

knowing whether he was talking to a crazy man or not. Then the landlord asked:

"Did you not visit the city of Altoona, Pa., four years ago? While there did you not preach one night in the Methodist Church?" Of course Dr. Tuttle had to say "Yes" to these inquiries.

Then the landlord continued almost literally in these words:—"My wife and I were spending a few days in Altoona, hoping that her broken health might be invigorated by the mountain air. One Sunday evening we started out to attend church. For months my wife had been in despondency bordering on despair. In body, mind and soul she was a wretched woman. The sermon which she heard from you that night gave her a new lease of life. She was a new woman from that hour, the fresh hope and courage which your discourse helped her to get, reacting ever on her body, and for the next three years her health was almost restored. The service you rendered her made us both more than grateful, and before we left the city we started out to find the man who had preached the sermon and tell him our appreciation. Then we learned for the first time that the pastor had been out of the city, and that a stranger by the name of Tuttle, "from some other State," was the preacher, and that he had gone away. We had not time then to find out anything further, and came back to our home without getting other information about the preacher, Mr. Tuttle. Some weeks ago my wife's strength began to break, and she has been growing worse from that time. During her illness she has said, again and again, "I wish I could hear Mr. Tuttle once more. If he could pray for me, and talk with me, I know I could die in peace." And accordingly she has been praying that the Lord would bring you here. I knew you would come. I am not a Christian myself, but I believe in prayer, and, Mr. Tuttle, the Lord has a strange way of answering my wife's prayers. Come in and see her."

Dr. Tuttle, in wonder and gratitude at these singular developments, followed the landlord into the sick-room, where he was greeted with glad words and tearful thanksgiving. He spoke words of cheer to the woman, came back day after day to her bedside from his camp, helped her to a larger, firmer faith, and had the privilege of aiding her to get ready for the death hour, then not far away.

Who guided that couple to the church in Altoona on that certain Sunday evening? Who ordered it that Dr. Tuttle should be the preacher, and that the sermon should have a vitalizing and permanent effect upon the woman, for time and eternity? Who led the preacher's feet through the forest, by a way he knew not, in an unknown neighborhood, to the very home where a needy soul was waiting for his coming? Who did all this?

Who but He who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will, and who causeth all things to work together for good to them that love God?

Review Every Sunday.

There are few classes where some member is not absent on a given Sunday. This would be a good reason for all teachers to review the events of the previous lesson every Sunday, before beginning the new lesson. Such a review would do much toward fixing the events of the quarter's lessons on the mind of teacher and pupil, so that they would be fresh for use on review Sunday.—'Sunday School Times.'

Hudson Taylor's Conversion.

('Faithful Witness.')

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the 'China Inland Mission,' was saved when a boy, through reading a Gospel tract which he found in his father's library. He had been frequently troubled about his soul, and had again and again tried to become a Christian, but had failed so often, that he concluded there was no use in him trying any more.

On the afternoon of a holiday, while he was looking over some books and tracts in his father's library, he came across one which attracted his attention. He sat down to read the story, resolving to omit the application. When he took up the tract he said he was in an utterly unconcerned state, and had made up his mind to lay it down whenever it began to be prosy.

At the time when he was reading the little Gospel message, his mother was on her knees in her bedroom, pleading with God for the conversion of her only boy. While on a visit to some of her friends, at the time alluded to, she became so burdened



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and exercised about Hudson's spiritual and eternal welfare that she turned the key in her bedroom door, and on her knees resolved that she would not leave the room until the Lord had given her the assurance that he had saved him.

For some hours she continued in fervent, importunate, believing prayer. Suddenly she felt she could no longer pray for his conversion. Thoroughly persuaded that God had answered her petitions and given her the desire of her heart, she poured out her soul in thanksgiving and praise to God, for the salvation of her boy.

Strange as it may appear to some, at that very time the lad had come to an expression in the tract, which he could not at first understand. It is one which is often used, and is full of deep meaning and significance, 'The finished work of Christ.'

'Why did the writer say "the finished work" instead of the propitiatory work? was the question that came up in his mind. 'What was finished?' he asked himself; 'a full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin was made, and the debt was paid,' he mentally replied.—'Then,' thought he, 'if the work of atonement is finished, if the mighty debt of sin is paid, what is there left for me to do?'

And with this dawned the joyful conviction, as light was flashed into my soul by the Holy Spirit, that there was nothing in the world to be done but to fall down on one's knees, and accepting the Saviour and

his salvation, to praise him for evermore. Thus, while my dear mother was praising God on her knees in her chamber, I was praising him at home.'

A Present Help.

Mother Martin had paused a moment at my door, saying she must go out for a few errands before dark, and asking me to look in on the children if I heard any unusual uproar. For a while all went merrily. I could hear the sturdy dining chairs falling with a cheerful thud upon their backs as they were converted into a Pullman train, and the piping voice of little Mabel personating the conductor with stentorian tone, followed by the powerful 'choo-choo' of three-year-old Roscoe, the engine.

But presently the wintry sun went down, and the evening shadows crept stealthily under the table. Mabel commenced chanting lullabies to her doll, and soon Roscoe's voice was heard calling, 'Mamma, mamma.' At first it came in a contented, sing-song tone, as though it were the thoughtless humming of some pleasant old refrain, while he still busied himself with his playthings; but soon the words came oftener and increased in force and fervor until at length I concluded it was time for me to appear. So stepping across the hall I said, 'What do you want, Roscoe?'

'I want mamma.'

'But what do you want of mamma; are you hungry and want her to get supper?'

'No.'

'Thirsty? I'll get your milk.'

'No.'

'Do you want her to put you to bed?'

'No.'

'Then what do you want of her?'

Suddenly the flood gates burst, and 'I want her here!' was the prompt and wailing reply.

In an instant my heart went out to the child. I understood and could have cried with him, for I but lately had been just there myself. I, too, had seen the time when the shadows fell about me, the day grew dark and the terrible loneliness and sense of need came on. Words that I had uttered in contented thoughtlessness in my daytime of health and strength suddenly filled up with intensity of meaning when darkness fell. In the horror of the 'valley and the shadow' one great want was uppermost. 'Where is my Heavenly Father? I want him here!' It was not that I wanted him to stay my pain, or quench the raging thirst, or give me sleep, but my heart itself cried out, 'I want him here!'

Presently the door was opened, a ray of light shone in and mamma came to her boy. At once the tears were changed to smiles, and the gloom and darkness were utterly forgotten.

And do you think that I, the helpless older child, was left alone in my horror of darkness and shadow?

Not so. There came at length the gleam of light shining out toward me through a Bible verse, and it seemed like the Father's own voice, saying, 'Fear thou not for I am with thee.'—C. W. T., in 'Congregationalist.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS.

May 5, Sun.—Comfort one another with these words.

May 6, Mon.—The children of light.

May 7, Tues.—Putting on the breastplate of faith and love.

May 8, Wed.—Jesus Christ, who died for us; that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.

May 9, Thur.—Be at peace among yourselves.

May 10, Fri.—Be patient toward all men.

May 11, Sat.—See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.