

BROWNLOW NORTH:

THE STORY

OF

HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY THE REV.

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MOFFAT.

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XII.

REMARKABLE CASES OF IMPRESSION AND CONVERSION.

“In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To wake the music and the beauty needs
The master’s touch, the sculptor’s chisel keen.
Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let
Hidden and lost Thy form within us lie!” ANON.

NOT a few of the cases in which Mr. North was made instrumental in awakening sinners to a sense of their danger, in detecting the delusions or errors that were keeping them from the enjoyment of peace, in leading them to the great Saviour, or to entrance into the full light and liberty of the children of God, were of a remarkable character. A narrative of some of these may prove useful to others. Cases, the idiosyncrasy of which appears striking, often turn out on closer study to be typical, and to bear a representative character. Even where this is not so, their recital may serve to exalt our ideas of the attractiveness of Christ, the power of the Holy Spirit, and the fertility of resource employed by Him in arresting and saving those who are going down to destruction.

THE TEACHER’S DAUGHTER.

Mary Ann Whyte was the daughter of a schoolmaster in Inverness-shire, who died before she reached her eighteenth year, rejoicing in the Saviour who had redeemed her by His blood, and enlightened her by His Spirit. She had been religiously trained, and had not been without spiritual impressions, and for nearly a year, ever since the death of her mother, she had been seeking Christ. It was in this state of mind that she heard Mr. North preach on one occasion early in his ministry. Referring to that occasion, she said, “I can tell you the time and place when and where Christ manifested His love to me, and caused me to love Him with an everlasting love; that was the evening on which I heard Mr. North in Inverness: his text was, ‘Wilt thou go with this man?’ (Gen. xxiv. 58.) I thought when he was, in the course of his sermon, opening up the character of the Man Jesus, and showing forth His matchless love to fallen sinners, that my heart was correspondingly opening; but when, in the application, he called out as with the voice of God, ‘Here, here! The Lord of heaven, the wonder of angels, the delight of saints, and desire of nations is now offering Himself freely to you as your all in all for time and eternity. O will you take Him, *take Him*, TAKE HIM? This may be the last offer you may have of Him. Will you let Him go? O don’t!’—I thought my soul was one flame of love to Him. I

would not, I could not, I did not let Him go. I know those who were about me were noticing my state; but I could not contain myself. I was overcome with love—love that constrained me to love Him, and since then till now, and, I believe, to all eternity, I can think of none but Himself. Oh, His love is written deep here (laying her hand on her heart), and as a token of His love to me He will soon grant me my desire, and that is, that where He is, there I may be also.”

She frequently reverted to that day of her espousals, and wondered if there could be one soul there that could let such a glorious offer pass. The last time she was out at church, that sermon was her theme going and returning. She cherished the most Christian affection for Mr. North, although she never saw nor heard him afterwards. When asked if she was sure she loved Christ, she replied with much animation, “I am as sure of that—yea, He has made me sure of it—as sure as that I say it—yea, surer; for,” she continued, laying her hand on her heart, “He has written it here.” On her deathbed her soul was burning with two desires, that she might get home to the full enjoyment of her Lord, and that all mankind might partake of Jesus’ love. She often said of the Saviour, “Oh, Love of heaven, who can but love Thee? art not Thou altogether lovely?” Her grand source of help and comfort was the Bible and the Saviour of the Bible. On her father’s asking her how she got such a remarkable insight into the meaning of God’s Word as she displayed, she said, “Whosoever takes the key, Christ, can understand the Bible.” When drawing near her end, she suffered somewhat from a natural fear of death; but recovered herself, and said, “Oh, I see it now. My own dear Jesus has the keys of death and hell, to give me an easy passage through the one, and to lock the cowardly enemy into the other. Alas, that I should so forget my Key!” A few days before her death she was asked, “Would you now dare venture to depart, grounding upon that joyful frame?” “On nothing but Christ, on none but Christ,” she replied: “frames and feelings are sweet, but trusting in them would be like *fixing the anchor in the ship instead of on the rock.*” On the Friday before she died, hearing that Mr. North was in Nairn, she longed to see him again, and on being told that he would not be there for a fortnight, she said to her father, “I will then be in glory; but never mind, I shall soon see him there; yet, if you see him, tell him of my case, to encourage him to spend and to be spent in declaring to all the overcoming love of Jesus.”¹

The Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, D.D., of Glasgow, who is known to all the churches of Christ in English-speaking lands as the biographer of his bosom friend the Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne, has kindly

¹ The narrative from which, by the publisher’s kind permission, we make the above extracts, is published as a tract by Peter Drummond, Stirling, with the above title, and will well repay perusal. (No. 636.)

communicated to us the following interesting case which came under his notice in his own congregation, and which took place at Mr. North's first visit to Glasgow.

THE SILENT INQUIRER.

Under his preaching in Finnieston Free Church, a young woman was awakened, one who had been well taught and was outwardly blameless. Her conviction of sin was very deep; she was weighed down under the burden. One evening she sought out the house where Mr. North was staying, and asked to see him. She was at once taken to him, and sitting down near him she covered her face with her hand, not uttering one word. Mr. North waited, expecting that she would speak; but all was silence, tears running down her cheeks, and her whole demeanour conveying the impression that she was in profound concern. Still not a word escaped her lips. Mr. North began to try to draw out her mind for her, by such remarks as "I suppose you are anxious?" "I suppose you have come to speak with me because you are anxious?" But still there was no response. He then said, "You know I can be of no use to you if I do not know your state of mind. Tell me something of what you feel." Even now no reply came, and Mr. North gazed for a minute at the figure before him—a most earnest inquirer, her face buried in her hand, and her frame full of emotion. At length he resumed his attempt to fathom her state of mind. "I need not try to speak to you unless you speak to me. I must just let you go away. But at least answer me this question, *Do you believe there is a God?*" When he had pressed this question, the hand fell from the face, and then he got this reply, "Sir, if I did not believe there was a God, I would not be anxious about my soul!" Mr. North at once responded, "Oh, now I understand you. You are troubled because you have to do with God—God, who is a holy and a just God. Let us speak of this." The ice was broken; he had got a look into her heart and conscience, and she was led on to indicate more; nor was it long before she had seen that "God is in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself," and that God accepts the sinner who accepts the Beloved Son in whom He is well pleased.

GIVEN UP BY THE LORD.

Dr. Samuel Miller, to whom we have been already indebted for an account of a striking conversion, has recalled another interesting case. On one occasion when Mr. North was staying in Glasgow, and had been preaching for him in Free St. Matthew's Church, he came one afternoon into Dr. Miller's study, and asked him to go out with him for a walk, as he was very much tired and fagged. On Dr. Miller's inquiring what had worn him out, he said that he had been engaged all day in seeing persons in

private who were in a state of spiritual concern, and had just finished a conversation with a lady, which had lasted for an hour and a half. On Dr. Miller's inquiring what was the nature of her difficulty, Mr. North said that she had been in the deepest distress, saying that the Lord had given her up. "Well, and did she find peace at last?" "Yes, she did, and it was from what I said to her almost at random." "What was that?" "Well, her burden was that the Lord had given her up, and would not hear her prayer. So I asked her, 'Are you a believer? Have you placed your trust in Christ?' 'Yes.' 'And the Lord has given you up?' 'Yes.' 'Then either you or He must be a liar. Are you telling a lie just now, when you say you have placed your trust in Christ?' 'No, certainly not.' 'Then the Lord must be a liar; and in that case, if I were you, I would give Him up.' 'Oh, but I can't give Him up, sir.' 'Why not, if He is a liar?' 'I can't give Him up.' 'Ah' I said, 'that is because the Lord has not given you up. It's because He is keeping hold of you.'" These words were the means of at once bringing her to peace.

One of Mr. North's characteristics was great shrewdness and quickness of perception, which both kept him from being easily deceived as to the character and condition of those who came to open their mind to him, and enabled him to adapt his counsel to the spiritual state of each soul.

