

**FISHING.**

A young fellow went up into the Northwest for a summer's fishing. He was rich, and so he got up the most stunning fishing rig that had ever gone into those woods. Such a fishing suit the natives never had seen. He had a different rod and a different sort of line for every kind of fish. He had hand-nets and gaffs and baskets galore. Ordinary people stood round with eyes wide open. There was a good deal of interest about the sportsman's hotel when the young nabob set off for his first day's fishing with two guides. And there was a good deal of amusement when he came back empty-handed at night. When he was asked about what was the trouble, and if he saw no fish, he replied: "Oh, yes! I saw a great many fish, and some large ones, but the difficulty really seemed to be that I somehow failed to attract the attention of the fish." He was not a good fisherman.

Now gospel fishing is like that. Men are taken up with worldly things. They are fascinated by the pleasures of society, or they are intoxicated in the race for wealth. They have been caught, it may be, in the current of passion and self-indulgence. The noise and din of fleshly things come in like a flood to drown out the bitter intuitions and longings of the soul. You must attract the attention of these people and awaken an interest in them before you can do anything to help them. The preacher may be good, he may be scholarly, he may be earnest, but if he does not seek out the proper habit to catch the eye and ear and heart of men and women who are indifferent and sinful, he will not catch them for the Lord. — *L. A. Banks.*

**HOW GOD SAVED A DETECTIVE.**

I had been a detective for twenty-seven years, most of the time in government employ. I was an infidel, or thought I was; for I do not believe there are any real infidels. I had a friend who shared my views and whom I used to meet often to discuss infidel questions and to ridicule Christianity.

One day, as I went down to the station to take my train to the city, I met the daughter of my friend coming to meet me. She was greatly excited, and cried out to me, "Papa is dying, and wants you to come and see him."

Her words gave me a terrible shock; first, to think that my friend was dying, and, second, to know what to do under the circumstances. However, I hastened with her to the house.

As I went into the room of my friend, he held out his hand to me, and in a feeble voice said, "Dave, the doctor says I have got to die."

Thinking to quiet him with some commonplace remark, I replied, "Well, I suppose it is appointed unto men once to die."

That is all I intended to say; but as I finished those words, the latter part of the verse came into my mind, "after this the judgment." It not only came into my mind, but it loomed up before me like a big, black thundercloud, and fairly froze my soul with terror as I realized what it meant. I shouted it out at the top of my voice, "And after that the judgment."

I did not do it purposely, but I seemed to be carried along by an irresistible power.

My friend seemed to realize the meaning of the words as I had done; and he, too, began to repeat at the top of his voice, "And after that the judgment."

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He was as frightened as I was, and he began to shout to me, "O, Dave, pray for me, pray for me."

He might as well have asked me to die for him as to pray for him, for I could not do either; but I called to his little daughter, who was in the next room, and who was an earnest Christian, "Mary, come in here and pray for your father."

The little girl came in, knelt down at the bedside, folded her hands; and, lifting her voice to God, she said, "Father, I thank thee for this hour," and then she poured out her soul in prayer as only a Christian girl could do under the circumstances.

My friend soon died, and I went back to my home stunned and bewildered. For weeks I went around in a dazed condition. I was like a blind man groping in the dark.

I went down to the office and reported for work. The chief said to me: "W—, you are sick. You have been working too hard. Go home and take a vacation for a few days, or weeks if necessary, and when you are better come back."

I went home, but could neither eat nor sleep. Those words that I had uttered in the sick-room of my friend were ever before me, "And after that the judgment."

Finally, one day I went into the woods; and, taking my pistol, I laid it down on the ground, and, opening a Bible and kneeling down, I resolved that I would blow my brains out if I could not find peace with God.

As I opened the Bible, my eyes rested upon one of the promises; I think it was John 6:37, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

I grasped at it as a drowning man grasps at a straw, and I held on for dear life, pleading that one promise over and over again until God forgave my sins and spoke peace to my soul.

My deliverance was so wonderful that I could not keep it to myself, and so began telling it to everybody.

God so blessed my testimony that different ministers urged me to go into the ministry. I had received no college or seminary education; but certain ministerial friends of mine laid out for me a course of study which I pursued under their direction, and was soon ordained to the ministry, in which I have continued for many years. So far as I know, I am the only minister in the country who had his training as a detective.—*H. W. Pope, in C. E. World.*

**THE BOY AND THE PILOT.**

Bishop Thoburn tells the story of a journey on an Ohio river steamer. The bishop was seated on deck near the pilot-house. As the boat neared the wharf he noticed a boy on the wharf, with eager countenance, for the gang-plank to be thrown out. Immediately he sprang on board, quickly ran up the staircase to the deck, and hurried on to the pilot-house. The boy greeted the pilot with great affection, and then he climbed on the pilot's knee. Seeing that there was a bond of affection and a remarkable fellowship between the man and the boy, the bishop asked for an explanation. The pilot said that, some months before, the boy had slipped off the wharf just as the boat was approaching, and he had plunged in and seized the lad as he rose the second time, and swam with him to the shore. The sharing of danger led to the joy of saving. This is but a faint emblem of that rich fellowship which results when we yield our hearts to be saved by Jesus Christ.

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**A STRANGE BENEDICTION.**

The late Professor Gardne Blaikie, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," gives the following amusing story:

"I have a vivid remembrance of a venerable blind beggar—an old sailor, with a fine bald head—who sat at the gate of Gordon's College, Aberdeen, close to the grammar school, and whom we passed, therefore, every day. He used to recite a short stereotyped narrative of his life, in which the sentence occurred: 'Lost my precious eyesight at Kingston, in Jamaica, with an awful flash of thunder and lightning!' We noticed that, when anyone gave him a halfpenny, after thanking him, he went on with his narrative from the point where he had stopped. As we thought it barely enough for charity to be its own reward, we took care to slip our halfpennies into his hat immediately after 'Kingston, in Jamaica.' Then came his benediction: 'God bless you, my dear!—with an awful flash of thunder and lightning!'"

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This is a sad world for those who have no faith.

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