

A GAMBLER'S SALVATION.

Tiny Pyle.

From being a young lad I was always fond of gambling. When about thirteen years of age I went to work in a boot and shoe shop, and all the coppers I had for myself I used to bet with, and the older I grew the greater hold this habit got of me.

After I was married I went into business, and when later on I gave it up, I came out with £100. I went about to the race meetings, and in a very short time I had lost it all. My wife's mother asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going to work, but she said, "Take my watch and chain and pawn it, and have another try." So after that I pawned everything I could get hold of, even to the boots off my feet, and my wife's wedding ring. I also started to drink heavily; I used to come home drunk nearly every Saturday, and in my madness threatened to kill my wife. I made my home wretched, and my little children were afraid of me.

Nearly four years ago my wife got saved, and began to go to Star Hall. She used to ask me to go with her, but I always refused, for I had no desire to be a Christian.

Three years ago last November they were holding special meetings at Star Hall, and one of the sisters came to visit my wife, and pleaded with me to go to the meeting that night, and after a good deal of persuasion I consented to go. The preacher was Rev. G. Kunz, from America, who took for his text Prov. xxix. 1: "He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." I started to tremble right from the beginning of the sermon, I did not know what had come over me, I felt so wretched. It must have been the Holy Spirit striving with me, and I did not know it. I went out of Star Hall that night a miserable man, and I told my wife she must have told the minister all about me, as he seemed to be looking at me all the time, but she said she had not spoken to him. I then asked her what the text meant, and she told me that I should be cut off if I went on in my wicked ways.

That night I could not rest, and for five days I was the most wretched man on earth; that verse haunted me, and I could not rest anywhere. It was a Thursday night when I went to the meeting, and the following Tuesday I went out with a friend. We went into a public-house and called for two pints of beer, but when I got the beer to my mouth it nearly choked me, and my teeth rattled against the glass, and I had to put it down and come out. Something told me to go home, and I did so.

During the afternoon the sister from Star Hall came again, and she asked me to go to the meeting that night. I told her I had been miserable since I had entered the place, but she pleaded so earnestly with me that I could not refuse, so I went again. After the sermon they started to pray, and someone shouted "Hallelujah!" and I wished I was out of the place. Some people spoke to me about my soul, but I did not know what they meant. I had always thought that when we were dead we were done with.

At last the preacher, Mr. Kunz, came to me, and spoke so kindly to me, and told me that Jesus died for me. I told him Jesus could not save me, I was such a gambler and such a wicked man, but he said, "Yes, brother, Jesus can save you, and He wants to save you now." I started to grind my teeth and clench my fists; I shall never forget it. All my black past came

up before me, but Mr. Kunz continued to plead with me. I said, "I cannot get down to the penitent-form." He said, "Oh yes, you can. Just put one foot before the other and you'll get there," and I said, "I will." As he knelt with me at the front, he again pointed me to Jesus on the Cross, and I seemed to see Him dying for a rebel like me, and, glory to God, I knew that I had passed from death to life! Some of the joy that came to my heart must have shone out on my face, for someone said, "Brother, I wish I had a looking-glass that you might see your face." Oh! Hallelujah, what a Saviour! I will never cease to praise Him for what He has done for me.

I felt very happy going home, and I pulled my pipe out of my pocket and filled it, when a voice seemed to say to me: "A holy man won't smoke," so I threw my pipe away, and have never wanted it since. Glory be to God, He took the very desire away, and also the desire for drinking and gambling! The things I used to love I hated, and instead of going to public-houses I wanted to go to the meetings, and all my spare time was spent in reading my Bible.

There was one thing that still troubled me sometimes. I had still my old temper, and I used to get very impatient. The men at work gave me an awful time at first, and one day one of them persecuted me so much that I lifted up my double-faced hammer to strike him, but my arm dropped, and I went down on my knees in a corner of the wagon, and thanked God that He had kept me from doing such a terrible thing.

