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'I'm Done, Sir! I'm Done!

(Frank Cockrem, Secretary Open-Air Mission, in 'Springing Well'.)

We had been laboring all day among the multitudes. It was the day of the 'Great St. Leger' race at Doncaster, 1897, and hundreds of thousands of immortal souls had poured into the town and on to the racecourse, bent on pleasure, on gambling, or on some other form of sin. Hour after hour they had streamed by us as we stood at a point of vantage on the great broad road that leads to the course, distributing many thousands of gospel booklets and tracts, and speaking to the people words of warning and invitation from the word of God.

Then, later on, we had preached the gospel

called St. Sepulchre Gate, where a beautiful open-air service was soon in progress. The Lord was with us, the power of his Holy Spirit fell upon the large crowd of listeners, who seemed stilled and quieted by a divine power. Gospel songs and gospel testimony streamed forth, and the evangelists of the Open-air Mission were greatly cheered.

Suddenly, while a veteran preacher was speaking, a discordant voice was heard. A tall and brawny Yorkshireman had forced his way into the crowd, and was shouting at the top of his voice. The word 'hell' seemed to be most frequent on his lips, 'Where was hell? What was hell? Could we prove to him that there was a hell?' Such were the interruptions he hurled at us unceasingly, until the preacher was almost at a loss to

gospel, what is that? you say. Turn to Romans 1, 16, and read the answer: 'For it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.' Even so was it in the case of this gambling Yorkshireman. Loving words of sympathy, a clear statement about the condition of the lost in eternity, and an appeal to him to come to the Saviour, and to forsake sin, broke him down utterly, 'I'm done, sir, I'm done!' he cried, 'and I beg your pardon for interrupting you. I've often interrupted such meetings, but to-night I give up to Christ. I've won money on the course to-day, but I'm a true man, sir, and I'll come to Jesus now.' Thus he spoke, while his face became bathed with tears.

'Give me your pencil, sir, that I may write down my name and address. Here it is. I must leave immediately to catch a train; but go back to the meeting, read out my name and tell them that I've given up to Christ.'

With a beaming face our veteran friend returned to the meeting. Holding the paper in his hand, he read its contents, and told the touching story of what had taken place.