The next case is one which occurred early in Mr. North's ministry, and one to which he often referred.

WHY DID GOD PERMIT SIN?

At the close of one of his services in Edinburgh, a young man asked to speak with him, and was admitted to the side-room, where he was meeting with anxious inquirers. Addressing Mr. North, he said, "I have heard your sermon, sir, and I have heard you preach often, now; and I neither care for you nor your preaching, unless you can tell me, why did God permit sin in the world?" "Then I'll tell you," the preacher at once replied; "God permitted sin, because He chose to do so." The man was taken aback by the ready retort, which threw no light on the subject of his question, and yet expressed all the conclusion which the deepest thinkers on that mysterious subject have been able to arrive at, referring it as an unsolved enigma to the Divine good pleasure, which permitted it for reasons altogether wise, but not revealed to us, and to a large extent inscrutable. "Because He chose it," he repeated, as the objector stood speechless, and added, "If you continue to question and cavil at God's dealings, and vainly puffed up by your carnal mind strive to be wise above what is written, I will tell you something more that God will choose to do. He will some day choose to put you into hell. It is vain, sir, for man to strive with his Maker: you cannot resist Him; and neither your opinion of His dealings, nor your blasphemous expression of them, will in the least lessen the pain of your everlasting damnation, which

will most certainly be your portion if you go on in your present spirit. There were such questioners as you in Paul's time, and what the Apostle said to them I say to you, 'Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?'" The young man interrupted him, and asked, "Is there such a text, sir, as that in the Bible?" "Yes, there is, in the ninth chapter of Romans; and I recommend you to go home and read that chapter, and after you have read it, and learned from His own word that God claims for Himself the right to do whatever He chooses, and does not permit the thing formed to say to Him that formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus?—to remember that, besides permitting sin, there is another thing God has chosen to do—*God chose to send Jesus.*" He then in a few words pointed out to him the way of salvation both from sin and wrath which God had prepared of His own free and sovereign will, and urged him to embrace it.

The following Friday, when sitting in my father's drawing-room, the servant announced that a young man wanted to speak to him. On being shown upstairs, he asked Mr. North if he remembered him, but he could not recall who he was. "Do you not remember the young man who on Sunday night asked you to tell him why God permitted sin?" "Yes, perfectly." "Well, sir, I am that young man; and you said that God permitted sin because He chose it, and you told me to go home and read the ninth chapter of Romans, and you also told me that God chose to send Jesus to die for such sinners as I was, and I went home and did, sir, what you told me." He said he had gone home, and after reading that chapter, which so many find a stumbling-block, he had pleaded for pardon in the name of Jesus, and for the gift of the Holy Spirit to be his teacher, and was afterwards enabled to believe that he had been heard and forgiven, and now he said, "I am happy, oh, so happy, sir; and though the devil comes sometimes to tempt me with my old thoughts, and to ask me what *reason* I have to think God has forgiven me, I have always managed to get him away by telling him that I do not want to judge things any longer, by my own reason but by God's word, and that the only reason why I know I am forgiven is that, for Christ's sake, God chooses to pardon me." Mr. North added that the changed expression of the young man's countenance was enough to account for his not knowing him again, as it was radiant with joy and peace.²

Mr. James Balfour of Edinburgh narrated this incident, of which Mr. North had given him the particulars, to Principal Cunningham shortly after its occurrence. He listened with deep attention and interest, and said, "That shows me North knows what he is about."

Miss Maitland, a lady long well known in Edinburgh for her successful

² See Mr. North's tract, "God chose to send Jesus."

philanthropic and Christian work, has kindly communicated the particulars of the two following cases:—

ARE YOU WILLING TO GIVE UP THE WORLD?

