

away. He never offered me a glass afterwards. Each time I refused to take drink something seemed to say, 'Try, my good fellow, and may God give you strength to keep it.' My wife arrived in Bristol after I had been a teetotaler a fortnight, and was surprised at my refusing to take any drink; and she could not believe I had signed the pledge until I gave her the whole of my week's earnings; that was the best proof to her that I was a sober man. Never shall I forget the first Saturday night we went to market after my wife's arrival in Bristol, I bought a shoulder of mutton for Sunday's dinner. The butcher offered to send it home, which offer was declined. I went to the top of the 'Union Cellars,' where I had been in the habit of leaving the price of many a joint, and where one Sunday, soon after my arrival in Bristol, the landlady refused to let me catch a few drops of fat on a piece of bread that I had had in my pocket two or three days, telling me to get my own fat at home. I called out when I got to the top of the stairs, 'Missus!' She locked up and said, 'Aren't you coming down?' My reply was, 'No, I am going to get my own fat at home to-morrow,' at the same time showing her the shoulder of mutton, which was a nice one. Sunday came, and while my wife cooked the dinner it was arranged that I and my child should take a walk. We started, and as we were going past the Bethel ship I thought I should like to see what sort of a place it was now I was sober, not intending to stop. My daughter had new clothes and boots, and I wanted the people to know it; and, besides, we came out for a walk, not to hear preaching. Having once got inside of the Bethel, the man with the spectacles, who was always on the lookout, came and shook me by the hand, and said he was glad to see me, and he always thought I should come again, while a sailor took my little girl on his lap. The service began, and I heard that Sunday, in the old Bethel, what I had never heard before. In my sober moments I promised to attend again, which I did, and wondered at what I heard. The man with the spectacles asked me to attend again on the Monday night; but I told him I had to appear at the City Concert Hall, to sing a new song, at eight o'clock. He said I could attend the prayer meeting and go to my work afterwards. I went, and they sang a hymn; but I could not join in, as I did not know the tune. The hymn commenced with—

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

They all knelt down to pray. What I heard made me weep. I left just before eight, and went to the City Concert hall, I dressed for my song in turn. The character I had to take was a travelling drunken tinkler, having a number of tin kettles strapped together, one on my head, a leather apron, etc. The music struck up. I appeared, but could not sing. The words, 'In evil long I took delight,' etc., came fresh to my mind. I stood spellbound for a few minutes. Then throwing the old kettles away I said, 'Friends, I have been deceiving you and myself for years, but, by God's help, I will deceive you no longer; I will learn to serve him, and him only will I serve. Good-bye.'

I left the stage that night, never to return to finish my six months' engagement. They at first said I was mad. That Monday night was a fearful one. The sufferings of my mind and body were terrible. All the sins of my mis-spent life rose up before my mind's eye, and the terror of the prospect made the sweat run down my face, and caused me to tremble from head to foot, and

I cried 'God save me!'—I who had stood up in the company of blaspheming men called infidels, defying my God, and laughing at those who profess to believe in him. Now, calling upon him to save me, I went on to the quay, where the old Bethel ship was, in the hope of seeing someone who would speak to me of the mercies and love of the Saviour I had heard spoken of on the previous Sunday and Monday night at the Bethel. After walking about for some time I was glad to see Mr. S. Short, the seamen's missionary at the Bethel.

I told him of the night I had spent, and sufferings of my mind, and my desire to give my heart to God if he would accept it; but I felt I was too wicked. He spoke kindly to me and invited me to the Bethel ship, and went into a little house on the upper deck used by him as a study, and there he spoke of the Saviour's love for sinners, and his sufferings and death, and the cleansing power of Christ's blood. I fell upon my knees, sobbing aloud and wringing my hands, but all was darkness, before me, and I felt that there was no hope for me. I could not move from where I had fallen upon my knees, beside an old chair without a back, upon the hard deck. Mr. Short, seeing the great anguish of my soul, left me whilst I was crying, 'God forgive me, a poor sinner!' and went to the office of Mr. Gibson (of the firm of Mark, Witwell & Co.), and told him there was a poor sinner seeking mercy in the Bethel. Would he come here and pray with him? Mr. Gibson left his office and his business, and, coming to the place where I was kneeling, he prayed God to give peace to my soul, through the love he had for his dear son Jesus; and while we were all on our knees, I was led to feel that God for Christ's sake, had pardoned my sins through my believing in the all-atoning blood of the Lamb.