A short time after that, I went down to a meeting at Star Hall. At the close the speaker asked who wanted God's best. I felt in my heart that was what I was longing for, and without any persuading this time I went to the front to seek it. The brother told me that I needed sanctification, and though I did not understand it, I wanted all God had for me. He pointed me to the Scriptures, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification" (I. Thess. iv. 3), and "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly" (I. Thess. v. 23). The light from heaven came into my soul, and I said, "Glory to God, I believe it—" and He gave me the witness that the work was done. Since that time I have only wanted to do His will, and to tell to others what great things Jesus can do for those who trust Him wholly. Praise God for a Saviour who can save to the uttermost!

Today I am still rejoicing in the knowledge that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Hallelujah!—*The Way of Holiness*, Manchester, England.

Dear Highway,—

My testimony today is: I am so glad that God has brought my soul out of darkness into His glorious light of the Gospel, and He keeps me daily from sin, and gives me strength to bear trials and temptations. All praise and honor to His holy name. I can truly say:

"I'd rather walk with Jesus alone,
And have for my pillow, like Jacob, a stone.
Living each moment with His face in view,
Than turn from my pathway and fail to go through.

I'm going through, I'm going through;
I'll pay the price, whatever others do;
I'll take the way with the Lord's despised few—

I'm going through, I'm going through."

Saved and sanctified,

Mrs. W. S. BEALS.

Upper Sheffield.

RIVERSIDE FUND.

Mrs. M. L. Estabrook	\$ 5.00
Almon T. Jones	5.00
Miss Hughes	1.00
F. T. Kimball	35.00
F. W. Foster	50.00
E. Higgins	10.00
Mrs. Ladner	1.00
E. B. Lilly	1.00
Mrs. E. H. Boone	1.00
George Cogswell	10.00
G. W. Bates	5.00
C. C. Smith	2.00
L. S. Kinney	10.00
Mrs. George Nixon	1.00
Mrs. W. B. Payson	1.00
Friend	1.00
Offerings	159.74
Mrs. Bamford Ladner	1.00
J. H. Knox	10.00
Collection in childrens meetings	2.05

Total \$311.79

We were unable to take the names of those who contributed in the table offering, but they are included in the aggregate of the offerings acknowledged. There is also considerable pledged for this fund which we will acknowledge as fast as it is paid in.

S. A. BAKER.

THE BIBLE INDISTRICTIBLE.

I have stood upon the great North Coast, lifting itself in imperial grandeur from the foundation pillars of the earth, and baring its pulseless bosom to the ragings of the maddened seas; and watched those floods as from their far away solitudes they came in a long and apparently resistless sweep, and hurled themselves with their prodigious energy against those giant buttressed rocks, and up, up their slimy sides they climbed until their strength was well-nigh gone; and then, shaking themselves into hoarseness, fall backward into their own watery depths; and the rock never so much as trembled! Even so the surging of infidel hate in bitter scorn have, for centuries, hurled themselves against "The Impregnable Rock of the Holy Scriptures," only and always to be hurled backward into their own dark and damning depths. But the rock still stands.

Julian the apostate, Celsus, Porphyry, Voltaire, Gibbon, Hume, Bolingbroke, Collins, Rousseau, Diderot, Paine—all men of extraordinary genius—did their utmost to destroy the Bible, but death claimed them, and they went to give an account of themselves to God. But the Book still lives. Thrones have fallen. Dynasties have perished. Empires have disappeared in the strife of nations. Wars and tumults, famine and pestilence, earthquake and storm, hatred and death, have characterized the passing years. But the Book still lives, and always will, for "the word of the Lord endureth for ever."—Rev. L. W. Munhall, D.D.

THE RIGHT ANSWER.

A famous physician in Philadelphia, a hundred years ago, was asked by a lady, "Do you think it wrong for me, a communicant, to go to a theatre?"

"Madam," he replied, "I should never publish to the world that I found my Saviour so hard a Master that I had to go on the devil's ground for amusement."

A crisis does not create character, but is simply its test.—David Graham Phillips.