Mr. North came to luncheon with us in the country. He was living at a friend's house near Scotsraig. He told us that he had had an intimation of a death that morning, and then he gave us the following particulars of this young lady's conversion. She had been one who came for conversation at the house referred to. He said, whenever she entered the room, her appearance impressed him that she was not thoroughly in earnest for salvation, so he just said, "Madam, are you willing to give up the world for Christ?" "Oh, no," she said, "I cannot say that; but what you said last night has troubled me and made me somewhat anxious." "Oh, madam," said he, "it would be mockery for you to go to the Lord Jesus, and say to Him, you want Him to come and dwell in your heart when there is anything else you are preferring to Him. I could not, I dare not, pray with you in these circumstances." She rose and turned haughtily, but sadly, to go away. "Think," he said to her as she was going towards the door, "what these idols, that you are now preferring to Christ, can do for you at your dying hour; and remember, I will be delighted to see you back again when you have decided to take Christ as your Lord and Saviour." She left, and he said he scarcely expected to see her again, for she was young and handsome, and it was something for her to give up the world. Four days afterwards the door opened, and the same lady appeared, but so pale and broken-down-like, that he scarcely knew her. "Oh, Mr. North, I have had an awful struggle, a terrible time since I saw you. I have just come to ask whether you think Christ will take me." "It was easy work then," he said, "so we went to the Lord, and got the matter settled. At the former visit the question was, Would she take Christ? no, she was not willing to do that; but when the question came to be, Was the Lord willing to take her, as a poor hell-deserving sinner? then all the difficulty was removed, for Jesus Christ came to save sinners." About a week after this, Mr. North met her in the street, her face beaming with joy. "I was just coming to tell you," she said, "what joy and peace I have found in believing. I had more pleasure in an hour's communion with my dear Lord last night, than ever I had in all the pleasures of the world put together." She joined the weekly class for Bible instruction, and was known to some of our young friends attending it as a consistent Christian, and as an earnest, devoted student of the Word. When Mr. North finished the little narrative, he said. "It is her death that I have an intimation of this morning. A friend writes that she was taken suddenly ill, had burst a blood-vessel, and died in about ten minutes. Oh," he continued, "was it not well for her that she had chosen Christ and not the world as her

portion?”

WOULD YOU SELL CHRIST FOR £10,000?

“Not long since, a lady came to me in much anxiety, with this complaint: ‘Mr. North, it is said, “Unto you who believe He is precious.” Now, I am afraid He is not precious to me, so I cannot be a believer.’ ‘Well, madam,’ said I (for I knew her very well), ‘you are not very rich; if He is not precious to you, would you sell Him for ten thousand pounds?’ ‘Oh, Mr. North, how could you propose such a thing? I would not part with Him for the whole world.’ ‘Then, madam, He is precious to you.’” So the dear soul went away comforted, to think He was much more precious to her than she had been aware of, till this strange proposal was made to her.”

The next narrative is that of the conversion of a young woman, named Marianne —.

THE STORY OF MARIANNE —.

Marianne was wont to be thoughtless, giddy, and merry-hearted, full of youthful frolic and nonsense, enjoying the vanities, follies, and pleasures of the world. But at the same time she maintained a respectable form of religion, and thought herself not worse than her neighbours.

About two years before her conversion, she was much impressed by a remarkable dream. She dreamed that she was seated on a jutting point of rock, near a hill-top. She was in great terror, for the stone on which she sat was rocking, and there was a bottomless abyss below. On the top stood the Lord Jesus, whom she entreated to help her out of her perilous situation; but He only shook His head, as if He said emphatically, No! She cried, “Oh, take me up.” He again refused. She remembered no more, until she found herself in heaven, among legions of holy angels; and the Lord again appeared, and as He passed gave an approving smile, and said, “You’re come.” Her soul warmed towards Him as He passed. She thought this dream was a warning from God that she should leave her folly; and it made a temporary impression, which by-and-by wore away.

About a year afterwards, she was spending a Friday evening thoughtlessly in the theatre, when the above dream rushed into her mind, and terrified her. On the Lord’s-day following, a companion asked her to go and hear Mr. North preach. She had intended to go out to walk; but it rained, and she went to church. His text was, “Wilt thou go with this man?” She was struck to the heart by the discourse, and burst into tears when she heard the words, “The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” As she was going home, she told her friend that she felt herself a lost sinner. He said that it was all excitement, and she should not go back or listen to Mr. North any more. She felt that what had been said was all true, and that she was righteously condemned by the holy law of God, and she

defended Mr. North's preaching.

