



AFTER MANY
DAYS.



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SOME years ago, I was asked to visit an old man, having heard of his conversion with interest. I did so, and found him in the front room of an old cottage poring over an old Bible.

He was ninety-six years of age and, owing to a serious accident just after his seventy-fourth birthday, he was bent almost double. This mishap had broken his back, but he had recovered, and the dear old man was getting joy out of the Holy Scriptures.

As he was very deaf, it was neces-

sary for me to raise my voice, but we soon made ourselves known to one another as only Christians can.

Then I said, "Can you give me an account of your conversion, Mr. P_____?"

The following is an outline of an interesting account as it came from his lips :

"When *under four years of age* my eldest sister, who had charge of me because of my mother's drunken habits, took me into a little meeting-room somewhere in the Old Kent Road, to get a little warmth from their stove, as it was very cold.

"Here I heard these words of a hymn—

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild
Look upon a little child.'

"About this time some passing gipsies offered my mother half a

crown for me, and being desirous of drink at the time, the bargain was struck. We left London and I grew up to a life of cheating, poaching, and all kinds of crime, but knowing nothing of God.

“ Seventy years later, still a strong man, I was digging a well somewhere in Essex. It was a hot summer’s day following a wet spring, and my mate, who was drawing up the pails of earth, went off to bring me something to drink.

“ While he was away the sides of the well fell in, and about half a ton of earth covered me, but in the mercy of God a space was formed round my head. There I lay with a broken back, and rapidly losing consciousness. My thoughts turned to God, and as my history of sin came before me, I remembered the words of the old hymn :

‘ Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.’

“ I preached my own sermon, and the Lord blessed it. The preaching was as follows :

“ ‘ Gentle Jesus ’ ; I like them words : the governor (judge) was never gentle with me.

“ ‘ Meek and mild ’ ; how different from saying, ‘ Forty days, Parker ! ’

“ ‘ Look upon a little child.’ ‘ You ain’t no nipper, Parker, you are a wicked old man.’ But just as I was going off, it dawned on me—I *was* a little child in these things. They dug me out and carried me to a hospital where I was in charge of a Christian nurse.

“ On my return to consciousness, she showed great anxiety for my soul, fearing that, with a broken back, I would not recover. She leaned over me and whispered,

‘ Do you know the Lord Jesus ? ’

“ My answer : ‘ Be’s that the Gentle Jesus ? ’ put her at rest, and some time after, when I was a good deal better, she renewed her question and spoke to me of Christ. She said she was glad I knew the Lord Jesus, but I said, ‘ I *don’t* know Him.’ ‘ Oh ! ’ she replied, ‘ you said, when I spoke before, “ Be’s that the Gentle Jesus ? ” ’ ‘ Yes,’ I said, ‘ but I know nothing of Him.’ I soon did, for on telling her my history she told me of the ‘ Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.’

“ Now for twenty-two years I have rejoiced in my precious Saviour.”

We then had prayer together, thanking God that the seed sown seventy years before had brought forth fruit After Many Days.

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The Lord Jesus, Christ, God’s

Beloved Son, would have *you* know Himself—that “Gentle Jesus”—so gracious and tender that He listens to the feeblest cry of need that goes up from the heart of even a little child. He said “Suffer little children to come unto Me.” He would bless you to-day if you came to Him, for He is still the same, and does not want you to spend nearly all your days in sin and wickedness, for you cannot say, like that poor old man, that you are ignorant of who Jesus is, or of what He did at Calvary. He desires that you should trust Him for your soul’s salvation while still you are young.—Even to-day!

E. J. MCB.