Home.

Sweet word that spans all space, that knows no bound,

Yet dwells in narrowest compass; welcome word!

Dear type of Peace—though sheltered by the sword;

Mid Saxon-spreading races only found.

Our earliest recollections all abound,

With little notes of thee; our years are stored,

With memories of thee; each spot adored,

By youth, in age become a holy ground.

Thou clingest in the handgrip of the sire,

Thou meltest in the mother's tender kiss;

The wanderer longs to reach thee—guiding star

Of all his thoughts; like Israel's pillared fire

By night thou leadest him through childhood's bliss,

To that loved home he pictures from afar.

—Lord Rosslyn.

'Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;

Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament

With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry hosts, rode brightest, till the moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle throw.'
—Milton.

A Guilty Conscience.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Helen E. Rasmussen.)

Mrs. Martin stepped out of the store-room door on to the clay porch at the end of the long, grass house, and locked the door securely behind her. For it was down on the big Congo River, in Africa, and she knew by experience that everything possible must be kept under lock and key.

'I guess I'll go around the back of the house,' she thought, 'and then the baby won't see me and cry.'

For a part of the way there was barely room to walk, so she seldom went that way, but, as he did so, she caught sight of a piece of brown paper, folded and sticking in one of the palm ribs, which held the grass secure along the back side.

'I wonder what that can be?' she mused. 'Who could have put it there? I guess I'll look and see what it is.'

So she took it down and unfolded it, and found to her surprise, a little lump of butter inside. Now, butter costs sixty cents a pound on the Congo, and missionaries make a little of it go as far as possible. Mrs. Martin tried, as a rule, not to use more than one pound a month. But, even while the stealing of the butter was a grave offence, it looked so funny there in the brown paper that Mrs. Martin smiled.

'Which of the boys could have done this?' she asked herself. And then a bright thought struck her. 'I know how I'll find out. I'll just put it on the table without saying a word, and I can tell by the way the boys look at it which one is guilty.'

Then she turned the corner, and appeared on the back-end porch, where the tea-table was ready spread, and her guest waiting for her. But there were no boys in sight.

She laid the greasy paper down in the centre of the table, took her place, asked a blessing, and began to eat, chatting to her visitor about the news.

Not long after the little cook came along, glanced at the table, and passed by into the house. He saw the butter, but said to himself, 'The teacher must have brought it with his food for the journey.'

Mrs. Martin had noticed him and knew that he had never seen the paper before.

Soon the jack-wash came along the front porch, looking very dignified and the soul of innocence. She kept on chatting, and at the same time watched him closely. He, too, glanced at the table, and saw the butter, and the swift expression which passed over his face showed that he at least knew the paper and the butter, and had seen them before. But he passed on into the house for a few minutes, and then came out again and looked at the butter, and then at Mrs. Martin, and back at the butter. The expression of his face had now grown so funny that Mrs. Martin could not help but smile, and say:

'What is it, Matundu?'

'Nothing,' he replied, and turned away.

Soon after, he came back that same way, and looked so questioningly at the little paper that she said:

'You can have that butter, Matundu.'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'Ker' oleleko' ('I don't want it').

'Don't you like butter?' she asked. 'Take it.'

He took it, went out to the cook house, and she did not see him again.

An hour or so later, the little cook came up to her.

'Mamma, Matundu is very angry.'

'Is he?' she asked in surprise.

'Yes; he says that he didn't steal that but-