

**THE CONVERTED BANDIT,**

BY REV. GEORGE D. COLEMAN.

On March 2, 1874, when Brother Stevens was murdered near Guadalajara, one of the faithful Roman Catholics who were foremost in this murder was Cris-  
tiano Sepeda, a notorious bandit. Mexico was at that time infested with bandits.

It was Sepeda who cut off the arm of the native follower of Stevens, Emiterio, when he raised it to emphasize his words that he would not give up his religion. After this deed he ran away for several months. On his return, when things had quieted down, he heard that services were still being held. This made him furious, and he armed himself with a new knife which he had had specially sharpened for the occasion. And declaring he would kill the whole lot at the first word of heresy he heard from them, he repaired to the meeting-house.

The services were conducted by a poor Indian, who read the Scripture, and explained and commented upon it. As he looked up and saw Sepeda enter, saw his glowering look and his knife, he knew that he had come for trouble.

The Indian silently prayed for help and protection, and seemed to be helped in choosing passages of Scripture referring to the shedding of innocent blood. He saw that Sepeda was being visibly affected, and began to praise God in his heart. After the service was over Sepeda came to the front and asked for a copy of the Bible. He then turned to the congregation and said, "I came here to kill as many of you as I could, but the words of this book are not what I had supposed them to be. I will take this book home with me and read it; and, if I find it a bad book, I will return to settle my account with you, but if it is good, I will stand by it."

He remained at home one week, and except when sleeping or eating he never lost a moment from reading the Bible. The Word of God soundly converted him to a knowledge of the truth in Christ Jesus. As he started off on a six-mile walk on foot to Guadalajara, where he surprised the congregation by walking up and asking of Rev. D. F. Watkins that he might be received into membership in the church. His reception into the church was a most solemn and impressive service; and, when Brother Watkins gave him the right hand of fellowship, he said, "As you have been a great persecutor of the church, I commission you as Paul was commissioned, to preach the gospel to this people." Sepeda was true to his commission, and became a most lovable Christian character and a powerful preacher.

O that Christians would realize that this is just as much the age of wonders as the days of the early church. God has not changed; the blood has the same power; only we fail to believe the promises of God.—*C. E. World.*

**THE UPWARD LOOK.**

"It is of no use to tell me to look forward," said one in great trouble, the other day, to a friend. "The worst of my trouble, I know, lies ahead. To look back upon the past, before the shadow came, simply adds to my agony. I can only sit in darkness, and shut my eyes to everything, and bear as best I may."

"There is always one way left," said the friend, gently. "When we cannot look forward or backward, we can look upward. I have been in every whit as hard a place as you, and I sat a long while in the darkness before finding the

way out. Try the upward look—it is meant for just such sorrows as this, that seem to shut in the soul inexorably. If we look up, we never look in vain."

It was the advice of a true friend. Yet how many friends fail to give it. When we sympathize with those we love in their trials and worries, how often we suggest that there is hope ahead, that they are not so shut in as they seem, that past and future should be dwelt upon rather than the present, and saying all this, forget that we can give them a far truer comfort in teaching them to lift their eyes from themselves and their problems up to the eternal Father, who can give joy and peace to his children through all things.

"Time alone can help such sorrows as yours," said a woman who called herself a Christian, to a bereaved friend lately. There was no upward look suggested there. A heathen could have said as much. Time only can dull the edge of pain; the upward look robs suffering of its sting surely and lastingly. It is always possible to lift our eyes to the sky; and though at first, perhaps, we see only the clouds, we shall find it true before long that "over all our tears God's rainbow bends."—*Exchange.*

**TWO CONVERTS IN JAPAN.**

Two cases, in almost all respects contrasts, occur to me as illustrating the power of the gospel in Japan. In a distant and destitute country village I found a teacher of a private school of forty young men. Years before, previous to his graduation from the government engineering college in Tokyo, through the influence of Professor Dixon, one of his teachers, he had become convinced that there was but one God and that the Bible was his Word. I found that he had read most of the Bible and was convicted of sin and admired Christ as a teacher, but not sure that he was God, and so could save sinners. He said he would believe if convinced that the Bible taught it. A half hour of study together swept away his doubts and bowing in prayer he found Christ a Saviour, then rising from his knees was that day baptized with six others. Inviting people to his school to speak to the young men he became known in the community as a faithful follower of Christ.

The other was the case of a worker in brass in Tokyo—a poor and ignorant man much given to drink, cruel to his family, and who had twice been in jail. A tract arrested his attention, and two or three times going to a preaching place and standing outside he heard the gospel; then venturing in he asked the loan of a Testament for three days, and again for three days more. The love of Christ to sinners astonished him, and led by Miss Clagett, the missionary present, he found peace in believing. His delighted wife and three children followed him into the church, and, trying though their circumstances have been, he has for several years been known by all as one who loves God.

Duty and Death is the title of a paragraph which appeared in a Manchester paper stating that Samuel Short, aged fifty years, an engineer at a colliery, while lowering twenty-four men down the shaft of his mine had an apoplectic seizure and died almost immediately. Before he fell, however, with most wonderful grit and forethought for a dying man, he stopped the engine and thus, as his own faded out, saved the lives of twenty-four others.

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**A Father's Part in Training a Boy.**

"Strange how fathers neglect the training of their boys," writes "Pater Familias" in *Good Housekeeping*. They shirk the responsibility off upon the mother, excepting to assume it when the child is older. But then it is too late. If the father loses his hold on the boy when young, he is seldom able to regain it later. The influence of the mother upon the boy of five to twelve years of age is marvelous, but the father's wise counsel and companionship at this age are also essential to ideal training.

"No time to bother with children," is not an excuse for the busy father. My boy of ten has a bed in my room, or adjoining, so that during my very busy periods I see and associate with him in the morning and evening. Many confidences may be exchanged between father and son under these circumstances that would be missed otherwise, and these interchanges are often quite as beneficial to the father as to the son.

"Father's training must supplement mother's. At five or six, one of our boys seemed disposed to develop into a sensitive, shrinking, weak nature, but through our combined efforts he is growing into as sturdy a character as he is strong physically. We early agreed not to say "don't" to him except when absolutely necessary—to throw him on his own resources, to let him play with so-called tough boys, to encourage adventure, and daring, to discourage his coming to us with complaints or whims, but yet to foster his confidence in us."

OVER THE BRINK.—A godly minister, who was found of visiting his sick and dying people on Saturday afternoons, was asked by a brother minister, who met him on this errand one day, why he did this, instead of staying at home and preparing his sermons, replied, "I like to take a look over the brink." Sometimes it is a blessing to a man to be brought suddenly to the brink in his own life, to look over it seriously and prayerfully, and then to take back into life the lessons he has learnt there.

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- Between being sorry for sin and being sorry you are "caught."
- Between confessing your sins and confessing some other fellow's.
- Between seeing your own faults and seeing some other person's.
- Between conversion of the head and conversion of the heart.
- Between being led by the Holy Spirit and led by your own imagination.
- Between being persecuted for "righteousness' sake" and being persecuted for foolishness' sake.
- Between "contending for the faith" and striving for your own opinion.
- Between preaching the Word and preaching some other man's opinion.
- Between real testimony and making a speech.
- Between a "heart" hallelujah and a manufactured one.—*Exchange.*