

'May I Tell Jesus, Daddy?'

(By Annie Drummond.)

'You know, dear, as God saved me,' said Rose Grey, 'I knew it was for a purpose. That purpose, I also knew, was that I should seek the salvation of others. Understanding this I began to realize my responsibility. He wanted workers for himself—no drones were welcome to his hive. Of that I felt more and more convinced every day, and I began to work. The sphere opening up to me was the Juniors. Not the one certainly, I should have chosen—but I had told the Lord that I was willing to be anything or nothing if I might only do his will. Thus I made my surrender. But dealing faithfully as I knew how with the children in my charge, I was

to the whisperings of tiny Maggie, her small hand clasping his begrimed finger, as though upon her grasp depended the measure of her stay. Gently I put down the dainty food I had taken and stood reverently by.

'Daddy, I'm going to Jesus!' said the dying little one, unconscious of me being in the room. 'Yes, daddy, I'm going directly. My teacher says he has beautiful things he will give me when I get to heaven. I want to go, I want to go! but—'

'But, what, Chickie?' gasped the man, in a choking voice, when she looked, oh, so pitifully in his face, and bemoaned—

'There'll be no one to fetch you from the pub, then, daddy.'

Was it in the outcome of this low lament, this child-wail at the gates of death, that

At this never-to-be-forgotten moment Rose Grey gently laid her hand upon the rough fellow's shoulder, saying softly, 'Let us have a little talk with Jesus, my dear brother,' when, beyond her most sanguine expectations, he fell upon his knees, and whilst she prayed he really took the words out of her mouth in his loud cries for mercy and the salvation of his soul.

'Lord save me!' he groaned. 'Oh, God, be merciful to me! Take me as I am! Make me anything thou wilt, only let me be fit to go up there; I will be thy servant, Lord—I will live for thee!'

And as these unaccustomed words sounded through the several tenements of the house, people ran from all parts of the house to see what was the matter with 'that' drunken Ford, now, when, rising from his knees and confronting the startled folk—he told them he had been a great sinner, but now he had found a great Saviour; and as he had gone all odds for the devil in his past—so he meant to be out-and-out for his new Master. He would serve King Jesus loyally and well.

'May I tell him so, dada?' came a voice from the bedclothes. 'May I tell Jesus father will see his Maggie again?'

All this time the child held fast to the finger of the now penitent man.

'Let me tell Jesus you are coming by-and-bye?'

'You may, my darling,' cried Ford, bursting into tears; but they were tears of joy and gratitude that as a brand plucked from the burning, so he stood to-day by the side of his dying Maggie. And when, presently, he felt her hand relax its grasp, and a sweet smile, light up every feature of her face, her lips moved, and listening to the glad words falling upon his ear.

'No one will need fetch you from the pub, now, daddy; you belong to Jesus.'

In the strength of his King, Tom Ford, the reclaimed drunkard, remains true to-day, honored by being used in the service of the Cross and winning sinners for Jesus. — 'Young Soldier.'



'THERE WILL BE NO ONE TO FETCH YOU HOME FROM THE SALOON THEN, DADDY!'

disappointed to find no fruit in my spiritual vineyard. I prayed, I wrestled, still nothing seemed to come of it—

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Thinking thus one day, feeling sad and discouraged, I heard of the illness of one of my Juniors, and determined to go without delay to see her. Presently, having gained admittance, I was standing at Maggie Ford's bedside, talking of him whom I believed would soon bear her away to a better home than that of a tippling father. And lifting my heart to God with all the earnestness of my soul's desire, I asked him to use me in that little corner of the redeemed world, and help me to lead someone to Christ. Then we had several precious talks together — Baby Maggie and I.

One morning, in anticipation of one of these enjoyable hours, I had taken a tempting morsel for the invalid, when it was told me that her father had been summoned home by the doctor with the assurance that the child was much worse. And truly it was a touching sight I beheld after climbing the rickety stairs to the sick room—the big brawny man, listening with bowed head

Rose Grey was about to receive an answer to her prayers? Was it here, accompanied by a little girl, she would find the first-fruit of her labors and trust in God? It might be so. God only knew.

But Maggie, still clinging to her father's black finger, earnestly exclaimed, with what small remaining strength she had, 'Jesus loves me, daddy, and he loves you, too. He wants you.'

'Wants me!' gasped the trembling man, 'wants me!'

'Oh, yes,' she cried, with a heaven-born glory gleaming in her eyes, 'he wants you to find sinners and bring them to him. He wants you when you have done something for him here, to go where I am going; and he wants to give you the beautiful things my teacher says he has stored up in heaven for those who love him. Won't you come, daddy? Yes, say you will. Maggie is dying—your Maggie, daddy — she is going home'; and still clasping the imprisoned finger tight and yet tighter, as a faintness seemed to steal over the anxious child, she whispered, 'May I tell Jesus you will come? Say yes, daddy—oh, say yes!'

A Shield and a Buckler.

Truly the word of God is a shield and a buckler to those who trust in him. Mr. Charles Inglis, an evangelist, speaking at a meeting in London, related this remarkable incident:

'Twenty years ago I was at a convention in the city of Dublin, and after the meeting a gentleman put a bible in my hand in which was a round hole in one of the covers. He said, "I want you to look at it." I took it up to look at it, and as I opened the bible, I found leaf after leaf had this hole through it, and I said, "What does it mean?"'

He said: 'Five or six years ago, in a troubled part of the country, where I was preaching, I had just finished a service in a farmhouse, and got into my cart to ride home. Something said to me, "Don't put your bible in your coat pocket," and I put it into my breast pocket. While riding I saw a flash, heard a report, and felt something had struck me.

"I said, 'Drive on, drive on quickly; I think I am shot, but I am not much hurt.'

'The gentleman shortly afterwards found a hole in his overcoat, and he found the bullet imbedded in that Bible, and it stopped at St. John, xvii., where it says, "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me."

'God unfailingly watches over his children, and is never at a loss in devising means to effect their escape, even though they may have to pass through fire and water.'—English Paper.