For three days she was in deep distress, and those about her wondered at her unwonted dullness and seriousness, and asked her what was the matter? They were continually trying to divert her attention, and one of the girls took her round the waist, and said, "Marianne, come away, and cheer up, and let us have a laugh as we used to have." "But, oh, I feel I am a lost sinner," said she; "and how can I be happy?" "Never mind," said they: "you should come away, and cheer up, and try to enjoy yourself." She listened to their enticing words, and went with them, although much against her conscience. They sang the cheerful song, and raised the merry laugh, and tried to charm away the melancholy of Marianne's soul, and, sad to say, they succeeded. The Holy Spirit was quenched, and she had no more spiritual anxiety for the next twelve months.

Mr. North returned to Edinburgh, and preached again, in another church, on "Wilt thou go with this man?" Marianne heard him, and her anxiety of soul returned with redoubled force. Her feelings overcame her, and she cried out in church, and flung her head on the book-board in great agony of mind. She spoke to Mr. North at the second meeting; but was too much agitated to listen to a single word of what was spoken to her, and went home in despair. In the morning she went as usual to her work, but was in such agony of mind that she could scarcely do anything but weep. For seven days there was hardly a word spoken in the work-room, but an awfully solemn impression rested on all about her. Not being able to restrain her feelings one day, she retired into another apartment to weep and cry for mercy. On her return she cried aloud, "O Lord, will you not hear my cry?" and turning to those around her, she asked, with impassioned eagerness, "Is there none here who can speak to me about Jesus?"

They were all professors; but they made no reply. She thought that she would be obliged to give up her situation, if her prayers remained unanswered; for she was quite unfit to do anything, her soul's anguish was so dreadful, and she feared she would go deranged. She knew salvation was in the Bible, and she must get it there, but although she sought for it, she could not find it.

Her sister, on coming in and seeing her one day weeping and in great distress, asked her if she had had a letter that their brother was dead. "No," she replied; "but I'm dead myself—I'm lost!" When left alone she fell before her Bible, which was open at St. John, third chapter; a blindness came over her, and she cried out in agony, "O blessed Jesus, give me sight to see." At that moment she felt a sensation as if a hand were removing her burden of sin. Then, in a sort of vision, she beheld the Saviour in three positions—extended on the cross, kneeling in prayer, and then in glorious white garments smiling upon her. Her joy was now so great, that she felt as

if she could have laughed and wept at the same time, but could do neither. But on her knees she burst out into earnest thanksgiving and praise, and then cried to the Lord for the salvation of her relatives and friends; and her sister coming in, she dragged her down upon her knees, that she might get saved too. Jeannie said, "There's a time for everything, and you are going too far with your religion;" but she knelt, and after prayer left in silence. Jeannie was impressed by it, but was not brought to the Lord at that time.

Marianne had now passed from death unto life. She had obtained pardon of sin and the peace of God, and she felt joyful and happy. Her bodily health returned, and she resumed her employment. But on hearing the trifling conversation of those about her respecting ministers and sermons, and feeling that all their talk was soulless and empty, she could not help crying out in the workroom among them, "O fools, what if your souls should be required of you while you are talking about religion, and forgetting the name of Jesus? I have found Him, and He is my Saviour." Two girls were so much impressed by what she said, that they left the room in tears. And as she continued to talk to her fellow-workers of the precious Redeemer from day to day, one said, "Oh, this is miserable! I'm going to give in my warning on Saturday, for I cannot bear this." Another said, "All our pleasure is gone now, since Marianne has become serious." But twelve of them were somewhat awakened, and some of them gave evidence of being truly converted. Mr. North exhorted her to live and work for Jesus, and she commenced at once, and went on working for the Lord Jesus with all her might, and He greatly blessed her efforts.