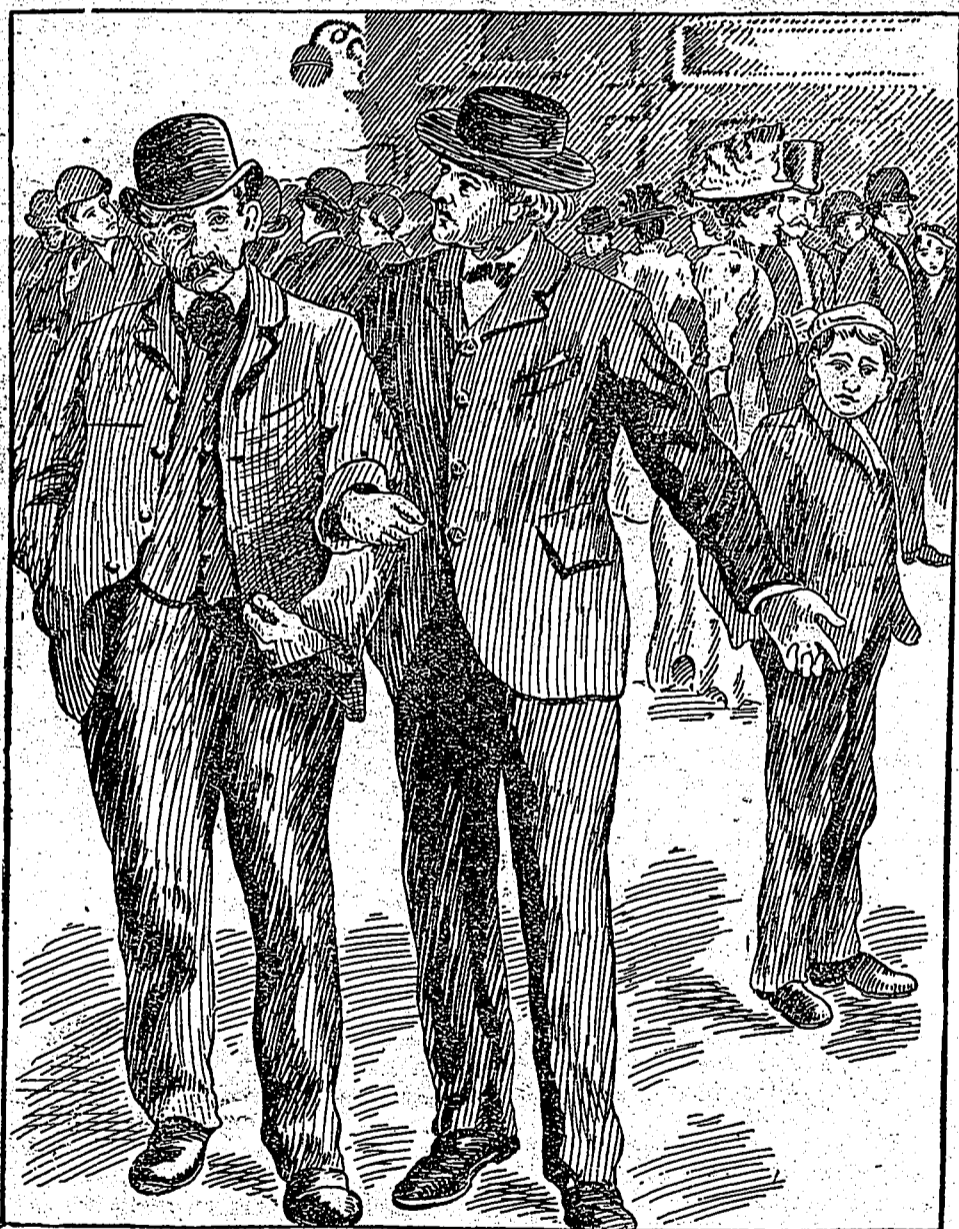
Since that night much has happened. Letters have passed, and both the Yorkshireman and his godly wife have written, thankfully telling of the great change in the home. No more races or drink, no more gambling; a happy home, a smiling wife, a darling child, whose early prayers for father are answered; old things passed away, and all things become new—this is what has happened.

Has it happened in your case? Have you 'given up to Jesus'? If not, come to him now. He is gracious and waits to receive you. He died for you. He liveth again. Put your heart's trust in him, and thankfully confess him in your life.

A Dying Chinaman's Prayer.

He had been failing a long time and he was now near his end and he knew it. He had had a hard fight against sin and the lusts of a lifetime, and sometimes the odds were sadly against him. But now as he lay in that cheerless and chilly room one thought filled his mind. I went in to see him. His eyes were getting dim. 'Is that you, Mr. P.' he said. 'Yes, how is it now with you?' 'Oh, I am so cold, I can't get warm, and I am miserable all over.' 'Well, now, Tsang S-um,' I said, 'your earthly affairs are all settled; you need not concern yourself with but one thing.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I pray to Jesus all the time. But, Mr. P., I can't get up any longer and kneel down to pray. I have just to pray lying down. Won't you listen and see if I pray right?' Then, after recovering from a racking coughing spell that came on, he began:

'O God, so merciful. I am a great sinner. I have done all sorts of wrong. My heart is vile. I beseech God to forgive. I am very sick, and about to leave this world. O God help me now and give me peace. I pray for the Chinese people. They worship idols and they lie and do every kind of wickedness. O make the gospel spread abroad and take hold of men's hearts. I pray for the church members that they may be clean and be earnest, and for the enquir-



on the racecourse itself, amidst tens of thousands of the ungodly. Still later, we had resumed our old post by the Obelisk, and had met the crowds returning from their day's outing—how many with sad faces and aching hearts could be plainly seen, for the gambling curse proves the ruin of many at this gathering every year!

But now it was evening. Comparative quiet had descended upon the scenes of sin and of unholy riot we had witnessed, and we had taken our stand in a wide street

proceed. He finished his address, however, and we commenced a hymn.

'Go to him,' said I to my veteran friend. 'Lead him from the crowd, and try to talk to him personally.' Instantly my suggestion was adopted; the preacher's arm was linked in that of the stalwart opponent, and the two crossed the road.

And what took place there, my reader? Ah, something which well illustrates the power of the gospel to subdue the hardest heart, and to quell the stoutest spirit. 'The