

## I HEARD A VOICE.

Words by Rev. PLTER STRYKER, D.D.

Music by Prof. H. C. ARNOLD

1. I heard a voice, the sweet-est voice that mor-tal e-ver heard: Oh, how it made my heart re-joice and ev-ry feel-ing stir'd 'Twas Je-sus spoke to me so mild 'I long'd the Sab-bath eve to em-brace, From him new life to draw.... "Come un-to me," he kind-ly said, "And call'd me to his side, And said, al-though with heart de-til'd, I might in him con-ide I will give thee rest; 'He ran som-thing I ful-ly paid; Re-pent! be-lieve be-blest'

I felt his love, the strongest love  
That mortal ever felt:  
Oh, how it drew my soul above,  
And made my hard heart melt  
My burden at his feet I laid,  
And knew the joy of heaven  
As in my willing ear he said  
The blessed word, "Forgotten."

Dear Saviour, let me ever sing  
Thy praise, while I have breath,  
Each night and morn my tribute bring,  
Until I sleep in death:  
And then my soul, beyond the sky,  
Shall join with sweet acclaim,  
With all the ransomed throng on high,  
To praise Messiah's name.

## THE LORD'S WAY.

BY REV. S. W. CHRISTOPHERS.

"I HAD one day," says an old Methodist, "been reading the case of the Ethiopian eunuch in Acts viii., and had been repeating to myself Charles Wesley's verses on the portion. In the evening I met a class in the vestry of a London chapel. Something that a good woman said led me to remark that God always honours sincerity wherever He sees it, mixed though it may be with much ignorance, and that He will surely provide means, in some way and at some time, to bring the sincere soul to realise what it wants. As when our Lord chose His way and His time to meet a woman at the well and to answer the questions of her heart about the Messiah; and, as when He prepared Philip for ministering to the eunuch, who was prepared for truth, and brought them together at the best time. I thought of Charles Wesley's verses on the interview between the eunuch and Philip; but, before I could quote them, a man of gentle bearing rose and said:—

"You see in me, sir, one who, I was going to say, was born an infidel; at any rate, I was trained as one—brought up without any knowledge of the Scriptures, or without any respect for the Sabbath or Divine service. Still, I was educated so as to be able to enjoy certain classes of literature and scientific and philosophical pursuits, and to follow in the course of the more intellectual votaries of polite gaiety. On looking back now I can see that, nevertheless, I really had a sincere desire to find what I felt sure there must be somewhere, a something to meet the capacity and longings of my mind. I sought everywhere and in everything, but yet there was a painful sense of unsatisfactoriness. At last, one night—a memorable night—I was overtaken by heavy rain, and stepped into the lobby of this chapel for shelter. I heard a sentence from the preacher's lips which arrested me, "Here's the thing I have been looking for," said I to myself. I went in, and was like a man riveted to the seat. I was

under a kind of constraint. I could not move. But as I listened the whole fulfilment of my sincere desires was unfolded to me by the preacher. At the close I went up, told him my case; he talked and prayed until my mind was at rest, and my heart was free. I found Him after whom I had been ignorantly feeling. Your remarks explain the seeming mystery of the arrest and constraint that came upon me. God had seen my sincerity in the depth of my soul, and had brought me and the instrument of my salvation together in that nick of time. From that time everything in nature and in the blessed Word that was veiled to me has been revealing new wonders and joys; and all I learn appears to lead me into deeper repose on Him who sent Philip to the eunuch, and who met the woman at the well—my Saviour."

"I thought again of Charles Wesley's verses on Acts viii. 35—

"Jesus, in the sacred Book  
Thou art everywhere concealed;  
There for Thee alone we look,  
By Thy Spirit's light revealed;  
Thee set forth before our eyes,  
Faith in every page describes.

But when I ascertained that the preacher in that chapel, on that rainy evening, had gone directly from a meeting on church business, and entered the pulpit not knowing what he should say to the people; that in a prayerful spirit he turned over the leaves of the Bible, hoping to see something that would suggest thought for discourse; that he was, at length, so arrested by a passage as to venture on announcing it as his text; and that he was a wonder to himself in his freedom of utterance—I realised the more comfortable assurance that this was an illustration of the truth of my notion that the blessed Spirit, in watching over the interests of individual souls, does not only prepare instrumentalities and fit them to those whom He disposes to hear, but also nicely times the meeting of the one who is open to blessing and the one by whom His blessing is most fitly sent. So Charles Wesley taught us to sing:—