

said "What is this?" It was white, indicating its purity; it lay upon the ground accessible to all—to be gathered or else to be trodden under foot. It was sweet like honey, and again it was like fresh oil. It was full of nourishment, so that there need not have been one feeble person among all the tribes of Israel. All this tells of him who in the days of his humiliation was despised and rejected of men, yet by the believing ones fed upon, and found to be life and nourishment, sweetness and joy. "He was in the world and the world knew him not." They said, "Who is this?" He came down to the level of the deepest need of the greatest sinner, in order that he might be a Saviour within the reach of all.

The Lord commanded that an homer should be filled with this heavenly food and kept for the generations of Israel that they might see the bread wherewith the Lord had fed them in the wilderness.

It was "a golden pot," and it was laid up "in the Holiest of all." See Heb. 9: 3, 4. What a contrast! Once lying on the cold earth, wet with the dews of night, or melted with the noon-day sun; gathered by the hungry or trampled on by the full; now treasured in the golden vessel and hidden in the ark beneath the mercy seat, within the veil.

Wondrous transition! Yet only faintly does it foreshadow the resurrection and exaltation of the Son of God.

Yet a little while and the blood-washed company of victors through grace shall see the bread wherewith they had been sustained in the wilderness, they shall enter within the veil, and with wonder and joy ineffable eat of the hidden manna.



In physical warfare it is said that nine shots out of every ten prove ineffective. If this be true in battles waged between nations, who shall tell the number of sermons, addresses, prayer-meeting talks that have been sent forth by those who are waging spiritual warfare, that have not killed one sin, corrected one error, or brought liberty to one soul. There has been no aiming at the mark.

## A BASKET OF SUMMER FRUITS.

BY THE EDITOR.

John H.

**I**N spite of our Lord's admonition to the contrary, we do say, "Yet four months, and then cometh harvest." At least we think thus with ourselves: "July, August, September, October, and then we may reasonably expect our scattered congregations to be back, and the work of ingathering to be taken up again in earnest."

Such fruit as we now record, therefore, gleaned in the heat of mid-summer, is all the more grateful as admonishing us that there are sinners to be saved in every month of the year, and that the Holy Spirit has no vacation in his working.

*First instance.*—A request came through an officer to visit a prisoner in the jail. This is no unusual thing, and signifies generally nothing more than an urgent appeal for money to pay the fine or to furnish bail. And so while the summons was heeded it was not with any sanguine expectation of fruit. Inquiring at the office of the jail as to who the prisoner might be, the record was read off to us from the books: "John Kennedy, alias Canfield, breaking and entering, cell No. 115." An old jail-bird, we thought to ourselves, whose last device is to light on an impressible minister and make a prey of him.

But as we stood face to face with the captive looking through the iron bars, he surprised us by saying: "I have sent for you, reverend, because you have several times helped my poor wife in her troubles, and it seems like I know you. What I want, reverend, is to confess my crime. I lied about it when they arrested me, said I didn't do it, and was determined to plead not guilty and stick it out. But, reverend, my mind has been totally changed since I came in here, and now I am determined to make a clean breast of it, sentence or no sentence, prison or no prison."

"And what has changed your mind?" I asked.

With a vehemence of manner which I cannot describe, he turned about, and seizing a Bible which lay on the table of his cell he held it out, exclaiming: "That is what did the business for me, reverend. I never knowed there was such

ribly strange and bitter to this young couple as at its first occurrence in the human family. At all events I have rarely seen more inconsolable grief than over the loss of this first-born from the humble home. All the comfort which the Scriptures offered was brought forth, and the sorrowing couple commended in prayer to the tender mercy of God, and I bade them good-by.

But now comes the strange surprise. Being absent from home on the day after the funeral, I was told on returning in the evening that a man and woman had twice called, earnestly desiring to see me. At nine in the evening they came again, and I recognized them as the bereaved friends to whom I had ministered the day before. "What more can I say to comfort you?" I asked, as I bade them be seated.

"We are comforted," replied the husband, with surprising calmness; "and we have come now three times before finding you, that you may rejoice with us."

"How is this? Tell me about it," I said.

"Well, sir, after we had laid away our little one, we came back to the house. But it was so lonesome and desolate we could not stay there. So after supper we went out into the park and sat down on one of the seats. There was music and fire-works and much else going on, but they had no interest for us. We sat for nearly an hour without speaking. Then I turned to my wife and said, 'Mary, haven't we had a good many warnings since we were married? Don't you remember the fever we both had at once when we came so near dying? And we didn't pay any heed to it. We have been living on without prayer and without gratitude, utterly forgetful of God. And don't you think the loss of Willie is another call from the Lord?'"

"Yes," said Mary, "I believe it."

"And what had we better do about it, Mary?"

"I think we had better surrender our hearts to God," said Mary.

"So then and there in the park we bowed to the Saviour, prayed for his mercy, and gave ourselves up to him. And he came into our hearts; he has healed all our sorrow, and we are com-

forted. We see now that God had to take Willie to bring us to himself."