Mr. Radcliffe was preaching on the street near Holyrood Palace one night, and at the close invited the people to accompany him into a neighbouring church. Marianne was there giving tracts to the people in the street, and entreating them to go and hear the gospel. A group of careless, hard-visaged men rudely refused; and she stood pleading with them, and weeping as she spoke. As the tears rushed from her eyes, she wiped them away with the skirt of her dress, and continued to urge them to come in. A Christian standing near was so overcome by seeing her deep religious feeling, and burning zeal for Christ, and compassion for souls, that he said to his wife, "I cannot stand this any longer. I *must* go and help this dear girl with these hardened men;" and he went up to them, and prevailed on them to enter the church.

What effect this had on these men we know not; but the earnest creature's tears and entreaties had a very powerful influence on this Christian brother, and they were the seeds of the "Carrubber's Close Mission," a mission that was blessed to many souls.

Marianne was there almost every night for twelve months; and received grace to lead many souls to Christ. Mr. Jenkinson said quaintly to a lady

one day, after the work had gone on for a long time, “She *sews* all day, and *reaps* all night, and she is sure to kill herself; for her zeal for the glory of Jesus and the salvation of souls is consuming her.” The lady had it laid upon her heart to employ her as a missionary, in which work she was much blessed; and she is now, we understand, the wife of a minister of the gospel in England.³

AWAKENING OF AN ITALIAN ROMAN CATHOLIC.

In very many instances Mr. North’s tracts and books have been remarkably blessed to persons who had never listened to his earnest and thrilling *viva voce* appeals. His tract, elsewhere alluded to, “You are Immortal,” had been translated into Italian. A lady, with whom Mr. North was acquainted, was at a pension in Switzerland, and was in the habit of distributing tracts on leaving any place, as she bade adieu to those whose acquaintance she had formed. At the pension where she had been residing was a gentleman, an Italian refugee, to whom she gave a tract, which happened to be Mr. North’s “Tu sei Immortale.” After she had gone, the gentleman wrote to her, enclosing a letter for her to send to the author or authoress of the tract she had given him. She translated the letter, and forwarded it to Mr. North, and in it the writer said, that if what the author taught there was the truth, he must be in error, and if it were so proved, he could not longer remain in the Church of Rome, and begged for more instruction. Mr. North, in his reply, referred him to the Holy Scripture, naming the chapters that were most likely to help him, with prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

This incident recalls another of a somewhat similar character.

THE YOUNG PRUSSIAN.

When Mrs. Moody-Stuart, of Edinburgh, happened to be for a short time in Schwabach in the summer of 1865, a young Prussian gentleman who was residing there, and whose father held a high office in connection with the Prussian Court, asked to be introduced to her. On making her acquaintance, he explained that the reason he was very anxious to know her was, that he understood she was well acquainted with Mr. Brownlow North, and that as Mr. North was not himself there at that time, he was desirous to meet with one who knew him well. He spoke and read English correctly, and stated that a short time before he had been staying in lodgings, where he found one of Mr. North’s tracts, which had been left behind by an English family, and which had been the means, under God, either of awakening him, or of bringing him to the knowledge of Christ Jesus, and

³ As the above narrative, which appeared originally in “The British Herald,” has been long out of print, we have, with kind permission, reproduced the leading points of it here.

the way of salvation in Him.

His father was sceptical in his views, his mother a bigoted Roman Catholic, and the young man, who was possessed of large means, had a great desire to come to Scotland to meet the man whose words had proved such a blessing to his soul, and to enjoy the spiritual privileges which he heard were so abundant in that favoured land. His history was followed for some time, and he seemed really to have dedicated himself to the Lord.

THE DUTCH AMBASSADOR.

