain flow down at the presence of the Lord. What have single men done? John Davidson, of Prestonpans, alone overtured the General Assembly of 1595 concerning the necessity of reforming the many prevalent corruptions of the church and the country, which being favorably heard stirred the land to repentance and confession of sin. David Dickson, in 1625 at Stewarton; John Livingstone, in 1630 at Shotts; Mr. McCullough in 1742 at Cambuslang; James Robb, in May of the same year at Kilsyth, each enjoyed a wonderful season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord in answer to sound, faithful preaching. In 1839 Kilsyth was again blessed, and the fire lighted there spread over the most part of Scotland. May God light a great fire in our land and the church stand forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.—The Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, Galt.

## Your Work.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, And tools to work withal, for those who will; And blessed are the horny hands of toil! The busy world shoves angrily aside The man who stands with arms akimbo set, Until occasion tells him what to do; And he who waits to have his task marked out Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled. —James Russell Lowell.

## An Extinct Mineral Spring.

For many centuries mineral springs have been utilized for their curative, healing power. The ancients knew of them and had their favorite springs and baths, to which they resorted when weak of body or feeble of health. We read in the Testament of the Pool of Bethesda, whose waters were troubled twice a year and at these times possessed healing powers of a remarkable nature, which caused them to be sought by thousands, who tramped many miles to drink of and bathe in the waters, receiving therefrom new life, health and strength.

The mineral properties which give to the waters of the world's mineral springs their curative virtues come from the rock or mineral ore, through which the water is filtered on its way to its outlet, only a small proportion of the medicinal power in the ore being thus assimilated with or absorbed by the liquid stream. The rock contains that which furnishes the medicinal and healing power, the water serving only as a conveyance to carry but a small part of its properties to the outer world.

Our readers have seen and noticed the announcements of Vitae-Ore, a peculiar mineral formation, and have wondered at the origin of this remarkable product and the source from which it derives its known and established healing powers. This Vitae-Ore is no more or less than a mine of this mineral rock, originally discovered by Theo. Noel, a geologist, while prospecting in the South-west. It was the belief at the time, which has since been confirmed by leading scientists in America and Europe, that the surface on which this magnetic ore was discovered was at some ancient time the location of a powerful mineral spring, compared to which the springs of the present day are but pygmies, which spouted its healing waters, impregnated with the wonderful mineral found at its base, for centuries before the foot of man trod the Western Continent. Some years after its discovery it was decided to give to the world the benefit of this great boon for the world's health, and it is this magnetic mineral ore which has since astounded the people by its marvellous cures, and won everlasting fame and an enduring reputation under the name of Vitae-Ore. Many of the remarkable cures wrought are among the readers of this paper and people well known to our subscribers. Read the announcement in this issue, the Special 30-Day Trial Offer by Theo. Noel, Geologist, Proprietor, Toronto, Ont.