

Meanwhile his wife had been in deep distress about her soul, but had found peace in believing. Ned saw the preacher, who had been conversing with her, rise from his seat, exclaiming with joy:

"Thank God, the woman's saved!"

After leaving the theatre, neither of them could utter a word until they reached home. The wife then dropped upon her knees by the bedside, and began to pour out her soul in thankfulness to God for His wondrous love made known to her that night. Ned stood looking on. It was a long time since he had heard a prayer before that evening. He was soon on his knees by her side. The scene he had beheld at the theatre again came to mind, and particularly that part where Jesus appeared on his behalf, as his gracious Intercessor and Redeemer. His heart became so full of the love he felt towards Him he could only exclaim:

"Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, I thank Thee from my heart for saving my soul!"

For some time they both continued in prayer and thanksgiving, then rising they went into another room for a "bit of supper."

"We were about to partake of it," he says, in his simple way, "but both of our hands seemed to refuse to touch it. I remember that my feelings at this moment were, that I must ask God's blessing upon the food now; and although I had not said grace from my boyhood, still I thought I would put my hands together, and open my mouth, and ask God, in words that I had often heard from my godly father, to bless the food He had given us."

When he had done so, Mrs. Wright felt too broken down to partake of anything.

"O God," she cried, with a heart full of joy, "this is too much for me."

It was an occasion for weeping; and so, instead of eating they wept and talked of all that the Lord had that night done for them. What a change! What a salvation!

The next morning, the first thing Ned did, after breakfast, was to go and announce his intention to withdraw from the prize-fight. He was called a cur and a fool. One remarked:

"Poor Ned, he's gone off his chump (i.e., mind) at last."

"No, Jerry," said Ned, "I never was in my right mind before; but I am now, thanks be to God."

Ned's great desire now was to earn his livelihood honestly. But this was no easy task. He was so well known as a rogue, that he could find few to employ him. For thirteen weeks at one time he tramped the streets of London, seeking work and finding none, until, reduced to the verge of starvation, poor Ned and his wife fell upon their knees in their desolate home and cried to God for help.

"Oh, Ned," said she, "don't cry, but cheer up; remember that a crust with Christ is better than all the world without Him."

An hour after, Ned received an offer of twenty-five shillings per week to sell Bibles and Testaments among his old companions.

From the hour of his conversion, Ned became a firm teetotalist. He found it, however, less easy to abandon his pipe, for he was an inveterate smoker. He still continued to indulge in the habit for some time after his conversion, but at last was convinced he was doing wrong, and, with a hero-

ism that might be copied by many sinners of far more respectable order than poor Ned, he relinquished it entirely.

It was not without sore temptations that Ned held on his way. Once, prior to his Bible agency, while working on the Thames, a pierman had acted towards him in a most malicious and abusive manner. Ned's remonstrances only made the man the more aggravating. Ned got exasperated, and, seizing him by the coat collar, ran him along the pier, and threatened to throw him into the water. But suddenly he remembered God, and was troubled. He drew him back, let go his hold, and walked away in deep anguish of spirit. Ned's peace was gone. He was advised to go and confess his fault and ask the man's forgiveness. It was a hard trial. To fight bravely with the bullies of the "ring" he felt was nothing to this. Still, the next day he went.

"George," said he, "I want to see you."

"I should think you did after the manner you served me yesterday."

"Well," said Ned, "the fact is, I was converted a little while ago, and now I confess to you how very wrong I was to act toward you as I did yesterday. It has made me very miserable and unhappy ever since, and I am compelled to come and acknowledge myself in fault, and beg you to forgive me. It is a wonder, George, that I did not throw you overboard, for you know what a character I have been in times past, before God, in the greatness of His mercy, converted me. I shall be contented and happy now that I have told you, and I am sure you won't take further notice of it or be offended. The Lord, I know, has pardoned all my sins and saved my soul; and I feel deeply grieved that I should so soon offend Him who has done so much for me. You will forgive me, George, won't you?"

The pierman burst into tears, and confessed himself a guilty sinner, and asked Ned what he should do. The two retired into the cabin, and Ned prayed fervently for poor George. It was not long before Ned left him rejoicing in a sin-pardoning Saviour. Ned had humbled himself, and God highly exalted him, in leading his enemy to Christ.

And now Ned entered on his Bible mission. Getting a hand-carriage, he went through the streets, seizing every opportunity of selling his Bibles, and speaking earnestly to many or few that would listen to him about the salvation of their souls. Such was the simplicity and power of his words, and, above all, the wonderful story of his own conversion, that sometimes several hundreds would gather around to hear him. He had the joy of seeing numbers converted to G. d. Sometimes he spoke to the police, singling out the men who often before had arrested him as a prisoner, reminding them of his former ways, and what a blessed change God had wrought in him, and entreating them to accept of Christ as their Saviour too. One of these men—a sceptic—was led to Christ, and on his death-bed sent for Ned, who saw him pass away rejoicing in the Saviour.