In order to recruit from the effects of overwork in the midst of his arduous labours, Mr. North was ordered by his medical advisers, on one or two successive seasons, to try the waters and baths of Schwalbach. As he was never idle, but was always engaged in actively serving the Lord, except when quite prostrated, he took the opportunity of giving one or more addresses to the numerous English visitors, and foreigners who understood English, who frequented that fashionable watering-place. On one of these occasions, he gave his address on Gen. xxiv. 58, "Wilt thou go with this man?" Among other notabilities who were present was the Dutch ambassador to one of the continental courts, who seemed to be impressed with what he heard. Next day Mr. North met a party on the public promenade, among whom was the above gentleman, to whom he was introduced, and who seemed glad to make his acquaintance. As they were saying farewell, Mr. North touched him on the shoulder, and looking into his earnest eyes said, "Wilt *thou* go with this man?" to which the ambassador promptly replied in his foreign accent, "*Most positively.*" He proved himself to be a true convert and disciple of Christ, and in gratitude got several of Mr. North's tracts translated into Dutch, that he might circulate them in his own country.

It was, if we mistake not, on the very same occasion, and by the same sermon, that some persons of still higher rank were deeply impressed. We are able to give this incident in Mr. North's own words, written at the time to a friend in England.

A ROYAL FAMILY.

"SCHWALBACH, NASSAU *July 17th*, 1862.

"I have a great deal of news to tell you about what has been happening here since I came. First of all, I was greatly surprised to find Lord and Lady Kintore here, dear Christian friends of mine, and also a Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney, and Mr. Jenkinson, the Vicar of Battersea. I could not help thinking the Lord had brought us all together for some special purpose. And so I think still. It was arranged that I should give an address in Lord Kintore's room. It was crowded. Many were in tears, and after it was over a Prussian general and aide-de-camp to the emperor, and his sister, came to

speak to me; also a Dutchman, chamberlain to the king of Holland. Finding Kintore's rooms too small, we took the large room in the hotel for the next week; this was also filled, and amongst the hearers the three Princesses of —, whose brother is next heir to the throne of —. After the service, they asked to be introduced to me, and I had an opportunity of giving them some tracts which they took. They afterwards sent Lord Kintore to my rooms to ask me for more tracts, as they wanted to get them translated into German, and since then they have sent to ask me to go and see them, five miles off from here, and I have been, and had a most interesting conversation with their old mother, the good Duchess. All this is remarkable, for where may not these foreigners carry the seed? They were in again at the meeting on Tuesday, and are to be, God willing, on Friday. I feel all this is of the Lord. Oh may He keep me out of myself and in Christ, and work by me and in me, that I may bring Him great glory and do great good. . . . I do think I am better and stronger, though of course this work is hardly giving the waters a fair chance. Still it is too valuable to be missed, and I cannot but think I was brought here to do it."

Reference has already been made to the remarkable blessing which accompanied some of Mr. North's tracts to foreigners, and we may here quote a letter from the secretary of a tract-distributing society in Birmingham, which mentions several individuals to whom the perusal of one of these tracts was made a means of blessing.

Such well-authenticated cases must prove a great encouragement, not only to the writers of tracts, but to those who distribute them; for these winged messengers often find entrance into homes and hearts that are closed to the preacher.

STORY OF A TRACT.

"EBENEZER TRACT SOCIETY, *2nd March*, 1868.

"MY DEAR SIRs,—I know it will afford you pleasure when I tell you that some of the tracts you have written have been the means of doing much good amongst us. One especially God has been pleased to bless to the salvation of souls. The title of the tract is, 'Why are ye troubled?' In the first place, it was left with a poor woman who was in consumption. She had, it is thought, been looking to Christ, but had got into a very low, desponding state of mind, and this tract was the means of brightening her hopes, and enabling her to realize the value of the blessing of which I trust she was already in possession. She lent it to a neighbour, and afterwards sent it to her sister, about seventy miles away, where it was similarly useful. This sister was at the time waiting on a sick neighbour, who had lived a very careless and irreligious life, and who, when asked to think of the future, and seek pardon and salvation through Jesus Christ, exclaimed,