Need I say what a joyful surprise this was? So much persuasion, so much importunity to get men to accept Christ, and these taking him at once when they heard his call. And the next Monday evening, one week from the funeral, these two applied for admission to the church, and in their simple, tender story gave such evidence of renewed hearts that none could doubt that they had indeed passed from death unto life.

*Third instance.*—One moving in excellent society and very prosperous in business, drawn on from playing a social game of cards into larger and larger stakes, till the fatal end is reached—ruined prospects, a ruined home, a ruined heart. In deepest despair he is longing for some door of hope. He picks up an evening paper and reads of special revival services in the month of July in our church. He jumps into the first car, and goes to the church and follows up every service. How our hearts are moved and melted, as on the last evening of the meetings the stranger rises and tells the story of his conversion, the joy of his deliverance and the great peace that has come into his heart.

It will be seen how little related any of these conversions were to the ordinary ministrations of the pulpit. For this reason we may record them without self-glorifying. How signally they illustrate the divers operations of the Spirit! Through the Word, through afflictions, through the rebound from an evil course of life, were these led to Christ. But in whatever way, the lesson is significant. The Spirit of the Lord takes no holiday; the tree of life bears twelve manner of fruits and yields its fruit every month.

#### THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

SHADOWS vanish with the light,  
 Brightness comes with dawning;  
 Sorrow lasteth but a night,  
 Joy comes in the morning.

Watch, then, children of the day!  
 Clouds may gather thickly;  
 Heaven and earth must pass away:  
 Jesus cometh quickly.

things into that book before. I have read it about all the time since I came in here. I tell you, reverend, it is wonderful; and if I had known that book before I shouldn't have been here now."

Thinking that all this might be a shrewd attempt of the culprit to impress me with his religiousness, I questioned him further.

"What have you found in this book which seems so wonderful?"

He then began searching through the pages of the Bible, many leaves of which I could see he had turned down, till finding the first Psalm, he put his finger on the first verse and exclaimed:

"Look at that, sir. That tells the story of my life exactly. I had a praying mother in the old country. She tried to bring me up well, but I very soon got with bad companions and went steadily down in sin, till I became one of the wickedest men living. But look, sir, how this book describes it." And then he read with great deliberation and strong emphasis: "Walketh in the counsel of the ungodly, standeth in the way of sinners, sitteth in the seat of the scornful." That's my history exactly, reverend. I tell you I never dreamed there was such things into this book."

"But haven't you found anything in the book to give you help?" I asked.

Searching through the turned down leaves again, he suddenly paused at the eighteenth Psalm and read: "He sent from above, he took me and drew me out of many waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy. I tell you, sir," he continued, "that fits my case. Rum has been my strong enemy all my life. I have tried to get away from it, and sometimes have thought I had done so, but before I thought it had me down again, and for months I would not see a sober day. But I was brought up to believe the Bible, and though I haven't looked into it since I was a boy in the old country, I know it is God's word, and when last night I read these words: 'He delivered me from my strong enemy,' I got down in my cell and cried half the night, 'O God! deliver me from my strong enemy;' and I believe he has heard me, and that hereafter I shall be a changed man."

"But," I replied, "you will not be able to stand unless your trust is solely in Jesus Christ, and not in any good resolutions of your own."

"I know it, reverend," he replied; and then with his open Bible we went into the blessed third of John, and read together its golden text, "God so loved the world," and the salvation text, "He that believeth on the Son," all of which he drank in as good news from a far country. I cannot detail the entire interview. Enough to say that when prayer was proposed there was not the stolid mechanical response which is so often found in such cases. After I had prayed outside the grating, John Kennedy took up the strain inside. It was literally a prayer with strong crying and tears unto him that is able to save a lost sinner laying hold of a mighty Saviour. The interview was a prolonged one; and with the best judgment I am able to exercise, I have a strong conviction that whether in prison or out of prison, for the next years, John Kennedy will prove to be a regenerated man. The lesson from this experience is a rich one. How the Word of God *finds* the sinner! "I know the Bible is God's book," said the lamented Arthur Hallam: "because I find that it is man's book, because it fits into every turn and fold of the human heart."

*Second instance.*—On Sunday morning, July 12th, before anyone was yet up, my door-bell rang violently, and on looking out a stranger begged to see me at once. Going down I found a man sitting on the steps weeping most pitifully. "O sir, I have lost my little boy," he said. "He has just died, and I have left his poor mother crying over him. What shall I do?"

I tried to soothe him, but in vain. He seemed utterly broken-hearted, and as helpless as a child in the presence of his bereavement. I told him what to do in reference to preparing for burial, and promised to attend the funeral and do all in my power to help him.

On the following day I conducted the funeral services. Death becomes a very commonplace thing to us who conduct funerals almost every week in the year, and at some seasons every day in the week. But no doubt it was just as ter-