

GIYSY SMITH'S FIRST CONVERT

The day after I came to know Jesus as my Saviour, as a lad in my father's gipsy wagon, the world was a new world to me. I could really sing! I never got wrecked even on the high C's!

I went out to my work as usual—I was in the lumber business—selling clothespins at two-pence a dozen. The first house I came to the lady bought some, and I asked her if she would like to hear me sing. My heart was full. I wanted to tell her about Jesus. I was afraid and unable to speak but I knew many hymns. She said yes, so I sang:

"Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?

Who'll be the next the cross to bear?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting;

Who'll be the next the crown to wear?"

Then I saw her tears, and I was so afraid that as soon as I finished the hymn I took to my heels and ran as fast as I could!

Twenty-five years later I was holding a parlor meeting in a certain city. Among the ladies present was one who came to shake hands with me after the meeting.

"Well, Mrs. Chivers," I said, "I am glad to see you! You used to buy clothes pins from me when I was a little gipsy boy. Do you remember one day when I sang for you and ran away?"

"Yes," she said, "and let me tell you about it. My daughter, a girl in her teens, was in the room, and as you sang she came and stood beside me. When you had gone she said:

"Mother, if a poor little gipsy boy is able to love and confess Jesus I think I ought to love Him too."

"So we knelt down together, and my daughter gave her heart to Jesus. She is here with me today, and has now children of her own, and all these years she has been a true follower of Jesus."

Sing the gospel if you have a voice! You can never tell in whose heart your words may find a lodging.—Selected.

THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER

A Scotch Highlander, during the Revolutionary War, was brought before the commanding officer, charged with corresponding with the enemy—a capital offense. In vain he protested his innocence. He was promptly silenced and dragged into court. It is Hugh Miller who tells the story:

There was no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight stealing out from a clump of underwood in the immediate neighborhood of the British which swarmed with the troops of Washington. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer.

"Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now."

The Highlander, in expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which a Christian addresses his God. It exhibited, in short, a man who had made prayer the solace of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they arose in his heart.

"You may go, sir," said the officer, as he concluded. "You have, I dare say, been in correspondence with a greater than any earthly power."—Christian Life.

THE MINISTER'S CALL

The Rev. Mr. Mulkittle, having successfully organized a church fair, was a very happy man.

It had been hinted that the congregation was a little short in raising the reverend gentleman's salary. Since the proceeds of the fair would more than supply the deficiency, the good man, after returning from a profitable afternoon's work, during which he had assured dyspeptics that potato salad would not hurt them, seated himself by the library fire, when the "youngest" entered.

"Where have you been, pa?"

"To the fair."

"What fair?"

"Our church fair."

"Did they have it out to the fair grounds?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"Down town in our church."

"Did they have horses and cows?"

"Oh, no! They didn't show anything."

"Well, what did they do?"

"Oh, they sold toys and something for people to eat."

"Did they sell it to the poor?"

"They sold it to anybody who had money."

"Oh, pa, it was the feast of the Passover wasn't it?"

Mr. Mulkittle took up a newspaper and began to read.

"Do you want me to be a preacher, pa?"

"Yes, if the Lord calls you."

"Did the Lord call you?"

"Yes."

"What did He say?"

"Told me to go and preach the Gospel to every living creature."

"You thought the Lord had called you again the other day didn't you?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the minister.

"Don't you know the other day you told me you had a call to go some place, and you would go if you could get \$200 more?"

"I wish you would behave yourself."

"Wouldn't the Lord give you \$200?"

"Didn't I tell you to hush, sir?" said the minister, throwing down his paper and glaring at his son.

"No, sir; you told me to behave myself."

"Well, see if you do."

"I wish you would tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"'Bout the call."

"Well, a church in another town wanted me to come there and preach for them."

"Why didn't you go?"

"Couldn't afford it, they didn't pay enough."

"Call wasn't loud enough, was it?"

"Well, hardly," assented Mr. Mulkittle, with a smile. "It wasn't loud enough to be very interesting."

"If it had been louder, would you went?"

"I should have gone if they had offered me more money."

"It wasn't the Lord that called you that time was it?"

"I think not."

"How much did the Lord offer you?"

"Do you see the door?"

"No, sir, which one?"

"That one."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go out and shut it."

"I want to stay here."

"Why?"

"Because you are so foolishly inquisitive."

"What's foolish inquisitive?"

"Asking so many questions."

"How many must I ask?"

"None."

"Then I couldn't talk, could I?"

It would be better for you if you could not talk so much."

"How must I talk?"

"Here, I'll give you ten cents now, if you will away and hush."

"Call ain't strong enough," said the boy shaking his head."

"Well, here's a quarter," said the preacher, smiling.

"Call is strong enough; I'll go."

—Selected.

JESUS INVITES YOU NOW

We are all familiar with the story in Genesis which tells us about the Garden of Eden, how God placed Adam and Eve there in that wonderful garden. But as we read on we find that Satan crept in and enticed Eve, and she enticed Adam, and how their terrible sin cost them banishment from that lovely garden. We also know that God sorrowed for His loved ones and we know that He still sorrows for erring humanity. When looking upon the world so full of sin and iniquity, He decided to send His beloved Son, Jesus Christ, that He might be the Saviour of the world. I once knew a hymn which contained these words:

"When the summer is past and the harvest is gone,

What sadder words could there be than these? How are we to escape from the bondage of sin?

The broad road, which looks so alluring, grows dark and darker as it proceeds on its way to darkness and misery everlasting.

Flee for your lives from the broad way. Whither shall we flee? Flee to the Cross of Cal-

And Jesus invites you no more."

vary. There is our only hope of life everlasting. He invites sinners to accept His yoke, and take up their crosses individually.

It seems that many do not wish to accept salvation. They think it is sombre and dull. But any who have tasted of the Holiness of the Lord know that the love of Jesus passeth all understanding.

Let us realize that the day of grace is rapidly passing by, when Jesus can invite us no more. He has told us in His Word that He will come suddenly, and we know that for His own this will be a glad time, but for those who have neglected Him, it will be sad, sad indeed.

The day of grace is passing by,

The time may not be long,

When we shall meet the blessed Lord,

And stand with His vast throng.

So let us look to Jesus now,

And trust the 'world' no more;

Then He will bring you safe at last

To that blest Heavenly shore.

Matilda Walker Hunter,

R. R. 1, Shinimicas, N. S.

RELIGION IN TURKEY

Since the World War, Turkey, once staunch defender of Mohammedanism, has steadily declined in the support of its former state religion. The press, claiming that "Religion is a cause of civil and international war" is leading an anti-religious campaign.—Wesleyan Methodist.