‘Don’t bother me: I have enough to do now to bear this pain.’ The Bible was read to her, but she would not listen to it. Her husband was then asked if he would read this tract which had been sent from Birmingham. ‘Oh, yes,’ he said, ‘he would read anything that would do her good.’ He then knelt down by her bedside and read it, and when he came to one part, he said to her, ‘Oh, cannot you believe that?’ she said in a very abrupt manner, ‘No.’ He again put the same question, and received the same pettish answer; but before he got to the end of the tract she exclaimed, ‘Oh, I do believe it,’ and she began to cry earnestly for that mercy she had so long despised, and never ceased until she could realize a saving interest in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The person that related this circumstance to me said, ‘Oh it was such a pleasure to be with her afterwards.’ I mentioned this case at one of our meetings, when one of the distributors stated that the same tract had been the means of leading two persons in her district to decide for Christ. One had joined our church, and the other the Established Church. I thought the mention of these things would encourage you in your great and good work, and hoping you may thereby be induced to write many more such tracts, and praying that God may bless our united efforts to the conversion and salvation of many precious and immortal souls,

“Believe me to remain, your humble servant,

“J. LAWRENCE.”

Many of the letters which Mr. North received give curious glimpses of soul-history, and would interest even those for whom the sensational alone has charms. Here is an outline of one case.

THE BACKWOODSMAN’S CONVERSION.

Soon after leaving school, this young man had plunged into dissipation, vice, and crime, had brought down his father’s grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, and had been shipped off to the antipodes at the age of twenty-one, to get him out of the way. From the date of his landing in the colony until God’s sovereign grace awoke him, fifteen years after, he never entered a place of worship, except once to attend an election meeting; he had never bent the knee in prayer since he was seventeen, except when in danger, or sick from debauchery. Divine grace awoke him to concern about his soul, when living in a solitary hut shepherding, and seldom seeing any human being. He sought company, and changed his situation to get it, yet was no happier. One day when his mate had left the hut with his sheep, the thought forced itself upon him, “Now you have often promised to serve the Lord, do so now in earnest.” He fell on his knees and poured out a prayer to God for forgiveness. He had no Bible, but there was in the hut a copy of Mr. North’s little book, “Earnest Words,” which his mate had received from a pious sister in the old country. He earnestly pored over its pages, and found

peace in believing in Jesus. His mate began to study the book, and was awakened. The little book was never out of the hands of either the one or the other; they got a New Testament, read and studied it each night together, until they parted, three months later. And a year after, and then again at a later period, he wrote to thank Mr. North as the instrument under God of his deliverance. He then said that at first, mixing among a motley company of the refuse of Newgate and scions of English nobility, he often hesitated about being found on his knees, but that God strengthened him and enabled him to confess his Saviour among twenty or thirty of the most profligate of men. The mate to whom he referred as being a shepherd, and whose hut he shared, was the heir of an old Scotch baronetcy. He appeared also to be brought to the Lord, but is since dead, and the baronetcy is extinct.

OPPOSITION OVERCOME.

The next case belongs to a later period of Mr. North's ministry. The lady who communicates it is the wife of a member of Parliament, and was brought to the Lord through her sister, of whose conversion Mr. North had been the instrument.

“An incident in connection with a drawing-room meeting which he held in my house, was the conversion of a lady who was bitterly opposed to Mr. North and his teaching, the reason being that I, who used to enjoy with her the frivolities of life, no longer could as a Christian do so, and the blame was laid at Mr. North's door, although he was not the means directly of my conversion. My relative would not come to the house while Mr. North was our guest. Well do I remember when addressing cards of invitation for the drawing-room meeting, I said, ‘We need not ask J——, she won't come;’ but my husband urged me to do so, saying, ‘Ask her; if she does not come, that is her affair. You do your duty.’ I did so, and prayed for her much, and she came, heard a full, free gospel, was awakened to a sense of sin and danger, and shortly after, through converse with Mr. North, who held up *Jesus*, she was enabled to believe on Him. A week later she was stricken with paralysis, but all was peace and comfort, and she gave a clear testimony of her resting in Jesus.”

The cases we have here recorded are narrated not to magnify the servant, but the Master, who in His infinite wisdom devises such varied means to bring His banished back again, and who deigned to employ one who was for long a vessel of wrath, fit only for destruction, as a vessel unto honour so meet for the Master's use, alike in saving the perishing and in conveying clearer views of the grace of Christ to those who had already received it.