Sometimes he wheeled his Bible carriage up a street in Rotherhithe, that for years he had kept in a state of alarm through his robberies. Taking his stand opposite a day-school, and collecting the children around him

when out of school, he would raise such a song of praise as startled the neighbourhood.

"The street market in the New Out," says Ned Wright's biographer, "affords a sight, once witnessed, never to be forgotten. The poorest classes of South London purchase here most of the necessaries of life, in smaller quantity, and perhaps at a cheaper rate, than in any other district. The road is lined on each side with oster-mongers' barrows, sellers of stay-laces, trinkets, stationery, herbs, and common wares." Here Ned resolved to push his work. On one occasion he gathered a thousand people around him, who listened attentively to the speaker's story. On another he spoke to an immense number, from eight o'clock at night till near twelve.

"Amidst the occasional interruptions of a persistent organ grinder," continues the narrator, "Mr. Cheap John would vary the monotony of the wretched music by his coarse sallies; and his voice in turn would be drowned by the blasts of a trumpet that affected the tympanum of the bystanders, whilst Ned was seeking to affect their consciences."

Notwithstanding all this, several were converted. By this time Ned's fame had spread even across the Channel, and he was invited over to Ireland. On his return home, the steamer in which he sailed from Dublin was crowded with Irish labourers crossing to reap the English harvest. A more unpromising field for Ned's evangelistic labours could scarcely have been found.

"Confusion and noise, the clattering of tongues, crowding, fighting, pushing, swearing, blaspheming—the atmosphere was redolent with curses." Ned watched in vain for a chance to speak to them. The word of God was like fire in his bones. Within an hour's sail of Holyhead, they were enveloped in one of those thick yellow fogs so common in London. One could scarcely see a foot ahead. Ned seized what he believed a providential opportunity; and feeling his way on to the skylight, shouted down in a stentorian voice, "God so loved the world," etc. Passage after passage poured forth, with tremendous solemnity and energy. The Irish below were seized with superstitious awe, and every breath was hushed as this awful voice, which seemed coming down from the upper world, fell upon their ears. By and by the sky brightened and they saw the adventurous speaker, standing with his arms lifted up to heaven, calling down God's blessing on the human mass below. When they landed they gathered round him, and shook his hand, and thanked him for what they had heard, and one poor fellow said to him:

"Oh, sir, light has dawned upon my soul. My soul was darker than the black fog, but now I believe what you told us, that Jesus has died for me. My heart rejoices in the good news, that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin."

Page after page might be filled* in tracing the subsequent career of Ned—remarkable for boldness, energy, and success, in proclaiming Christ crucified to the vilest outcasts and criminals in the "sloughs" of London and other

* The facts here narrated have been taken from "Leach's Life of Ned Wright," for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

large cities. He still prosecutes his labours with untiring faithfulness, and largely through his instrumentality, a host of labourers have been raised up, who have already, by God's blessing, accomplished a great reformation, and bid fair to aid materially in the elevation and salvation of those hideous moral wastes.

Daisies.

BY MARGARET RYTINGER.

SHE was a little Irish maid,
With light brown hair and eyes of grey,
And she had left her native shore
And journeyed miles and miles away
Across the ocean, to the land
Where waves the banner of the free,
And on her face a shadow lay,
For sick at heart for home was she.

When from the city's dust and heat
And ceaseless noise, they took her where
The birds were singing in the trees,
And flower fragrance filled the air,
And their leaf-crowned heads upraised
To greet the pretty grey-eyed lass,
A million blossoms starred the road
And grew among the waving grass.

"Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried,
And, with hands clasped, sank on her knees;

"Now God be praised, who east and west
Scatters such lovely things as these!
Around my mother's cabin door
In dear old Ireland they grow,
With hearts of gold and slender leaves
As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang with smiling lips,
Though on her cheek there lay a tear,
"This land's not half so strange," she said,
"Since I have found the daisies here."

—The Shepherd's Arms.

Care of the Eye.

Be careful to avoid reading fine print.
Never attempt to read in the twilight.

Never read till the eyes become over-fatigued.

Hold your book or paper at least ten or twelve inches from your eyes.

Never change suddenly from a very dark room to one brightly lighted.

When reading or writing use that the light falls on the page from the left side, and not from above.

Do not read while in a reclining or recumbent position. This is highly important advice to follow.

If the eyes are weak be particularly careful not to smoke. Tobacco smoke is irritating to the eyes of most persons.

When travelling it is well to protect the eyes from cinders, smoke, dust and bright sunlight with smoked glasses.

If the eye becomes weak, procure one of the little glass cups, to be had of any druggist, called an eye douche, and refresh them by an occasional bath.

Do not rub the eye when a foreign body enters it, but take hold of the lashes of the upper lid and pull the lid away from the eyeball; the flow of fluid from under the lid will often wash out the offending particle.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes, Annie (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smiling), you may tell us what it is." Annie: "We've all got our winter hats."

A NEGRO, about dying, was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darkey against whom he entertained bitter feelings. "Yes, sah," he replied, "if I dies I forgib dat niggah; but if I gets well dat niggah must take care!"